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Collier's

WEEKLY

"In Business for Himself"

By William Slavens McNutt

and

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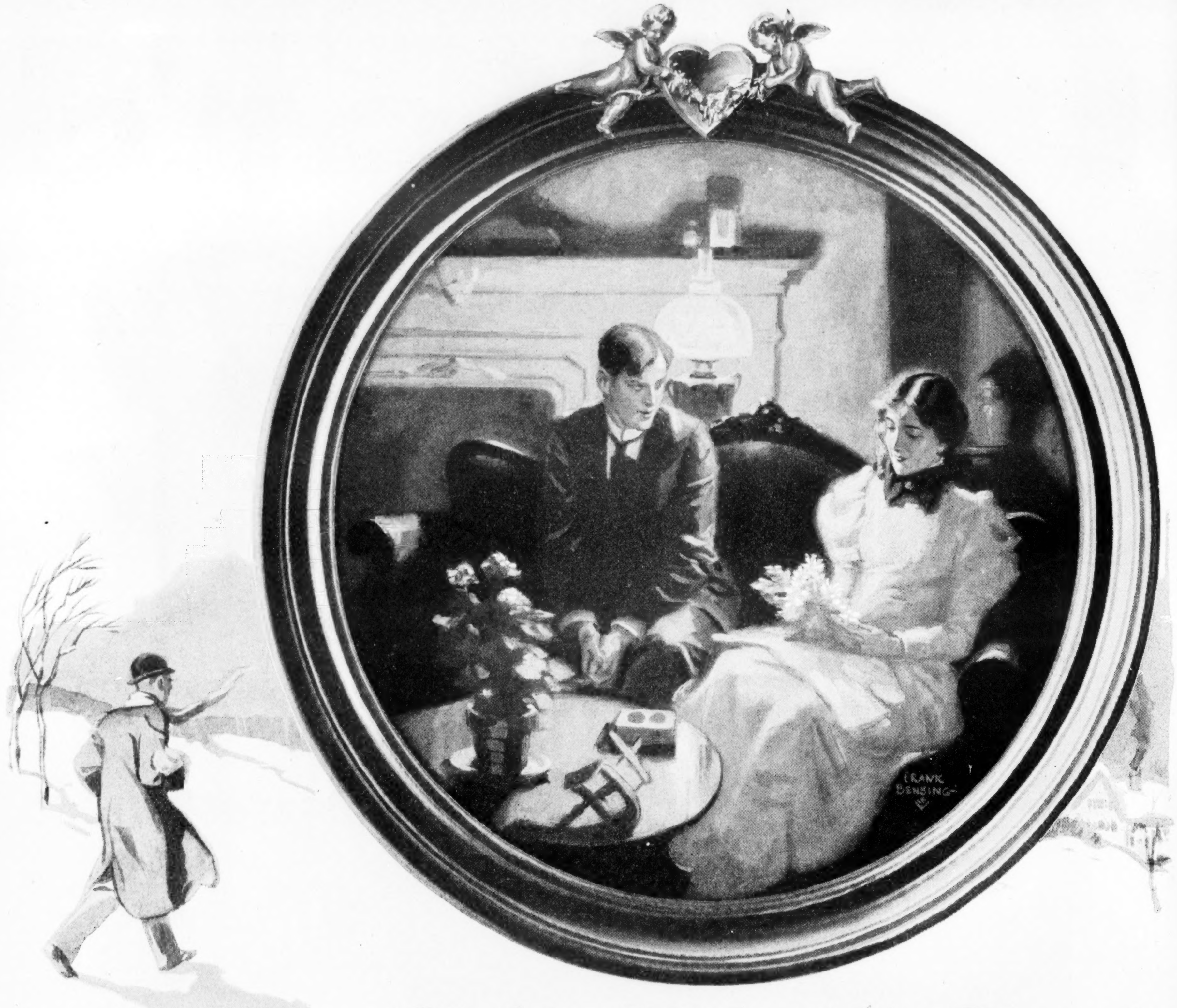

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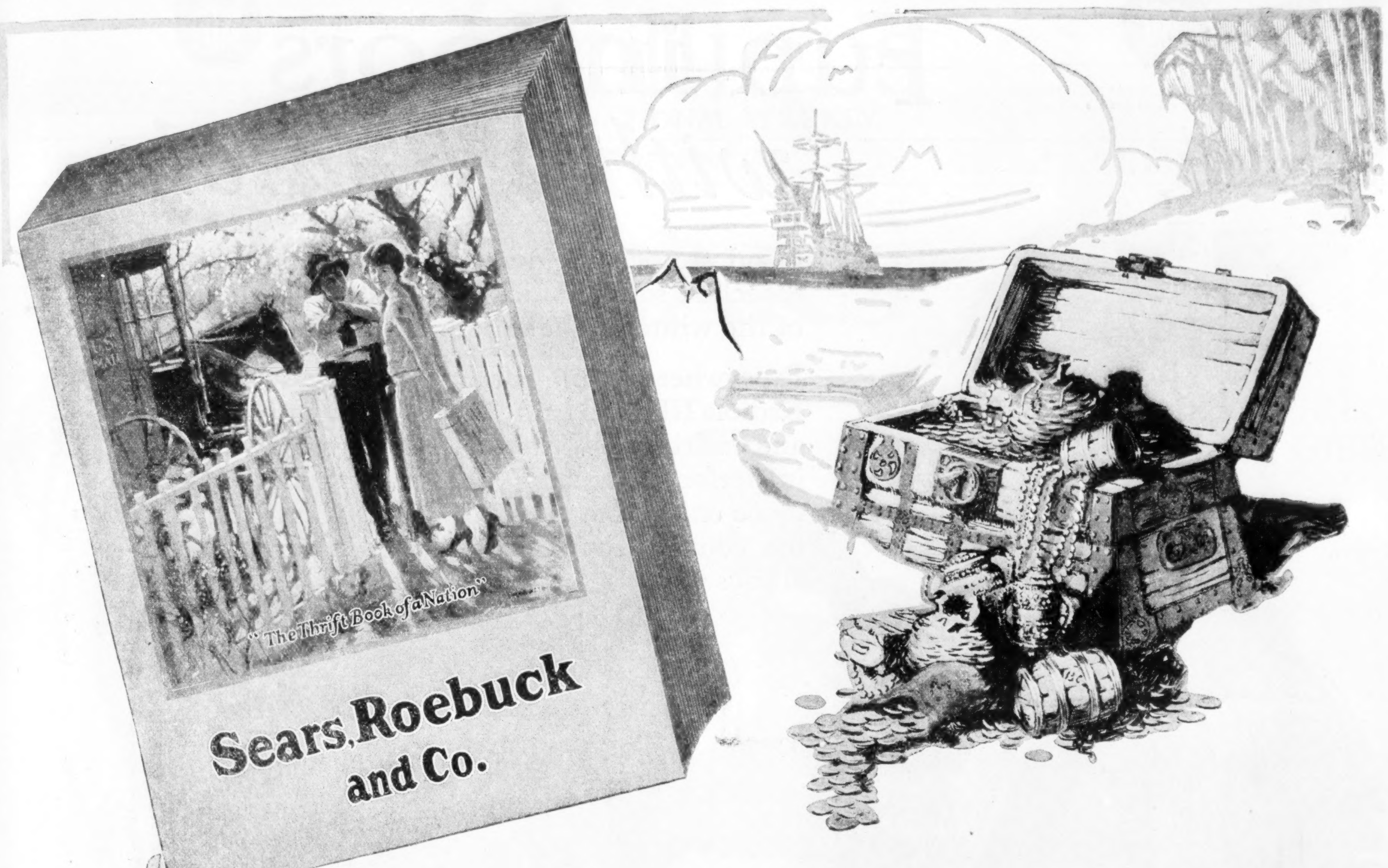
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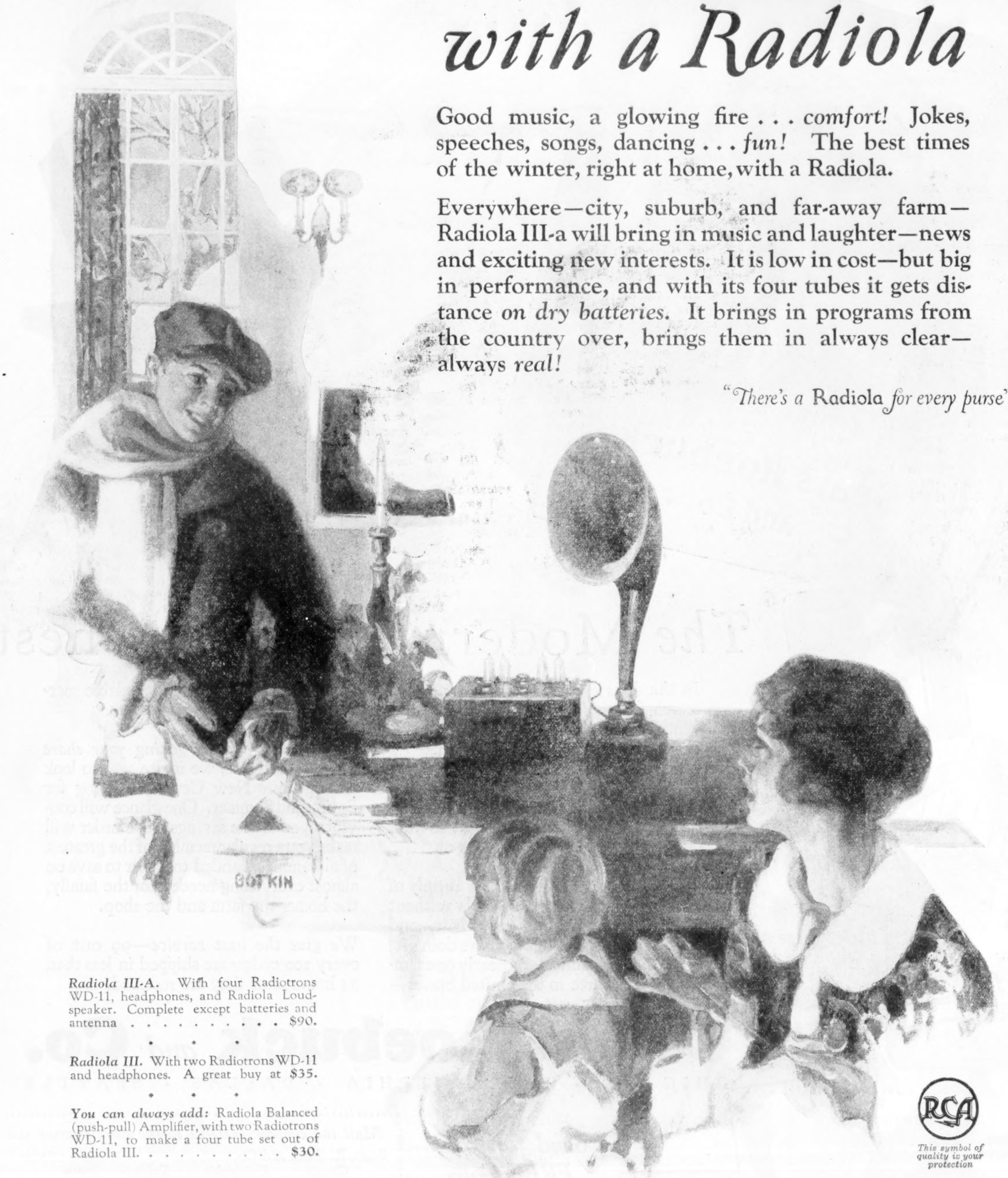

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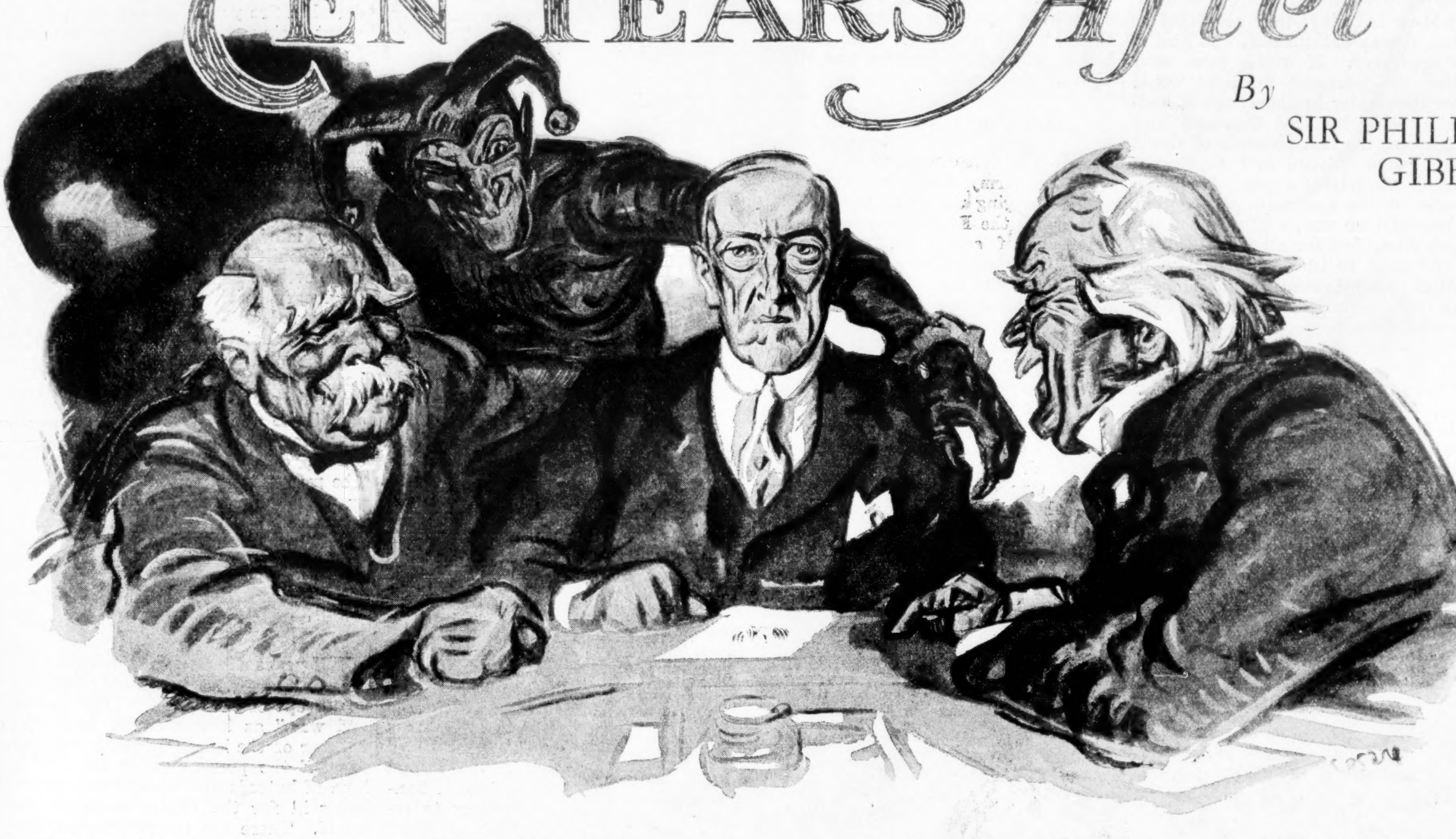
TEN YEARS After



By SIR PHILIP GIBBS

SIR PHILIP GIBBS was a great reporter of the war. You remember his dispatches—how penetrating and vivid they were. Now he is surveying the world as it finds itself to-day—picturing it against the background of the war and everything men thought they were fighting for. That fine comradeship? Gone. Our heroes? "Those damned socialists." He says the "war to end war" didn't do it; that the idea of a "world safe for democracy" has been falsified. His next article in Collier's will tell of "The World in Peril."

TEN years ago, as I write these words, a spiritual tremor, as though the last trump were sounding for the judgment of God, shook the souls of many peoples. Something incredible, inconceivable, frightful, was happening in a world which believed it could not happen.

It was the beginning of the World War in which the most civilized nations on earth, as they believed themselves to be, were to be hurled against each other, with all their power, science, manhood, wealth, in a struggle to the death.

Ten years ago. . . . Not much in historical time, not a great span in the life of an individual, but so long, because of what has happened, that only by an immense effort of imagination can one's mind leap the gap between that time and this. One has to think back to another world in order to see again that year 1914 before the drums of war began to beat.

It is a different world now, greatly changed, in the mental outlook of men and women, in the frontiers of the soul as well as the frontiers of nations. Dynasties have fallen, kings are in exile, the political maps have been redrawn, new nations have come into being, old nations have lost their pride and their place.

And yet that is nothing to what has happened in the minds of men and women. Old habits of thought have been smashed; old securities, traditions, obediences, convictions, lie in wreckage and, unlike the ruins of war itself, will never be restored. We are different men and women.

Ten years after! How brief a time since 1914! A mere tick of the clock in the history of mankind, yet we who are alive after so much death, who were stirred by the first shock of that war, and lived through its enormous drama, can hardly get back to ourselves as we were before the war began.

Were we indeed those men and women who thought, acted and agonized in those days? Did we really believe the things that were then believed? Were we shaken by those passions, uplifted by those emotions? Are we the people who suffered and served? It is hardly possible to recapture, even in a dream, even for a few moments of illusion, the state of mind which was ours before the war happened and in the beginning of its history. It is very difficult because something has broken in us since then, and the problems of life have a different basis of thought, and all that emotion lies dead within us.

Ten years ago! Who can remember the spirit of Europe then? Or his own mind? That sense of horror, chilling the heart, of unimaginable things, that bewilderment because so monstrous a tragedy had come out of the blue sky, without warning, as it seemed, for trivial causes, and then—and then—a call to the secret courage of the soul, a dedication to service and sacrifice, a welling-up of old traditions, emotions, passions, primitive instincts, which had seemed dead and useless because of world peace and the security of civilization.

Looking back now with distrust of war and all its filthiness and death in our inmost souls, after years of disillusion with the results of that war, with a more complicated knowledge of its causes back in history; with a legacy of debt, unsettled problems; with new causes of hate, revenge, conflict; with justice no longer all on one side, nor injustice, one must still acknowledge the splendor of the spiritual comradeship which made all classes offer themselves for service and sacrifice to the uttermost, which was death.

Not in England, nor in France, nor later in the United States, was there any love of this war for war's sake. It did not appeal to the imagination of youth as a great adventure. Here and there its call might have come as a liberation from dull existence, or as an escape from private tragedy, or as a primitive blood lust. In very rare cases it appealed to old fighting instincts as a better thing than peace. To most it was hateful. Our young men loved life and loathed the thought of death. They did not want to kill or be killed.

They disliked military discipline, dirt, lice, the thought of shell-fire, the foreboding of wounds, blindness, mutilation, and horror. They were the heirs of civilization in which there had been a high standard of decency, refinement, comfort, and individual liberty. Each young man when he went to the recruiting office knew in his heart that he was saying good-by, perhaps forever, to the things and folk he loved, to all familiar decent things, to the joy of life itself.

Yet in millions they went, tide after tide . . . and the women hid their tears and their agony as best they could, and found work to do. In great houses and little homes there was the same spirit. Out of the foulest slums as well as out of fine houses came the heroic soul of a people proud of its history, impelled unconsciously by old loyalties which had been stunted but never killed by social injustice.

Looking back on that time, trying to recapture its sensations and philosophy, I cannot remember any absolute despair in England and France. By all the rules of the game we had nearly lost—within a hair's breadth—yet we did not acknowledge that. There was no cry of surrender from either of the nations, which still had a fixed faith that ultimately we should win, somehow. There was something astounding in the stolidity of the British people on the edge of great disaster. To men at the front it seemed ignorance of the extremity of peril.

But it was the spirit of the race steadying itself again to fresh ordeals, unyielding in pride; they could not be beaten, it was unthinkable. To hint it was treachery. If more men were wanted the youngest brothers would follow their older brothers. So it happened. Three hundred thousand boys of eighteen, the last reserves of Great Britain, were shipped over to France to fill up the frightful gap. From the factories which had been pouring out the material of war, not only for the British Army but for all the Allies, all but the most indispensable men were enrolled. The physically unfit, soldiers many times wounded, old crocks, were sent out to the depots in France.

One new power was almost ready for active service on the side of the Allies. If France could only hold out long enough, this new and arduous weight would be bound to turn the scale at last against German man-power, drained down to its last reserves. The United States Army was pouring into France with great tides of men, magnificent in physique, keen in spirit, and unscarred as yet by the fires of the war. They were untrained, ignorant of lessons that could only be learned by deadly experience, and their generals were novices in the organization and handling of vast masses of troops, as the British had been. They were bound to make ghastly mistakes. They would waste their men as ours had been wasted, by faulty staff work; but sheer weight of numbers and the spirit of brave men would in the long run be irresistible. Had we the time to wait for them? . . .

In France and Flanders I saw the arrival of the first American troops, and then the following tide of men, behind the lines of the fighting front. It seemed to me then, as it does now, a miracle of history. After three hundred years the New World had come to the rescue of the Old. They marched over fields like those of Agincourt and Crécy, where our bowmen and pikemen had fought before America was on the map of the world.

Had They Come in Time?

AND yet those men of the United States Army, different in type from ours, belonging to a different civilization, spoke the English tongue, and no difference of accent could break our sense of kinship with them. Even though they did not all spring from our stock and blood they were in some way heirs of our tradition, our code of law, our root ideas. We watched them pass behind the lines with a sense of comfort and a kind of wonderment. They were magnificent men, untouched as yet by the strain of war, marvelously fresh, like our first youth which was now dead. Their numbers grew and grew. One came across their camps everywhere, but one question was like a sharp sword in one's brain: Had they come in time?

Ten years after. . . . The memory of the war days is fading from the mind of the world. The ten million dead lie in their graves, but life goes marching on. Self-preservation, vital interests, new and exciting problems, the human whirligig, are too absorbing for a continual hark-back to the thought of that mortality. We are no longer conscious of any gap in the ranks of youth, torn out by the machinery of destruction. We do not realize the loss of all that spirit, genius, activity and blood, except in private remembrance of some dead boy whose portrait in uniform stands on the mantelshelf.

A new generation of youth has grown up since the beginning of the war. Boys of ten at that time of history are now twenty; and not much interested in that old tale. Girls who were twelve are now mothers of babes. The war! Bother the war! Let's forget it and get on with life. In that youth is right. It is not in its nature nor in moral health to dwell on morbid memories. But it is hard on those whose service is forgotten—so soon. In England—ten years after—there are still 58,000 wounded soldiers in the hospitals—and in France great numbers more; but they are hidden away, as a painful secret of things that happened. Only now and again the sight of their hospital blue in some quiet country lane, near their hiding places, shocks one with a sharp stab of remorse.

We had forgotten all that. We hate to be reminded of it.

Even the men who fought through those years seldom speak of their experience. It is fading out of their own minds, though it seemed unforgettable. They are forgetting the names of the villages in France and Flanders where they were billeted, or where they fought, or where they passed a hundred times with their guns and transport under shell fire. Good heavens!—don't you remember that place where the wagons were "pasted," where the sergeant major was blown to bits, where old Dick got his "Blighty" wound? No. Something has passed a sponge across those tablets of memory—things that happened afterwards. Now and again at divisional banquets officers try to revive the spirit of those days and exchange yarns about trench warfare and days of battle. It is queer how they remember only the jokes, the laughable things, the comradeship, the thrill. The horror has passed.

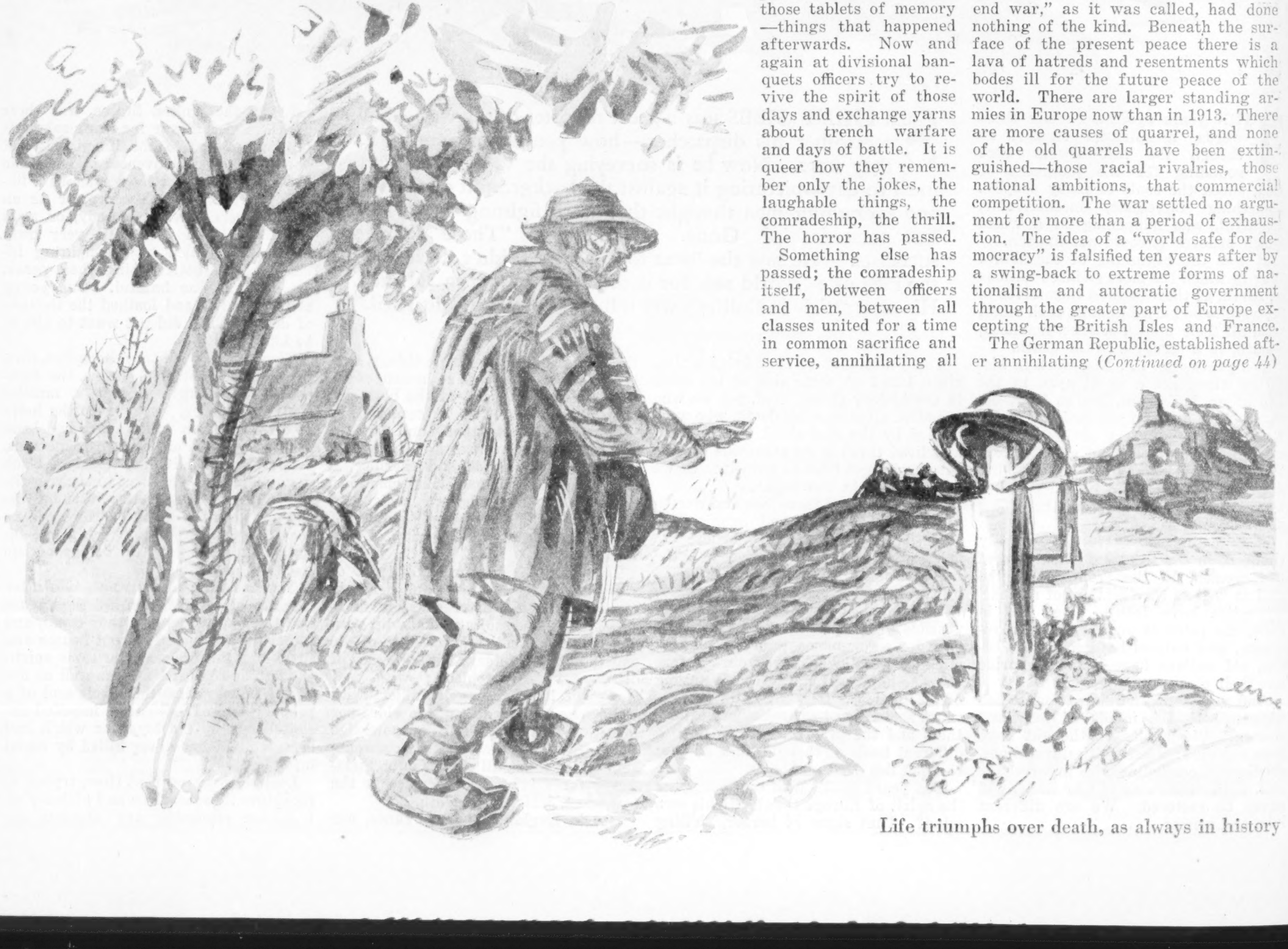
Something else has passed; the comradeship itself, between officers and men, between all classes united for a time in common sacrifice and service, annihilating all differences of rank and social prejudice and wealth at the beginning of the war. It seemed then as though nothing could ever again build up those barriers of caste. The muddiest, dirtiest, commonest soldier from the slums or the factories or the fields was a hero before whom great ladies were eager to kneel in devotion and love, to cut away his bloodstained clothes, to dress his wounds. In the canteens the pretty ladies slaved like drudges to give cocoa or any comfort to "the boys" from the front. In the trenches or in ruins under shell fire young officers wrote home about their men: "They're too splendid for words! . . . I am proud to command such a topping crowd. . . . They make me feel ashamed of things I used to think about the working man. There is nothing too good for them."

Ten years after, the classes have fallen apart again. The old hostilities between capital and labor have been revived with increasing bitterness in many minds. The old barriers have been rebuilt in many countries. For a time, even in England, there was a revolutionary spirit among the men who had served, and a sense of fear and hostility against those who had said that nothing was too good for them. "Our heroes" became very quickly "those damned socialists," or those "dirty dogs" who are never satisfied, or those lazy scoundrels who would rather live on the "dole" than take an honest job. The men who had saved England were suspected of plotting for her overthrow, subsidized by Russian money and seduced by the propaganda of a secret society inspired by the spirit of Anti-Christ.

The Devil at Versailles

TEN years after the beginning of the war there was no sense of security in Europe or the world. "The war to end war," as it was called, had done nothing of the kind. Beneath the surface of the present peace there is a lava of hatreds and resentments which bodes ill for the future peace of the world. There are larger standing armies in Europe now than in 1913. There are more causes of quarrel, and none of the old quarrels have been extinguished—those racial rivalries, those national ambitions, that commercial competition. The war settled no argument for more than a period of exhaustion. The idea of a "world safe for democracy" is falsified ten years after by a swing-back to extreme forms of nationalism and autocratic government through the greater part of Europe excepting the British Isles and France.

The German Republic, established after annihilating *(Continued on page 44)*

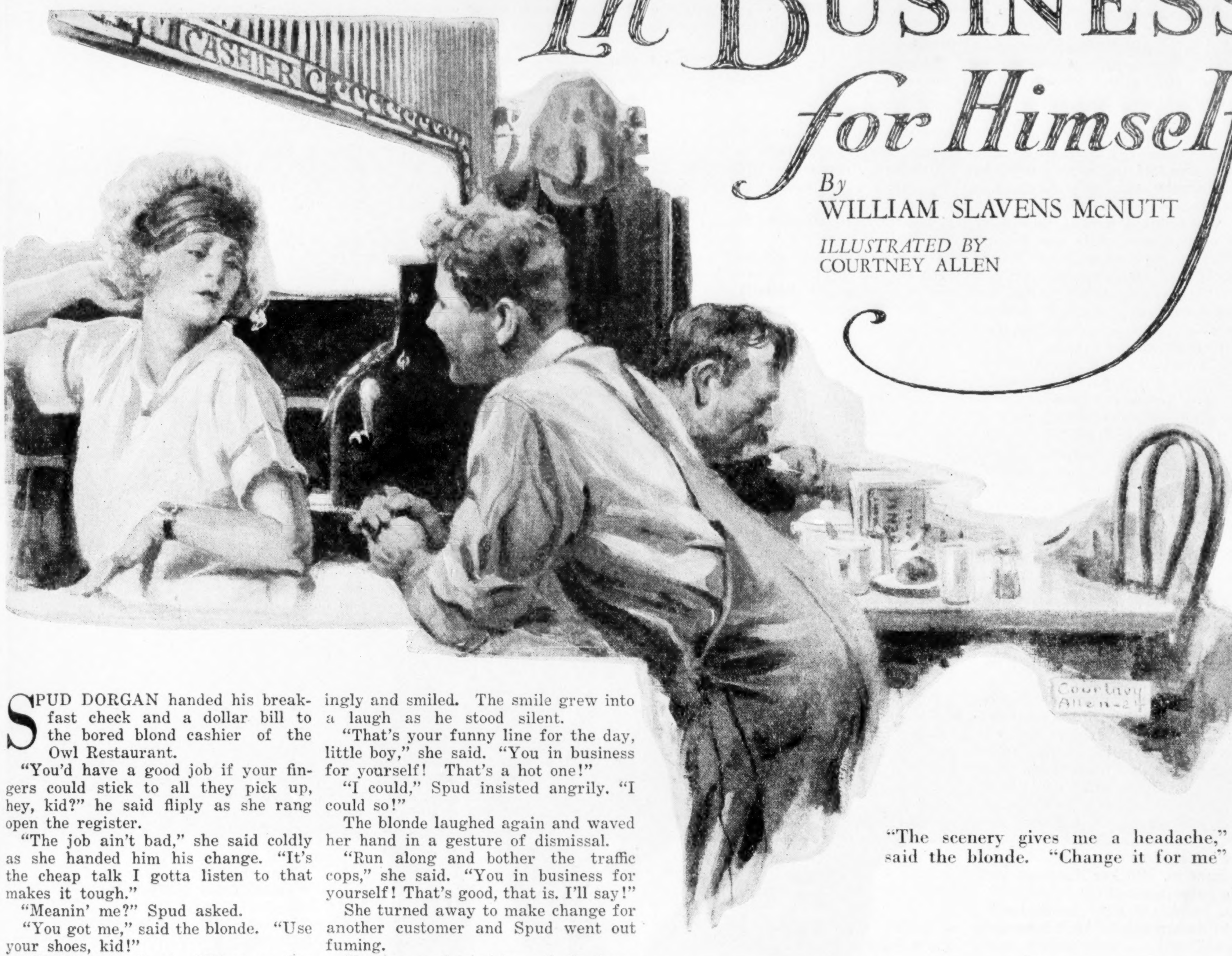


Life triumphs over death, as always in history

In Business for Himself

By
WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY
COURTNEY ALLEN



"The scenery gives me a headache," said the blonde. "Change it for me"

SPUD DORGAN handed his breakfast check and a dollar bill to the bored blond cashier of the Owl Restaurant.

"You'd have a good job if your fingers could stick to all they pick up, hey, kid?" he said fliply as she rang open the register.

"The job ain't bad," she said coldly as she handed him his change. "It's the cheap talk I gotta listen to that makes it tough."

"Meanin' me?" Spud asked.

"You got me," said the blonde. "Use your shoes, kid!"

"Well!" said Spud. "What a fine grouch you got."

"No grouch," said the blonde, looking him in the eye. "The scenery gives me a headache, that's all. Change it for me."

The blonde was nothing in Spud's young life. He had never seen her outside the restaurant, nor did he know her name. He had meant only to exchange a sentence of josh and pass on, but he was a well-set-up, red-headed young Irish lad, good to look upon, even in his rumpled, greasy working clothes, and he was not accustomed to being snubbed by young ladies to whom he addressed his casual pleasantries. He therefore determined to woo the lady to geniality and then to return her rebuff.

"You're full o' fast comebacks, ain't you?" he said, simulating admiration. "Nothin' dumb about you. Say, listen; what are you doin' to-night?"

"I'm goin' to a dance with a guy that's got brains enough to do somethin' better than drive a truck," said the blonde with calm brutality.

Spud's goat broke its tether and went astray.

"Is that so?" he sneered scornfully. "I s'pose he comes for you in his Rolls-Royce and takes you to dinner up to the Ritz, huh?"

"He may not have no Rolls-Royce," said the blonde, "but he's in business for himself."

"Huh!" Spud sneered. "I could go in business for myself if I wanted to."

The blonde looked Spud over appraisingly and smiled. The smile grew into a laugh as he stood silent.

"That's your funny line for the day, little boy," she said. "You in business for yourself! That's a hot one!"

"I could," Spud insisted angrily. "I could so!"

The blonde laughed again and waved her hand in a gesture of dismissal.

"Run along and bother the traffic cops," she said. "You in business for yourself! That's good, that is. I'll say!"

She turned away to make change for another customer and Spud went out fuming.

"I got a good mind to go in business for myself just to show her," he muttered to himself as he walked around the block to the garage where his truck was housed.

THE idea took root and grew in his mind as he went into the cool gloom of the big garage, clambered to the high seat of his truck, and eased the rumbling five-ton monster down the ramp and into the street. He'd go into business for himself, that's what he'd do. Quit his job driving a truck, go into business for himself, make a quick success, and go around to the Owl Restaurant some fine day and high-hat that snippy blond cashier properly!

As he traveled down a lower West Side avenue on his way to the office of the New York firm for which he trucked, his imagination was busy picturing the details of his potential Horatio Alger triumph. A crash and jar snatched him rudely back from the golden universe of imagination to the drab, unpleasant world of reality. He had smashed fair into the middle of a truck coming from a crosstown street.

Spud set his hand brake, jumped to the street and looked the wreck over with a swiftly appraising eye. The damage was not great. The headlights of his own truck were shattered and the radiator was slightly dented. A slight loss of paint was all that the other truck had suffered.

Spud looked up at the driver of the so-to-speak enemy vehicle and spoke. "What's the matter wit' you, you goggle-eyed, pot-bellied, bow-legged four-flusher?" he inquired. "Why don't you do your sleeping in bed?"

"Who're you talkin' to?" the other truck driver inquired belligerently.

"To the dumbest guy in New York," Spud enlightened him.

"Is that so?" said the other.

"God's truth," said Spud solemnly. "Come down here and I'll prove it to you, you big sap!"

The driver jumped down and as his feet hit the street Spud's fist hit his left eye. He went down but came up fighting. It took Spud nearly three hectic minutes to complete his presentation of the proof he had promised.

"That'll teach you," he panted as he sent home the blow that did the business. "I guess you'll watch where you're goin' after this."

He climbed swiftly back on his truck, backed expertly out of trouble and went roaring away, triumphantly confident that his late opponent's eyes were sufficiently well closed to prevent him reading the license number.

"Damn this truckin' business," he said to himself angrily as he guided the big vehicle through the traffic.

"It's just one thing after another. I got a good mind to go in business for myself, at that!"

He arrived at the company's office near the water front sullen and late. His boss, in shirt sleeves, was on the sidewalk waiting for him.

"Where ya been?" he demanded angrily.

"To Europe," said Spud, climbing down from the truck. "France, Italy, Russia, all over."

The boss noted the smashed headlights and emitted a howl. "What you been doin' to this truck?" he asked loudly.

"I'll tell you the truth," said Spud solemnly. "I took it out to a dance las' night an' a fat girl stepped on it's feet."

"You're drunk," said the boss.

"You're a liar!" said Spud.

A few minutes later the boss raised himself on one elbow on the sidewalk and took a blood-soaked handkerchief from his nose long enough to inform Spud Dorgan that he was no longer an employee of the Harrigan Trucking Company.

"I should fret!" said Spud, rubbing the bruised knuckles of his right hand. "I was goin' to quit anyhow. I'm goin' into business for myself."

EIGHTY-THREE dollars and forty cents. That was Spud Dorgan's capital after he had seen the cashier and departed from the offices of the trucking company. He was twenty-five years old. He had a common-school education, a furnished room on West Twenty-fourth Street, paid a week ahead, one good suit, his working clothes, eighty-three dollars and forty cents, and the recently born ambition or obsession to go into business for himself.

What sort of a business could he start at with eighty-three dollars and forty cents? Spud asked himself this question and got no answer. From the painful bewilderment that ensued a bright idea was born. He would go see Slicker Hennessy. Slicker would advise him. Slicker was a wise guy; he knew everything and everybody. Grinning with relief, Spud started for the Ninth Avenue L station on his way uptown to consult the oracle who, he was sure, would solve his difficulties.

Slicker Hennessy sat at a table in an upper West Side gin mill scornfully reading a newspaper. He was a slim, undersized young man with soft hands and a hard face. His dominant expression was conscious wisdom. His apparel was neat and gaudy. Several rougher clad loungers in the place paid respectful heed when he spoke.

"The Giants lose again," he said looking up from his newspaper. "What a bum 'at guy McGraw is! Why didn't he yank Nehf in the eighth when the Brooklyn's got hittin' him!"

He sighed and read further. "Well, I see the prince fell off his horse again," he said wearily. "What a fine bum he turned out to be! Did you notice his picture in the paper? He looks half-witted to me."

He turned a page. "The League o' Nations!" he said more in sorrow than anger. "That's meetin' again. Huh! What a fine mess o' scrambled eggs that turned out to be. Well! Well! They never learn!"

Another page. "Babe Ruth hits another homer. Honest, I'm sick o' seein' that guy's name in the paper. Just a slugger! That's all he is. I see him fan out in the last world series wit' two men on, an' I yelled at him then. I says: 'Hey, you big bum, if you're a baseball player, I'm a bran'-new grand piano!' He heard me too, what I mean. Everybody laughed. I bet he felt cheap!"

The swinging doors parted and Spud Dorgan came in. Slicker Hennessy put down his paper and rose.

"Hello, Spud, old kid," he said cordially. "How's a guy? Ain't seen you for months."

He turned to the loungers and presented the newcomer. "This is Spud Dorgan, boys," he said largely. "Him an' me was kids together on the same block. He's a good guy. If he ever comes around when I ain't here, treat him right. Well, how they breakin', Spud?"

"So-so," said Spud. "Listen, could I see you in private for a minute?"

"Sure," said Hennessy. "Come on in the back room."

Briefly Spud explained his mission.

"Atta boy!" Slicker voiced his approval. "Workin' won't never get you nothin'. Go out for yourself an' get the dough. 'At's the system."

"I thought mebbe you could gimme a tip on somethin' I could get into," Spud said.

"You got sense," said Slicker. "If I can't put you right, nobody can. How much dough you got to invest?"

"Eighty-three dollars," Spud said reluctantly. "Eighty-three dollars an' forty cents."

"'At ain't money!" Slicker said scornfully. "How you think you're goin' to buy in a business on 'at little fingerful o' chicken feed?"

"I guess you're right," Spud agreed sorrowfully, rising. "I thought maybe you'd know somethin'."

"Sit down," said Slicker. "Lemme think."

He closed his eyes and summoned inspiration.

"I got it," he said enthusiastically after a brief mental effort. "You know how lucky I am wit' the bones, kid. There's a crap game goin' up over Shapiro's garage. You gimme what you got an' I'll take it up there and see what I can do. If I can run it into a thousand bucks 'at might be enough for you to buy in on somethin'."

"A crap game ain't a business," Spud objected.

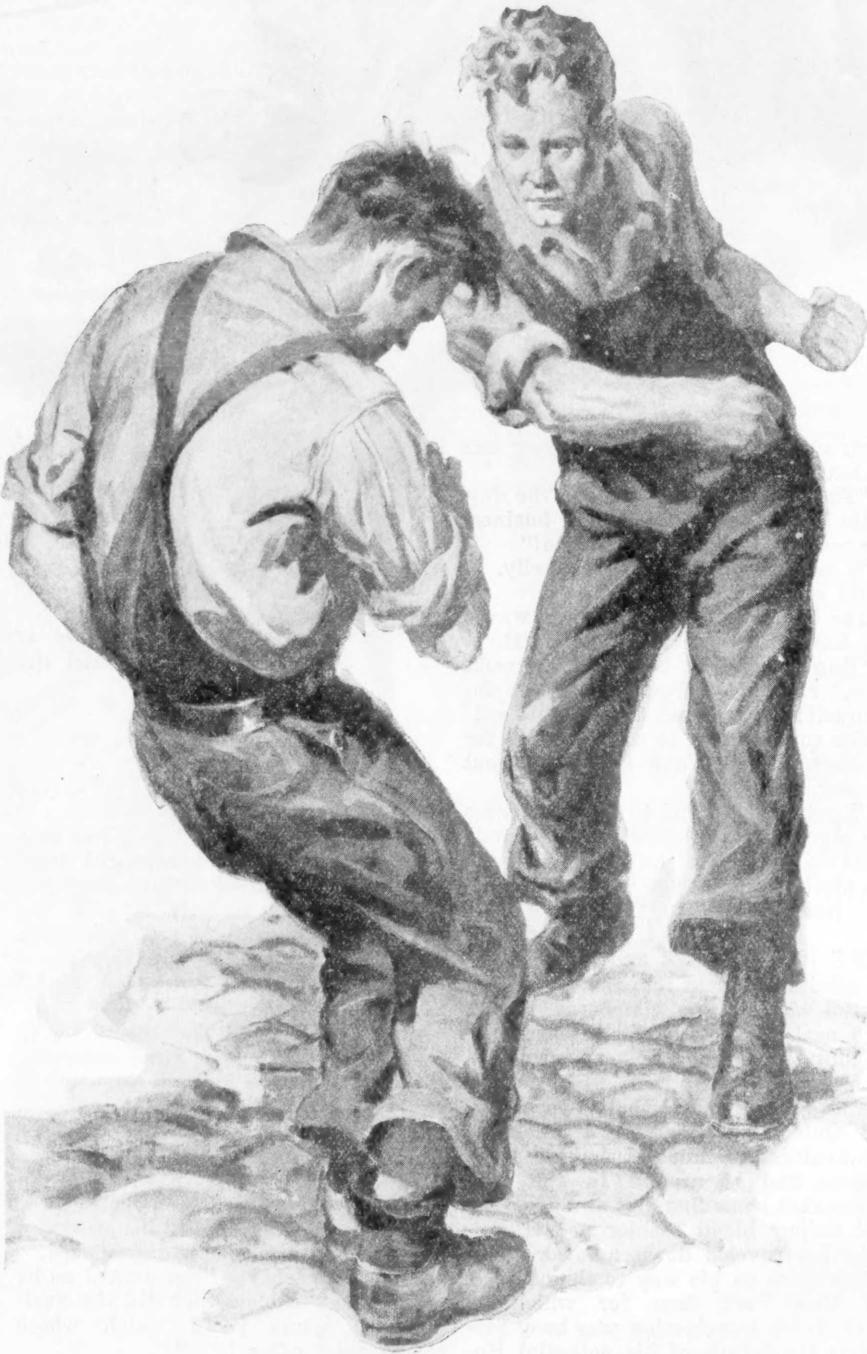
"Listen, fella," said Hennessy. "Anything where you get money without workin' for it—'at's a business."

Spud looked doubtful.

Hennessy shrugged. "Up to you," he said coldly. "Of course if you don't trust me, why—"

"No, no," said Spud. "Sure, I trust you."

He dug in his pocket and brought forth his roll. "There's seventy-three," he said, sorting out the bills and handing all but one of them to Hennessy. "I'm goin' to hold out ten so as to have somethin' to eat on in case you lose."



The driver jumped down and as his feet hit the street Spud's fist hit his eye

"All right," said Hennessy, mollified. "Let's go."

Seven kneeling men formed a ring on the floor of a vacant room over Shapiro's Garage on upper Tenth Avenue. In the center of the ring lay a disorderly heap of crinkled bills. One of the seven kneeling men rubbed the dice fervently between his palms and muttered maniacal supplications for luck. "Oh, you baby dice!" he crooned. "Be good to your papa. One more pass, dice, an' we won't drag a dime. One little natural an' we shoot the works. 'At's a promise. Go bite 'em, dice."

The white cubes rattled across the floor and came to rest with the two and five spots uppermost.

"Yowieee!" howled the man who had rolled them. "My nature's lucky, my name is Bill, I never lied, an' I never will! I promised I'd shoot the works if a natural showed, an' that goes. Fade me, boys. All or any part of it."

Slicker Hennessy dropped to his knees and added two twenties and a ten to the pile of money.

"Take fifty," he said. "You can't pass all night."

Again the dice were palm-warmed, pleaded with and rolled. They lay five six. Another natural.

"I'm on a train!" the man who was shooting shouted. "Westbound express! No stops! Steam yachts an' a country house at the end o' the line! All or any part of it. Fade me, suckers, I'm on my way!"

Slicker had thirty-three dollars left of the roll Spud had given him. He put that in. The demon with the dice rolled eight, gathered in the dice, and rolled eight again. Slicker was broke in two passes. He looked up at Spud, standing behind him.

"Can you beat that?" he demanded aggrievedly. "The man's gone crazy. Gimme that other ten."

Spud shook his head. The light of fever was glowing in his cheeks and eyes. He dropped to his knees beside Hennessy and tossed in his last ten-dollar bill with his own hand. The man with the dice chanted a sing-song prediction of victory and rolled the bones. Two sixes. Box cars! Spud's ten was become twenty. He let the twenty lie! Ace deuce turned up. Craps. The ten was forty.

"Pinch!" Slicker whispered.

SPUD shook his head irritably. His shining eyes were fixed intently on the floor where the dice would stop when they were rolled. A pair of deuces! Then a seven. The lucky shooter had lost the dice. Spud's ten was eighty. He reached for the bones.

"Shoot it all," he said huskily, rolling the dice between his palms.

Eighty fluttered down to cover eighty.

"Bones, please!" said Spud, huskily, humbly. The dice rolled on the floor and lay seven. A natural! Spud's ten was one hundred and sixty. The flush in his cheeks deepened. His eyes glittered more brightly. His voice grew bolder. "Shoot the works," he said, retrieving the dice and shaking them in his right hand held near his ear. "Tell me when you're hot, dice! Talk to papa. Gimme the signal! I heard 'em speak! Whambo!"

The dice clattered on the floor and came to rest with a four trey showing.

Seven! Another natural! Spud's ten-dollar note had grown to three hundred and twenty dollars' worth of real money.

"Shoot it all," Spud shrieked in a frenzy. "My hands are full o' horseshoes. I'm nothin' but one big rabbit's foot. Shower down, boys; it's my time to gather."

He rolled and won and let his money ride. Another roll and another win and there was only one contestant left. He was a motor oil salesman.

"The bank roll's flat," the salesman confessed. "I'll shoot my touring car against eight hundred."

"Play it for six," said Spud.

"Shoot," said the salesman.

Spud picked up the dice and spoke. "Come on, babies," he begged. "Do your doin' for your pretty papa! Put all these bad boys back to work! Reform 'em, dice! Show 'em it's wrong to gamble! Teach 'em a lesson! Oh, you pretty little square-built, black-eyed babies, lay out there on your flat backs an' laugh up at your daddy. Gimme good news, dice! Whango Zam!"

The snapping of his fingers as the bones left his hand sounded like the report of a pistol. The dice rolled and rattled and stopped with a six and a one uppermost. Another natural! The oil salesman sighed and rose.

"That cleans me," he said. "I'll write you a bill of sale for the car."

Slicker Hennessy slapped Spud ecstatically on the back. "Did I steer you right?" he demanded. "Did I? Boy!"

ELEVEN hundred and forty-eight dollars and forty-three cents and a seven-passenger car in good condition. That's what Spud Dorgan owned when he returned to the back room of the gin mill with Slicker Hennessy and sat down to gloat and consider. "I got enough to go in business for myself now, ain't I, Slicker?" he exulted.

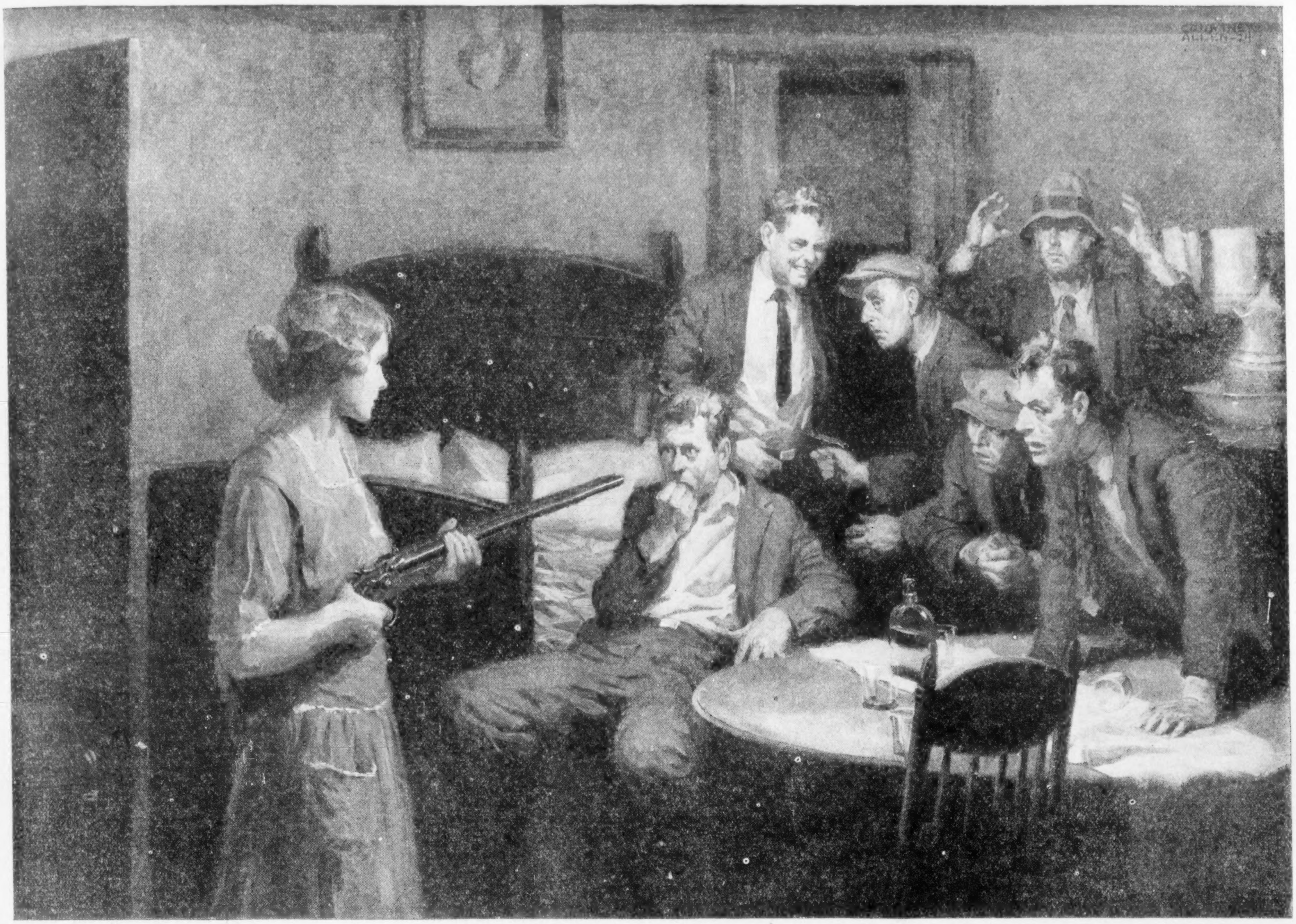
"Plenty," said Slicker. "It's lucky you come to me when you did, boy. I put you right, didn't I?"

"I'll say you did," said Spud, fingering his huge roll of bills with fond fingers. "Got any ideas?"

"A head full of 'em," said Slicker positively. "What do you want?"

"I was wonderin' what kind of a business I could get into," said Spud.

"Bootleggin'," said Slicker without



"Atta gal, Mary! Shoot if one of 'em moves"

hesitation. "You got everything to start with. You got a car to run the stuff in over the line from Canada. You got the dough to buy your first load, an'—what's best of all—you got a pardner 'at knows the game from soup to nuts."

"A pardner?" questioned Spud.

"Sure," said Slicker, slapping him on the back. "You didn't think I was goin' to ditch you now, did you? I started you goin', an' now I'm goin' to see you through. 'At's the kind of a guy I am. I'll make one trip wit' you to teach you the tricks o' runnin' it in an' tip you off to the right people to be nice to, an' after that you can drive the stuff down and I'll peddle it. We'll make a hundred per cent profit on everything we bring in an' split fifty-fifty. How's that for fair, hey, kid?"

"That's great," said Spud faintly. "Only I—I—"

"What's eatin' you?" Slicker inquired. "You don't act happy."

"Nothin'," said Spud with a gulp. "Only I was thinkin' o' goin' into some other business besides bootleggin'."

"Don't be old-fashioned," said Slicker. "Come on. Let's eat an' be on our way. We can make Albany by night an' be all set for an early start to-morrow mornin'."

"TWO main bearings burned out," said the mechanic at the crossroads garage forty miles north of Albany after a cursory examination. "Take me a couple of days to fix it."

Slicker Hennessy wandered disconsolately to the door of the garage and looked up and down the country road.

"Two days!" he exclaimed. "I could spend ten years in two days in a place like this."

"Any place around here for us to live while you're fixin' it?" Spud asked the mechanic.

"Gresham's place up the road," said the mechanic. "Second house on the left. The one with the hot dog and soda pop stand out in front. The old man and his daughter, they run a kind of a boarding house. Guess they'd take you in."

"All right, go ahead and fix it. Make it snappy as you can, won't you?"

THE Gresham place was just a two-story farmhouse surrounded by a fine lawn, shaded by enormous old elms, and defaced by a brand-new hot dog and soda stand. A timid, pretty girl in a gingham dress opened the front door in answer to Slicker's knock.

"Yes, indeedy!" she exclaimed eagerly when he made his wants known. "We can take you in. You can stay just as long as you like. We got nice rooms and beds—and the air's wonderful up here. The air is wonderful, and the—We got the best of good food. Raise all all our own vegetables and everything. Home cooking. Yes, indeed. Stay just as long as you like. You're quite welcome."

She turned and called up the stairs: "Pa! Oh, Pa! Come down, will you? Here's two boarders come to stay with us."

Pa came down and added his bit to the welcome. He was a tall, gaunt man with dreamy eyes and a vague, uncertain manner. "I'll show you up to your rooms," he said cordially. "Glad to have you with us. Hope you find everything satisfactory. Who told you about our place?"

Slicker explained.

"Oh," said the old man in a disappointed tone. "You just happened to break down here, hey? We been puttin' advertisements in the New York papers, an' I thought maybe you'd seen one of 'em an' come up on account of that. Ever happen to notice one of our advertisements in the New York papers? The Elm House, Gresham & Gresham, Proprietors? Good beds, good air, an' the best of food? Raise all our vegetables? Home cooking?"

"Be yourself!" said Slicker scornfully.

The old man blinked in a perplexed way.

"I don't guess you would notice it," he said dispiritedly. "Not unless you was looking for it. It don't make much of a showing in with all the other advertisements. Well, now, just come along and I'll show you gentlemen up to your rooms. We're real glad to have you with us."

"What a fine pair o' hicks!" Slicker said scornfully when the old man had gone.

"The girl's nice," said Spud.

Slicker nodded. "Pretty," he admitted. "No style, but pretty. Nice blue eyes, good figure, and a head o' hair. Some blond kid! Be a knockout if she was fixed up. I think I'll give her a rush."

"Aw, say," Spud began in a protesting tone.

"Say what?" Slicker asked sharply.

"Nothin'," Spud mumbled.

The dinner was a darb. Heaping platters full of luscious fresh peas and green string beans. Enough sugary sweet corn on the cob to founder a healthy horse. A savory roast of beef. Flaky hot biscuits that melted away on the tongue. Baked potatoes and homemade blackberry pie, that even a Down East, old-line Yank would have classified as fair to middling.

Slicker Hennessy did the talking. He spoke rapidly and at length of the many wise and interesting things he had done during the course of his, to hear him tell it, amazingly successful career in New York. He addressed his conversation to the girl. She was silent, bewildered, embarrassed. The old man was silent and troubled. Spud was silent and sullen. After dinner Slicker and the girl went out on the porch together.

"You got to be nice to people that pay money to stop in your place," Slicker argued when she demurred. "Never mind the dishes. Wash 'em in the morning. You don't want me to be lonesome, do you? Well, then! Come on out with me while I sit down and smoke a cigarette."

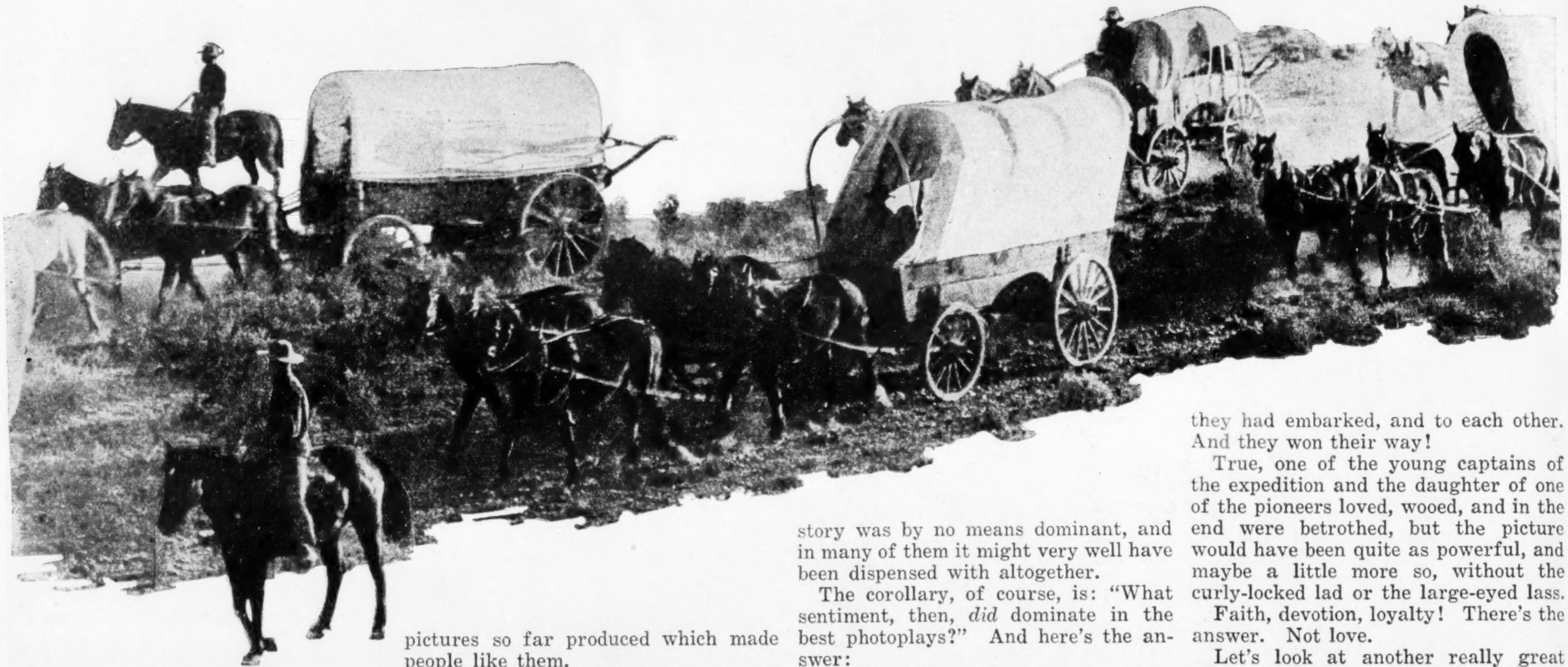
Spud went to his room. A few minutes later he heard the old man come upstairs and go to bed. Through the open window he could hear Slicker Hennessy's voice, persuasive, wheedling.

"Hell!" said Spud, without knowing why he swore.

He threw himself full-dressed on the bed. For twenty minutes he rolled and squirmed restlessly. Then he rose, tiptoed from the (*Continued on page 38*)

LOVE GETS THE FADEOUT

By JOSEPH JEFFERSON O'NEILL



I'VE seen nearly 900 movies within the past three years. Before very much of 1925 has gone by the number will be 1,000—and then I'll go on looking at more.

I hear cries of "Pity the man!" But don't bother, thanks. I really enjoy seeing them, even though that chances to be part of my job. I'll probably be more than ever hopeful about them when I've sat through my thousandth, because I'm altogether confident right now that the last hundred which go to make up that thousand will be a whole lot better than the first hundred. The going is quite a bit easier than it was.

Why? Because the movies are really improving. And why are they improving? Another elementary answer: because the public is demanding—and the makers must turn out—better stuff than we used to have.

But just what does the public want in the way of better stuff? Ah, there's a query to which an answer is far from elementary. If I could say to any one of the big producing outfits: "Take Theme A (some specified subject) and then work it up with 50 per cent of Sentiment No. 1, 35 per cent of Sentiment No. 9, plus 10 per cent of laughter and 5 per cent of tears," and then if I could be sure that the result in every case would be a really good and really popular picture, I could name my own salary; and if the figure was $1,000,000 a year they'd jump at the chance of paying it to me for life. But I can't—unfortunately—do that. And neither can Griffith nor Olcott nor Lubitsch nor any of our best directors, nor Zukor, nor Laemmle nor Fox nor any of our big producers.

Looking over a great number of pictures, however, has brought to me certain interesting and sometimes wholly unexpected bits of information as to what elements really belong in pictures—at least what there was about the best pictures so far produced which made people like them.

Here's one discovery that seemed almost startling:

Love is not the most interesting thing in the world.

We're all so accustomed to the final fadeout showing the heroine gliding gracefully into the hero's arms against a background of sunset or moonglow or mountain or ocean or whatnot that we're likely to say: "There you are; another silly love story."

In many cases that's quite true, but it is a cold, stern fact that in the majority of really great pictures the love story was by no means dominant, and in many of them it might very well have been dispensed with altogether.

The corollary, of course, is: "What sentiment, then, *did* dominate in the best photoplays?" And here's the answer:

Faith—devotion, loyalty to a country, a cause, or a person.

It is conceded that the best and most popular picture of the moment is "The Covered Wagon." The story here has to do with the crossing of the Western prairie stretches and mountain ranges by our sturdy forefathers in their creaking, slow-moving, canvas-topped "schooners." Those pioneers had faith in their country's future. They were setting forth to develop its virgin and unexplored acres. They had devotion and loyalty to this cause upon which they had embarked, and to each other. And they won their way!

True, one of the young captains of the expedition and the daughter of one of the pioneers loved, wooed, and in the end were betrothed, but the picture would have been quite as powerful, and maybe a little more so, without the curly-locked lad or the large-eyed lass.

Faith, devotion, loyalty! There's the answer. Not love.

Let's look at another really great picture, "The Birth of a Nation," which, now nearly ten years old, might be called the daddy of all the big ones. There was a trace of love-interest in it, to be sure; but it was the patriotism, the courage, the devotion of the hard-riding, hard-fighting old Clansmen of the post-Civil War period—their successful efforts to place back into proper control their beloved states —that held the interest. Not the romance of one man and one woman.

"Robin Hood" is another example. Not so much the love of Robin for Lady

Loyalty to king and country endeared Robin Hood to millions

But Faith Wins the Crowds

The faith of the pioneers, not a love story, made "The Covered Wagon" popular

ARE there certain definite elements of interest which, combined in proper proportions, should be in every really great and successful photoplay?

An observer who has seen some 900 pictures within a comparatively short time says he doesn't know. He has noted, however, some dominant characteristics of a small group of admittedly good films, and the results of his analysis, set forth below, are interesting and somewhat surprising.

Percentages of Interest Elements	Love	Faith	Thrills	Comedy	Pathos
The Covered Wagon	10	40	30	15	5
The Birth of a Nation	5	45	40	0	10
The Iron Horse	10	40	25	20	5
Robin Hood	10	25	25	35	5
The Miracle Man	5	65	20	0	10
Tol'able David	5	55	30	0	10
Averages for group	7.5	45.8	28.3	11.7	6.7

Marian, but his loyalty to his king, Richard Cœur de Lion, and his devotion to England while he robbed the rich to minister to the poor, endeared Robin to those who saw him scamper through the length of this celluloid ribbon.

Take another picture that is pronounced one of the greatest. It's rather old now. "Tol'able David." This isn't a historical film. It can't be pointed to with pride as "full of educational and inspirational as well as entertainment value." There's nothing educational about it at all, as I see it. It's just a tale of a half-ignorant mountain boy who determines that the United States mail must and shall come over the hills despite all efforts of the villains to halt the coach and rob it. And the lad, David, gets it through against some of the orneriest and evilest looking desperadoes you ever saw.

There is a girl, sure enough—a wisp of a frightened mountain lass—but she doesn't count. It's David's loyalty and devotion to the rather commonplace-sounding cause of the United States mails that puts the flavor into this piece. Yet there's no question about its possessing a real flavor. You forgot completely, emerging from the theatre, the girl in gingham and her timid kiss; but you remembered the reason Davie went through an awful battle and overcame the roughnecks. Loyalty and devotion! Not love.

One more instance of a genuine classic picture. I mean "The Miracle Man." Proportionate to its cost, this has probably made more money than anything ever shown, and it's good yet for occasional revivals.

Remember the story? A group of New York crooks learn that up in the mountains is a faith healer, an old blind man, who is curing people of various ailments and is being rewarded by their gifts. The gang—one woman among them—determines to "take" him. They will pretend belief and piety, will help to awaken interest in what he is doing, and will get away with the financial proceeds. But the beautiful faith of the old chap himself—"The Miracle Man"—overcomes them. They can't go on with their scheme. They're all regenerated, turned to right ways of thinking and doing, and every one of them is going straight when the faith healer in the end dies and the theatre lights turn bright again.

What mattered it that Tommy Meighan and Betty Compson (or the characters they portrayed) were in a fadeout clinch as the picture ended—or that Tommy was to make an honest woman of Betty? It mattered not the slightest. It was the dominant influence of The Miracle Man that gripped you. Not love. Faith!

In "The Birth of a Nation" patriotism and courage held the interest

"Tol'able David" was one of the greatest—loyalty and devotion made it so

A final example, now. "The Iron Horse." This is the film tale of how our railroad pioneers, toiling from East to West and from West to East, spanned the continent with the rails over which nowadays we ride in luxury drawn by the locomotive which the Indians in those days called by the name which gives this picture its title.

The toiling track layers fought these Indians. They faced starvation. They killed buffalo. They drank and gambled and battled among themselves. But they laid track! That was the big thing. Miles of track a day. More track even than our 1918 engineers laid in France during the war. You didn't care a whoop, watching the rails extend from the East westward and from the West eastward, that a certain young man and a certain young woman were in love with each other and in the end touched lips. All you wanted to see was the touching of the fenders of two locomotives, denoting that one might roll over rails from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Not love. Devotion to a cause!

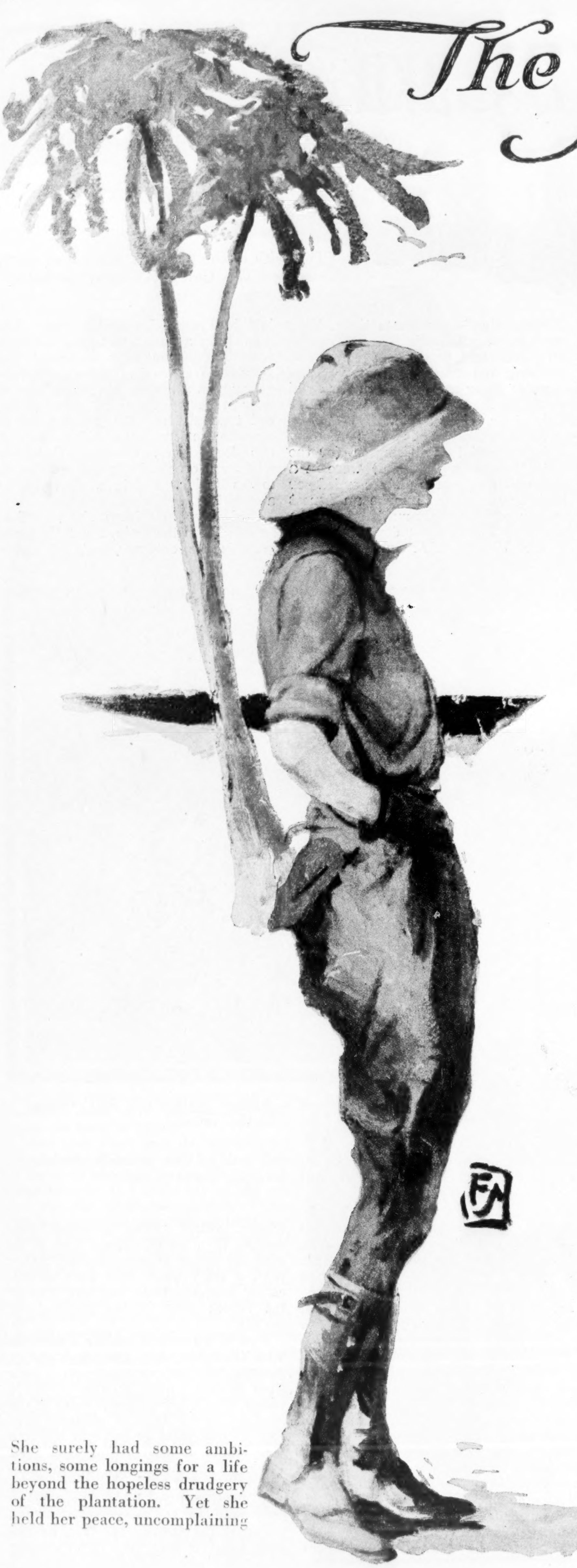
And these half-dozen cinema offerings have, in the main, for their backgrounds the outdoors, natural scenic effects, rather than artificial sets erected in a studio. They had to do with the action of great groups rather than of individuals; they were historical or semi-historical, and only two of the heroes were of the goody-goody variety.

Now ~~if~~ a producer adopts a formula some thing like this: Use the theme of loyalty, faith and devotion—have your story concern a great number of people rather than a few—have it move in the outdoors rather than in studios—have your hero at least 10 per cent bad and your villain at least 10 per cent good—does all this mean that sure-fire success will result? I'm afraid not. The very next picture made along those lines may be the most terrible flop known to the film world. Yet, on the other hand, it may not. Who knows?

The PLANTATION

By JOHN SCARRY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET



She surely had some ambitions, some longings for a life beyond the hopeless drudgery of the plantation. Yet she held her peace, uncomplaining

THE large square room was almost dark, but Laney could see yellow fingers of sunlight stabbing through the chinks in the bamboo walls. "Plantation bungalow," he decided.

A woman was standing at a table near the head of his bed. Laney watched her, the gathered mosquito netting shielding him for the moment. She was small, delicately rounded. There was a pleasant sense of lightness about her movements. Of her face Laney could see only the profile, but the fancy struck him that her eyes must be brown and warm. He caught the sheen of her black hair in the half light.

Then he stirred. The woman came quickly to his bed. She bent over him. The sick man was aware of faint perfume flooding his unaccustomed nostrils.

"Why, you're out of it!" he heard. "Good lad!"

He had the immediate impression that the woman's voice was in complete accord with her person. It was throaty and rich, soothing. It carried a hint of maturity, though; and through it ran an undeniable Australian accent. Laney tried to raise himself on one elbow; but was deftly restrained. A soft palm pressed down on his forehead.

"You mustn't move. You've been terribly ill."

"Where am I?" he managed.

"Wuliaru."

He nodded on his pillow. "I tried to head this way. You picked me up?"

"Your boat drifted on to the beach just north of here—four days ago."

"I wasn't alone?"

"There was a native with you—a Malay, I think. He was dead."

Dead, eh? But if Mohammed Ali had not been dead, Laney would not be alive. By now the woman was sitting beside him. Her hand came to rest gently on the back of his hand. The sensation was altogether new to the man—disconcerting and at the same time curiously enjoyable.

"My name's Laney," said he; "Jim Laney. We tried to jam an old schooner over a Balinese *wangkang*. The idiots were sailing without lights. And they didn't stop for us. We were days and days in that boat."

"It was the sun that got you," the woman remarked. "It's a wonder it didn't kill you. You must be as strong as a horse or you wouldn't be around by now. Were there only two of you in the schooner?"

"No," the man answered after a moment; "three. There was Roche—Roche of Macassar. We were fighting most of the time—even after we got into the boat. He had a knife, but I kept him away with the oar. The Malay wasn't in on that—Mohammed Ali. Lucky for me he fell on his head when we were leaving the schooner. And Roche went crazy, I guess. He was standing on one of the seats, cursing the sun. Then I didn't see him any more. He must have fallen—or jumped."

"Nice party," said the woman ironically. "What were you fighting about?"

And Laney suddenly remembered—his pearls! He had had three magnificent pearls in his belt. Only the collision at sea, he reflected, had saved them from Roche and the native. But where were they now? Where was the belt? Although his first impulse was to ask the woman, a sense of caution restrained him. It occurred to him that a better way would be to have a look around after the woman had left the room.

"Won't you tell me who you are?" he asked. "I sure owe you a lot of thanks."

"You don't"—in a deprecating tone. "However—I'm Grace Dutton."

"Dutton," said the man musingly. "I know a Dutton in Port Moresby—John Dutton. But he wouldn't be any relation to you."

"He's my husband."

Laney stared in swift amazement. "John Dutton's your husband?"

His eyes, now, were more accustomed to the gloom. He saw a look of resentment leap for a moment to the woman's eyes. Then she laughed.

"Why the surprise?" she lightly demanded. "Just because John Dutton's an old man, or because he's living fast and free in Port Moresby? Oh, I know all about it. And I'm not so young as I look in this light, Jim. Lord!" she exclaimed, "I've a daughter nearly as big as you."

BUT Laney could only stare—until, of a sudden, came partial confirmation of Grace Dutton's statement. Stout boots scraped on the woven bamboo of a veranda floor. A clear voice sounded outside, "Mother!"

"In here, Jerry. Come in!"

The door went open. A girl entered and tiptoed across to the side of Laney's bed. She stood looking gravely down at the sick man.

"Our patient's come around," said her mother in a half-mocking tone. "He's Jim Laney, and an American or I lose my bet. That'll please you, Jerry. Jim, this is my daughter, the man of the house."

Laney succeeded in nodding to the girl. But astonishment was growing stronger and stronger within him—not only because the two women appeared to be separated by no more than five or six years; they were cast in entirely different molds. Jerry was American, like her father. In her faded khaki shirt and breeches she had the look of a young boy—a tall young boy. Her hair, almost bronze-gold in the light from the doorway, was drawn back from her tanned face to fit under a sun helmet. Her air was quietly matter-of-fact.

Matter-of-fact, perhaps—but also straightforward and honest. Laney liked her on the instant. He liked the level regard of her blue eyes; liked her voice as she told him how glad she was he was feeling better.

Laney was not glib of tongue. And now, with Jerry Dutton filling his mind, it was as though something was robbing him of the power of speech that was normally his. Awkwardly, somehow, he protested his gratitude to both women. He told them he would not be a bother much longer; he would be up and away in a day or two. Mrs. Dutton, under pretense of adjusting his pillows, patted his unshaven cheek. She bade him lie still and not talk nonsense. Then she and Jerry went out.

There was plenty to occupy his thoughts, plenty to banish for a time all recollection of his pearls. He remembered having heard that John Dutton had a wife somewhere in the islands to the west of New Guinea. And this was she—a bright, slangy little woman, a creature of boudoirs and theatres and city streets. She seemed oddly out of place even in the comparative civilization of the bungalow chamber. She was too jaunty. Not for her, surely, were perils by land and by sea a rough bunk on John Dutton's semi-piratical blackbirding schooner.

"No wonder they live apart," thought Laney.

And more and more, as he lay alone, he was conscious of the daughter's clean appeal. Laney was an adventurer, a wanderer over the seven seas. He had known wars in Asia and in Europe, hardships of all sorts. But his life had been singularly free from women. Every man, however, has a feminine ideal, a sort of comforting phantom that can be summoned into the flame of a campfire or into the silvery pathway of the moon at sea. And Laney's ideal had always been of the comrade kind—like Jerry. One look into the girl's eyes had convinced him that she had inherited none of her father's wayward nature.

Idle thoughts were these—the thoughts of a man who was close to dozing off. But all at once Laney came wholly awake. His pearls again! He had forgotten them from the moment he had neglected to tell Mrs. Dutton why he and Roche had been fighting. Those pearls were his entire fortune. Carefully he swung his feet out of bed.

"Gad, I'm weak!" he muttered, as even more slowly he stood erect.

Dizziness lifted a film in front of his eyes; but through it, indistinctly, he could see a tall wooden wardrobe in the corner of the room near the door. Steadying himself for a few seconds against the iron upright that helped to bear the mosquito netting, he set his course before starting. A tottering movement and he made his objective.

The door of the wardrobe opened easily. It was inky dark inside. Laney's eager fingers ran along one shelf after another. They found his singlet and dungaree trousers, washed and pressed. Beside them, coiled up in the usual way, was his ordinary leather belt.

Not ordinary in every respect. Back of the buckle was a bulging ornamentation of nickeled steel. An old pearler had taught Laney the trick; and now Laney saw that his hiding place had not been disturbed.

"All safe," he murmured.

The thought came that he ought to bring the belt back to bed with him, conceal it under his mattress. But he rejected the plan. "They don't know I've got 'em, so they'd never look under that band. Anyway, they wouldn't steal—even if they are John Dutton's wife and daughter."

"OF COURSE you'll stay," said Mrs. Dutton the next evening. "I wouldn't think of letting you go. The packet'll be in from Merauke in a fortnight. You want to go to Timor Dilli, you said?"

"Yes, but a fortnight's pretty long. Isn't there a trail across the island to Mamberama? I could ship sooner from there."

"In a native boat? Don't be silly."

"You couldn't get across," Jerry interposed. "It's the rainy season, you know, and the trail's choked. Perhaps if you hadn't been ill—"

"Oh, he's worried about the proprieties!" was Mrs. Dutton's laughing interruption. "Or he's afraid of two lone women. Don't let that bother you, Jim. Jerry and I promise to chaperon one another."

Laney colored hotly. In the end he stayed. His first feeble walk abroad revealed the place to be a coconut plantation, stretching for a mile or more along the coast. The bungalow faced the west. It lay back from the beach and a quarter of a mile east of the godowns, away from the stench of the water front where the copra was prepared for market.

The jungle crowded behind it, cuddled it in an arm which shut off all view of the cove and the coolie lines. Its long front veranda overlooked part of the plantation. Slanting down from a wilderness-blanketed ridge, row after row of coconut palms ran out of sight around the nearest headland. Beyond was open water, the lonely way to Macassar. For three days Laney sat in a big *rotan* chair. He looked at the sea, thought of Jerry Dutton, and felt his strength come back.

He knew nothing about coconuts; but it required no expert eye to see that work was being carried on with some difficulty. There appeared to be no more than half enough coolies. And the entire task of overseeing fell upon Jerry. Every day, except at mealtimes, she was away from the bungalow from dawn until dark. After supper she busied herself with the plantation books. Mrs. Dutton did nothing but embroider and read. More than once, as Laney noticed the girl's blond head drooping with weariness, he felt a stirring of anger toward the mother.

"I HATE the whole place," Mrs. Dutton confessed to him one morning. "I can't stand it. Once I started to check a shipment of hoes from Surabaya but the copra smell in the godown actually sickened me!"

"Nothing but fresh air where your daughter is now," the man remarked. He nodded toward the ridge, where Jerry was bossing a couple of dozen coolies as they fought with sickles the encroaching jungle.

"Fresh air enough," Mrs. Dutton laughed, "and sunshine too! Can you imagine what this sun would do to my complexion? Now don't begin pitying Jerry. She likes it, Jim. I don't; it's just plain hell! I'm never going to be satisfied till I get back to Melbourne!"

"Melbourne, eh?"

"Yes, Melbourne!"—with a sudden fierceness that was almost startling. "And I'd beg, borrow, or steal to get there! So look out, Jim Laney"—smiling again—"if you've got any money about you."

He grinned. "You had me at your mercy for four days. I guess you know my financial condition. Lucky you had these clothes or I'd still be in bed."

"They're my husband's."

Laney ended his inactivity as soon as he dared—on the fourth day after getting on his feet. He borrowed a pair of sandals from one of the coolie bosses and prepared to set forth with Jerry. This brought a flurry of protest from Mrs. Dutton. She was sure he would overexert himself too soon after his illness. For the first time Laney began to wonder if that was her true objection. He remembered that a sort of ardor in the older woman's eyes had more than once caused him no little concern.

"I've got to pay for my keep," he argued.

Jerry said nothing. She looked from her mother to Laney. And Laney thought her face brightened a little when he refused to stay behind in the bungalow.

During the next two days he learned a great deal about John Dutton's daughter; and what he learned he liked increasingly. Physically Jerry was well-nigh perfect. She could show her heels to Laney in broken ground. But she unaffectedly deprecated this superiority. He was a seafarer, she pointed out, and as yet he had not fully recovered from his exposure in the boat. He could not help being drawn to her after that.

In every way she continued to measure up to his ideal. Her speech was always delightfully manlike, yet her nature was sunny. Despite the burden of responsibility that rested on her shoulders, she never seemed to be asking for sympathy. Laney began to cherish the hours he spent with her, the comradeship of her voice, the swing of her graceful stride.

On their third day together they had lunch away from the bungalow. All morning long they stood over the coolies in a sun-scorched hollow. The heat encompassed them with what seemed to be conscious fury. A breeze from the west carried no coolness; it served only to lash the moisture from their panting bodies and send them reeling at noon to the edge of the clearing. Man and girl sank down in the shade.

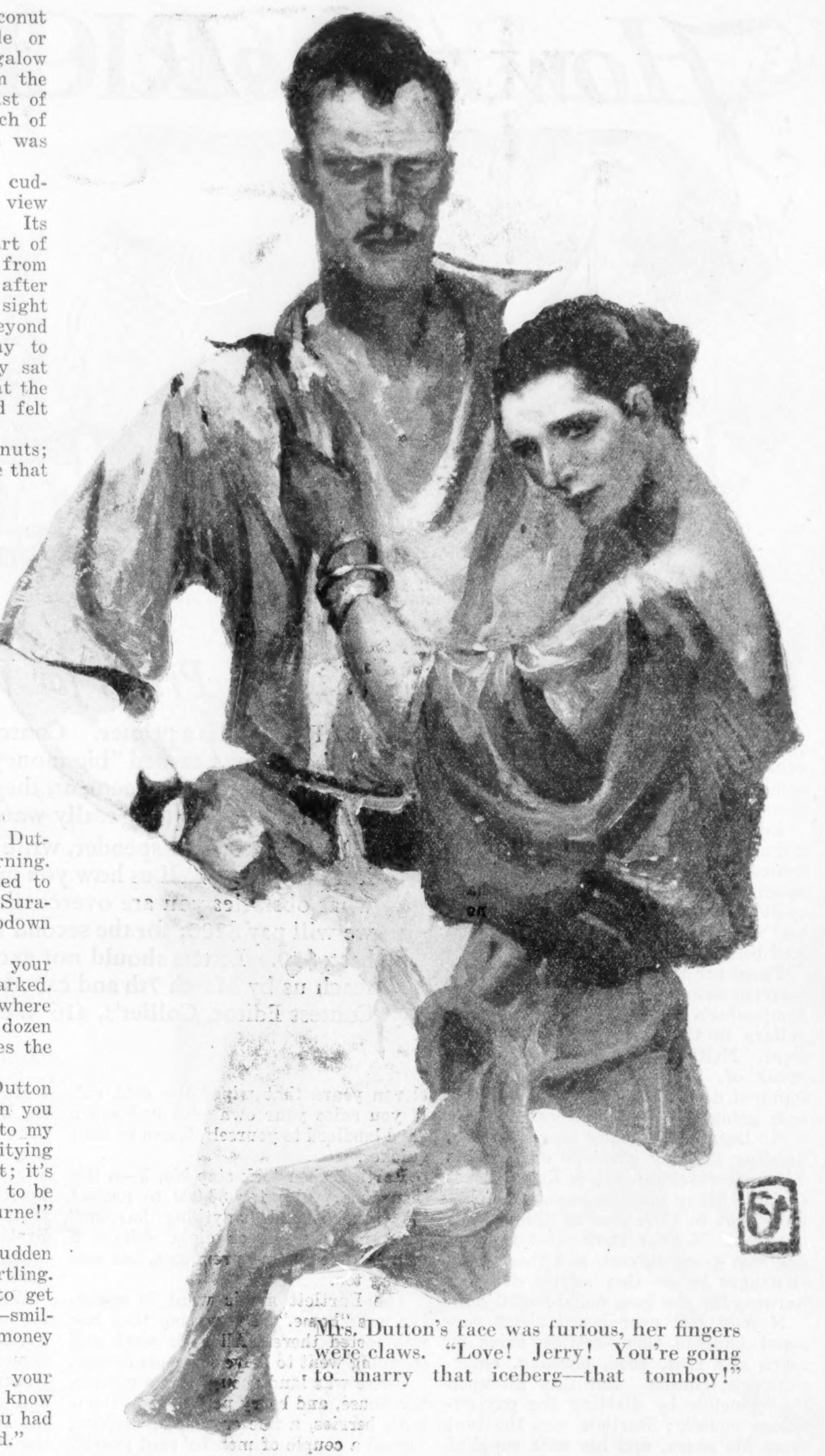
After a minute's rest Laney lifted his head, looked at Jerry. The girl's face was red with her exertions, her hair was a wet mass. Nevertheless, in Laney's eyes she made a picture of rare beauty as she lifted her hand to pluck the dripping shirt away from her young breast. It never occurred to him that for all Jerry's fatigue she might be finding his own tanned features worthy of more than casual interest.

"This must be killing you, Miss Dutton," he suddenly blurted out. "You ought to have an assistant, someone to help you."

"Can't afford it," she answered.

He was not surprised, but he could not prevent a surge of anger from rising in his breast at thought of Mrs. Dutton's unending indolence. Of course it was none of his business. And Mrs. Dutton had nursed him, been very kind to him. Still he ventured a suggestion.

"Your mother (*Continued on page 29*)

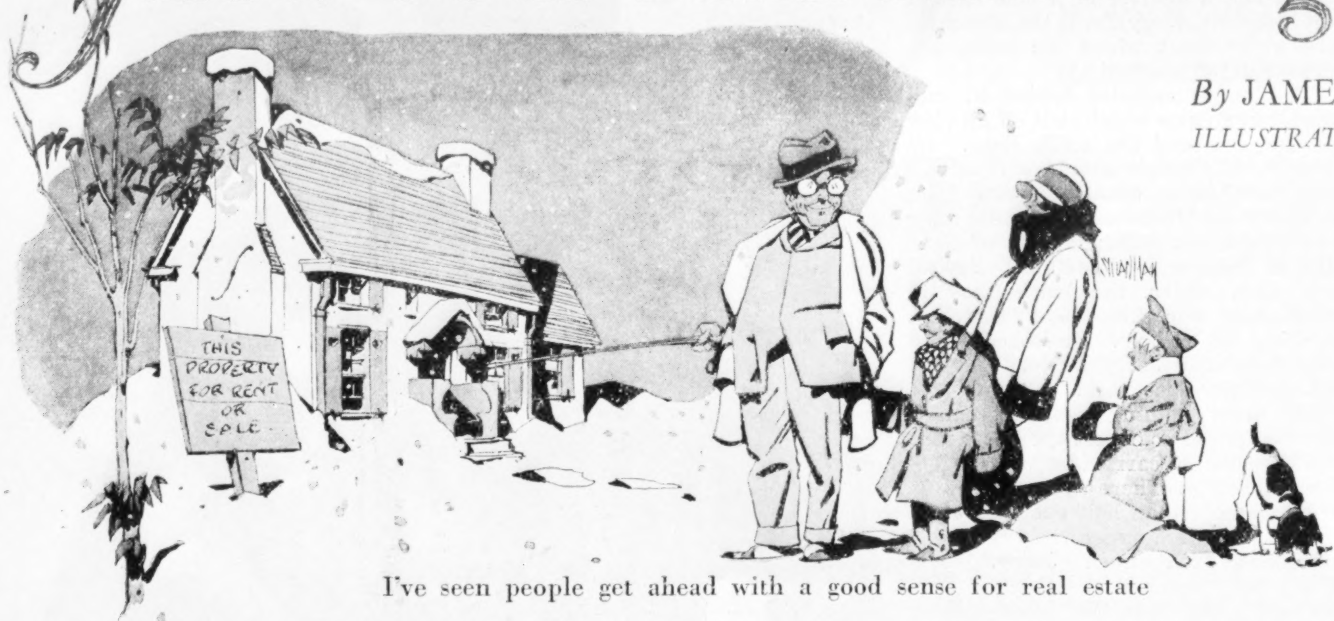


Mrs. Dutton's face was furious, her fingers were claws. "Love! Jerry! You're going to marry that iceberg—that tomboy!"

How to be RICH though POOR

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY STUART HAY


THIS PROPERTY FOR RENT OR SALE
STUART HAY

I've seen people get ahead with a good sense for real estate

$350 in Prizes for Wise Spenders

BARTLETT is a printer. Conroy is a traffic cop. They have never earned "big money," but Mr. Collins tells how, by good management, they have made their lives rich in the things they really want.

If you are a wise spender, write us a letter. Typewrite it if possible. Tell us how you manage your income and what obstacles you are overcoming. For the best letter we will pay $200; for the second best, $100; for the third best, $50. Letters should not exceed 200 words, should reach us by March 7th and cannot be returned. Address Contest Editor, Collier's, 416 West 13th St., New York.

IS THERE any magic that stretches a dollar? There is! Some people do get more out of their money. I've kept an eye on such folks for fully twenty years. Their dollars go further. They live comfortably on incomes that would keep others in constant money trouble.

I don't mean misers. Nor people who get along on fifty dollars a month contentedly through their whole lives. I mean people who take what they have to-day, and spend it to get values now, and also to increase their incomes and well-being.

There are the Bartletts. When they married, nearly twenty years ago, a job compositor's wages were around twenty dollars in the small city where they lived. Neither had saved anything to speak of. Bartlett had a couple of hundred dollars tucked away, but was easy going in money matters.

He began, like many wage earners, handing the pay envelope over to his wife after taking out a little pocket money. Many families prosper on that basis, but in their case it didn't work out well. Neither knew what married life was going to cost, and there were shortages before they settled down in harness for the long matrimonial pull.

Nobody had ever heard about personal budgets then—setting aside so much for rent, food, clothing, entertainment, church. But they hit upon the principle by dividing the pay envelope equally; Bartlett met the rent from his share, and his wife supplied the table. Each bought clothes out of his or her savings, and each opened a separate bank account. Besides paying furniture installments and buying coal, Bartlett undertook to save at least three dollars a week, and more when he worked overtime.

So passed the first three or four difficult years of married life, during which two babies came and grew to the age when it was not fair to keep them cooped up in the town.

By that time Bartlett had saved nearly seven hundred dollars—step No. 1 in good money management. He was ready to take step No. 2, turning rent into savings. Any building and loan association would have helped him put up a house after he had bought a lot. But the Bartletts found a bargain house foreclosed under mortgage, twenty minutes out on the trolley. The price was $3,500, of which $500 was paid in cash and the rest carried on mortgage. It was a building and loan mortgage, by which you pay a dollar monthly for each hundred dollars debt. In about eleven years that wiped the debt out. If you raise your own rent and are a hard landlord to yourself, it can be done quicker.

Bartlett then took step No. 3—a life insurance policy for $3,000 to protect his home should "anything happen." That made seven or eight dollars a month more for the premiums, but was saving too.

The Bartlett magic word in spending was "home." Everything they had was rooted there. All their work and spending went to drive the roots deeper.

There was land enough for a garden, hen house, and berry patch. Mrs. Bartlett's berries, a fine crop for a woman, earned a couple of months' rent yearly. She was an expert in bargain buying. Knew just when to profit by the sales, and had the cash ready. Bartlett took a technical course in press work, display, make-up, paper, and fitted himself for a foremanship. The children had money to manage from tothood, so much a week, some to spend, some to save, and by school age were learning to earn. If you think children are thoughtless with money, talk with some of the folks who supervise school savings—or let your own youngsters have a definite amount each week to finance their own sports and hobbies.

The older Bartlett boy is going to college, the older girl has just begun a two-year nursing course, and the younger boy is in high school. Besides having lived a solid family life all these years, the Bartletts have a car, radio set, player piano, plumbing and housekeeping conveniences, and with their home, money in the bank, and borrowing value of life insurance are worth at least ten thousand dollars in quick assets.

How many such families are there in the United States? In my opinion, millions upon millions. The surface outcrop of spenders doesn't fool or alarm me, even though I live right in New York where extravagance is most prominent. There are hundreds of Bartlett families in every American town, thousands in average cities, millions on the farm—

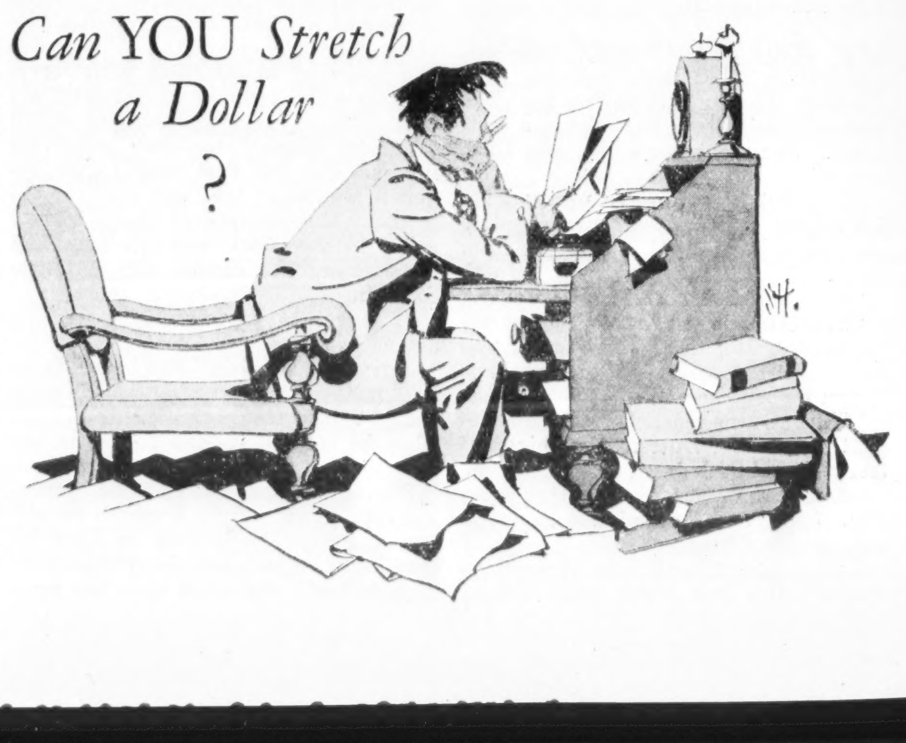
Why, they make up the solid human foundation even of cities like New York. I grant you that here their names may be German, Jewish, Italian. Nevertheless, they are bringing up boys and girls who will be as American as the Bartletts in a generation or two—the few gunmen and bootleggers count no more than the New York night clubs.

This morning a cheerful traffic cop left me—a book of poems! He didn't write them, however. I've known Conroy for years—he'd never do such a thing. They were written by a woman, and one poem is to him—it calls him "King Canute" and wonders if such a mighty man, sweeping the traffic waves back all day, can also be just "Pop" at home. Well, say! A first-grade New York policeman's envelope holds a little more than $94 a fortnight, but Conroy has six children, born and brought up amidst the perils of New York—not to say the cruel rents of the past eight years—and each has got or is getting enough schooling to become self-supporting. One son and a daughter are already working. Conroy says he wouldn't know the poetess again—she handed him her book, kind o' scared, and beat it.

Around our block I could introduce you to others like him—a watchmaker, a mail carrier, an assistant bank cashier, a building superintendent, a fire captain. Or to savings bank folks who would tell you many stories of people who are managing shrewdly. And if they're doing it in New York, the rest of the country doesn't worry me.

Some people get down to a skillful spending basis by adopting a personal or family budget. Just now banks all over the country are urging people to do this, and showing them how. With a budget you divide income before spending, allotting so much to this, that and the other thing. Governments have been doing it for years; also business houses; and in personal spending it helps—conditionally: First, you must do the bookkeeping, which is not easy to all of us, especially women. And, second, a rigid percentage of this or that will not fit everybody. You may spend more for books, while Jones isn't bookish, but likes the theatre. So your budget must be cut to fit, and that applies also to food, rent, clothes and the rest.

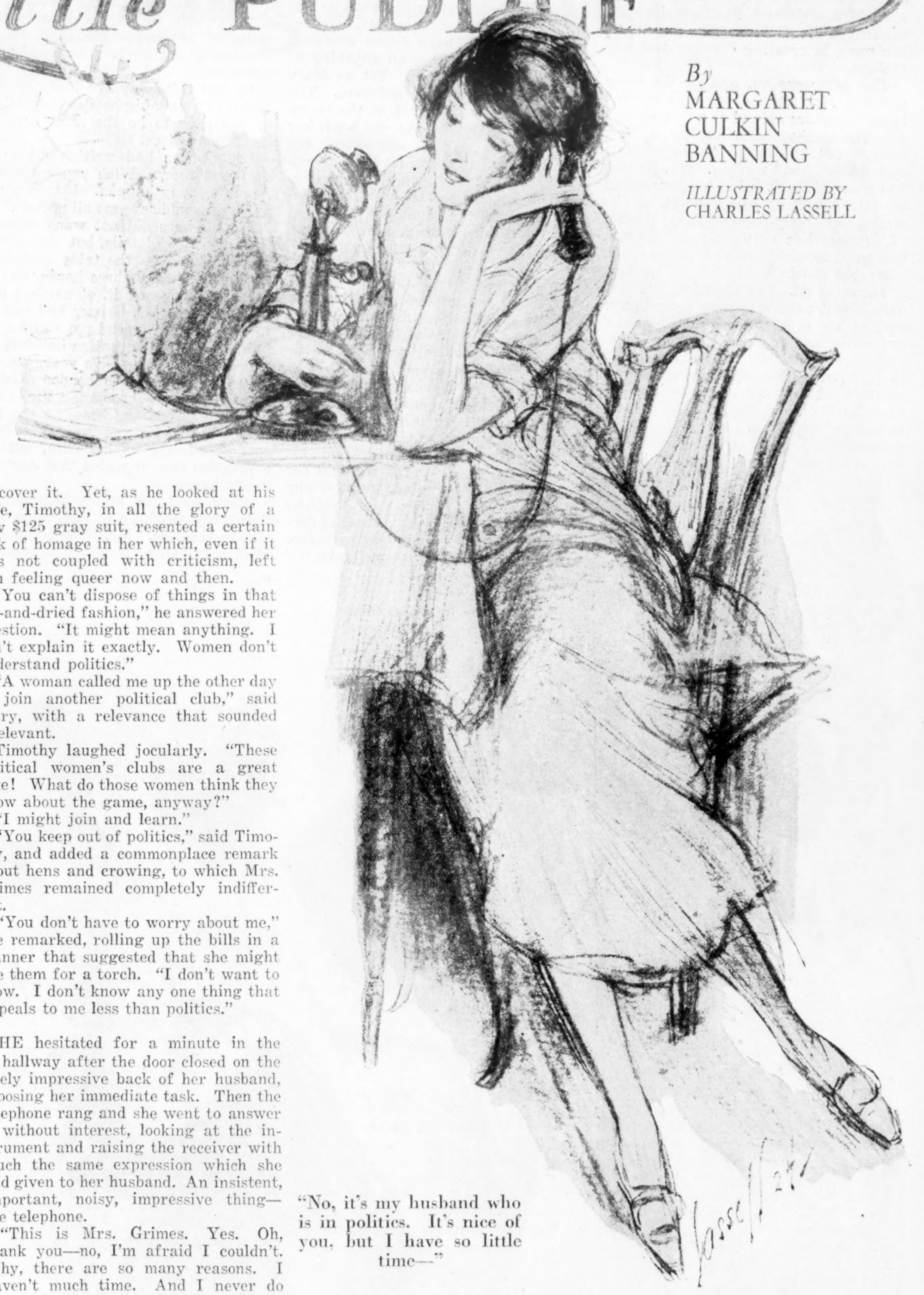
I've seen people get ahead with a good sense for real estate. Finding that a home pays profits on the investment, if well chosen, they have bought a house to rent, or switched to a two-family house, or got a place large enough to rent rooms. It must be well-chosen property, (*Continued on page 45*)


Can YOU Stretch a Dollar ?
S.H.

The Little PUDDLE

By
MARGARET
CULKIN
BANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES LASSELL



"No, it's my husband who is in politics. It's nice of you, but I have so little time—"

WHEN Timothy Grimes went to a national political convention he did it right. He ordered a new suit and allowed his tailor to wheedle him into a more expensive grade of cloth for it than was usual. He selected shirts, ties, and socks with considerable care and the reflection that a "fellow had to put up a front at these affairs." He took both his check book and a large roll of currency from which on the morning of the day of departure he peeled off several greenbacks for his wife. But she, looking at the bills rather impersonally, as one looks at exhibits, did not seem to be over grateful.

"Do they pay your expenses to these things, Tim?"

He laughed in amusement. "That's just about all the women know about politics. Of course they don't."

"Well, I suppose it's all right. But I don't just see how you can afford it. Only last week you were so terribly distressed because I suggested doing over the living-room."

"There are expenses and expenses," answered Timothy with some grandiloquence. "Some of them have to be taken care of. Naturally, one doesn't refuse to go to a national convention when he has the honor of being elected delegate at large."

"You worked awfully hard for it," murmured his wife, but casually, not critically. She stood with the two bills dangling from her hand limply. "I still don't see why you should work so hard for a chance to pay your own expenses to a place where you're going to nominate someone you never have known and say you don't particularly like, for President. It seems to me—"

"There's such a thing as civic duty," said Timothy pompously. "A leading citizen has to make some sacrifices."

His wife gave a quick little nod as if to shut him off. "I suppose so," she answered, and the undercurrent of a sigh was in her simple acquiescence. "I was just wondering."

Timothy, who was on his way downtown to make final arrangements, turned to go, then faced back again, fingering the edge of his new extra fine straw hat. He seemed to resent leaving a negligible impression.

"You see, my dear, you don't understand these things. There's a good deal more to it than appears on the surface. These things lead to other things."

"You mean you might get more legal business?" Mary Grimes' voice was questioning and perilously definite. "From somebody you might meet at the convention?"

The lack of subtlety and understanding in his wife often irritated Timothy. He sometimes wanted to call it stupidity. He stood close to her, looming over her as if his whole frame shouted her down. He was large and heavy, though he often remarked that his fat was all "solid," and Mary was a slim, cream-colored woman, with black hair which she wore in bands over her forehead. She was not in the least a well-dressed woman. Her hats looked like each other and her dresses looked like each other. There were no flame-colored gowns or coats adroitly tipped with fur in her wardrobe. From what she was wearing now, the rest of her assortment of clothes could be guessed. It was a plain blue chambray morning dress which showed that she was thin, but had no relation to her figure except to cover it. Yet, as he looked at his wife, Timothy, in all the glory of a new $125 gray suit, resented a certain lack of homage in her which, even if it was not coupled with criticism, left him feeling queer now and then.

"You can't dispose of things in that cut-and-dried fashion," he answered her question. "It might mean anything. I can't explain it exactly. Women don't understand politics."

"A woman called me up the other day to join another political club," said Mary, with a relevance that sounded irrelevant.

Timothy laughed jocularly. "These political women's clubs are a great joke! What do those women think they know about the game, anyway?"

"I might join and learn."

"You keep out of politics," said Timothy, and added a commonplace remark about hens and crowing, to which Mrs. Grimes remained completely indifferent.

"You don't have to worry about me," she remarked, rolling up the bills in a manner that suggested that she might use them for a torch. "I don't want to crow. I don't know any one thing that appeals to me less than politics."

SHE hesitated for a minute in the hallway after the door closed on the finely impressive back of her husband, choosing her immediate task. Then the telephone rang and she went to answer it without interest, looking at the instrument and raising the receiver with much the same expression which she had given to her husband. An insistent, important, noisy, impressive thing—the telephone.

"This is Mrs. Grimes. Yes. Oh, thank you—no, I'm afraid I couldn't. Why, there are so many reasons. I haven't much time. And I never do anything like that. Why, no. It's my husband who is in politics. It's very nice of you, but I have so little time—"

She looked slightly fearful as her arguments began to repeat themselves more weakly. On the other end of the telephone pressure was being brought to bear. That was clear from the expression of Mary Grimes.

"There must be so many other women." Her voice was plaintive. "I don't know anything about politics. I—" She snatched at reprieve. "Yes, indeed, I will think it over. If I can. Yes—let me call you."

She hung up the telephone distastefully. It didn't happen very often that she was pressed like this. Nearly everyone knew she wasn't any good at politics and never did that public sort of thing. She usually got out of it this way in the end, having once discovered the simple and effective method of "thinking it over," and never getting it quite thoroughly enough thought out to telephone back.

She paused to do one or two things which her single servant should have done already. But Mary never found it easy to criticize servants. They always impressed her as being in a difficult position, and although she knew that her own attitude was an unfortunate one for a mistress and led to her being very often imposed upon, she was unable to alter it. So she disposed of the neglected duties and then packed her husband's largest Gladstone bag. He had mentioned that he had better have some dinner clothes along in case he needed them.

She was a very expert packer as well as an extremely efficient wife. The small piles of shirts and pajamas and handkerchiefs went in their places neatly, ready for even the most casual masculine hand. The proper things went into the proper smooth leather pockets, and then Mrs. Grimes surveyed her finished task with a satisfied expression. Her greatest satisfactions always lay in a perfected work. What she looked at now was not the traveling convenience of Mr. Grimes, but a bit of brain work which had resulted perfectly. Mr. Grimes would have just what he needed for masculine luxuriousness without being crowded. It was art. Mrs. Grimes did not consider the comfort of Mr. Grimes. She considered her work in creating comfort and was content.

The day wore on, and in the early evening Mr. Grimes went away "en taxi," a smiling, bland face, which had recently touched hers, looking at Mrs. Grimes out of the half-open window and a large hand waving. Mr. Grimes had a car of his own, but he alone drove it. Mary had an odd thought as she waved pleasantly back at him. It was, "I suppose lots of women must think him good looking when they meet him on trains and in hotels."

That was all. She picked up her evening paper, noticed that its second page carried an article about Mr. Grimes' departure and his prediction concerning the convention. Mary did not read the article. She folded it away, for he would want to see the papers when he came back. Then she had her supper. It was the maid's day out, and she had prepared it herself, on a tray. There was a tall glass topped by mint leaves—there was a salad worth very little in caloric value, and a couple of crisp rolls. A pretty supper—like the gay-colored book Mary took to read as she ate it. A supper that Mr. Grimes would assuredly have found amusing. No meat, no potatoes, no anything to stay a proper appetite. Yet as Mary ate it her face became different. The vague, almost stupid look of the morning had disappeared. As she read, her eyes became eager, and once she laughed aloud in quiet, lazy happiness. Surely she had no vision of Mr. Grimes on his train, his special train for delegates, sitting in the diner where colored waiters dripping with perspiration ran to and fro with substantial food.

THERE can be no doubt that the National Convention meant just one thing to Mrs. Grimes during the next two days. It was the habitat of her husband. She did not even look at the headlines, which shows her to be a woman open to much criticism. But then she normally heard a great deal of politics, and Timothy had assured her that he knew perfectly what would happen. She had listened, and his words were in her mind. But why think of politics with a week of perfect leisure before her—or at least five days—a week to weed her flower beds, to read late with the light full on in the bedroom, to do other delicious, indefinitely postponed things. Being Mr. Grimes' wife was a full-time job, because of his importance and his assertiveness and his largeness and handsomeness.

On the third day she had a picture postal of a very big hotel which claimed in fine type to be the most beautiful hotel in America.

Mr. Grimes had written across it:

"Great show. Wish you were here. Anything may happen. Watch papers for details and save me all notices."

Mrs. Grimes did not want to watch the papers for details, but she saw the "Globe" lying on the table accusingly, as it had lain for three hours, and she reluctantly opened it. The first page told her what Mr. Grimes had told her to expect. The second page had a dispatch from the convention beside a picture—the one taken five years ago—of Mr. Grimes. It was headed "Grimes Favorite Son of Iowans for Vice Presidency." Beside the headline the likeness of Mr. Grimes seemed to gaze condescendingly at his wife, with an expression that repeated that anything might happen.

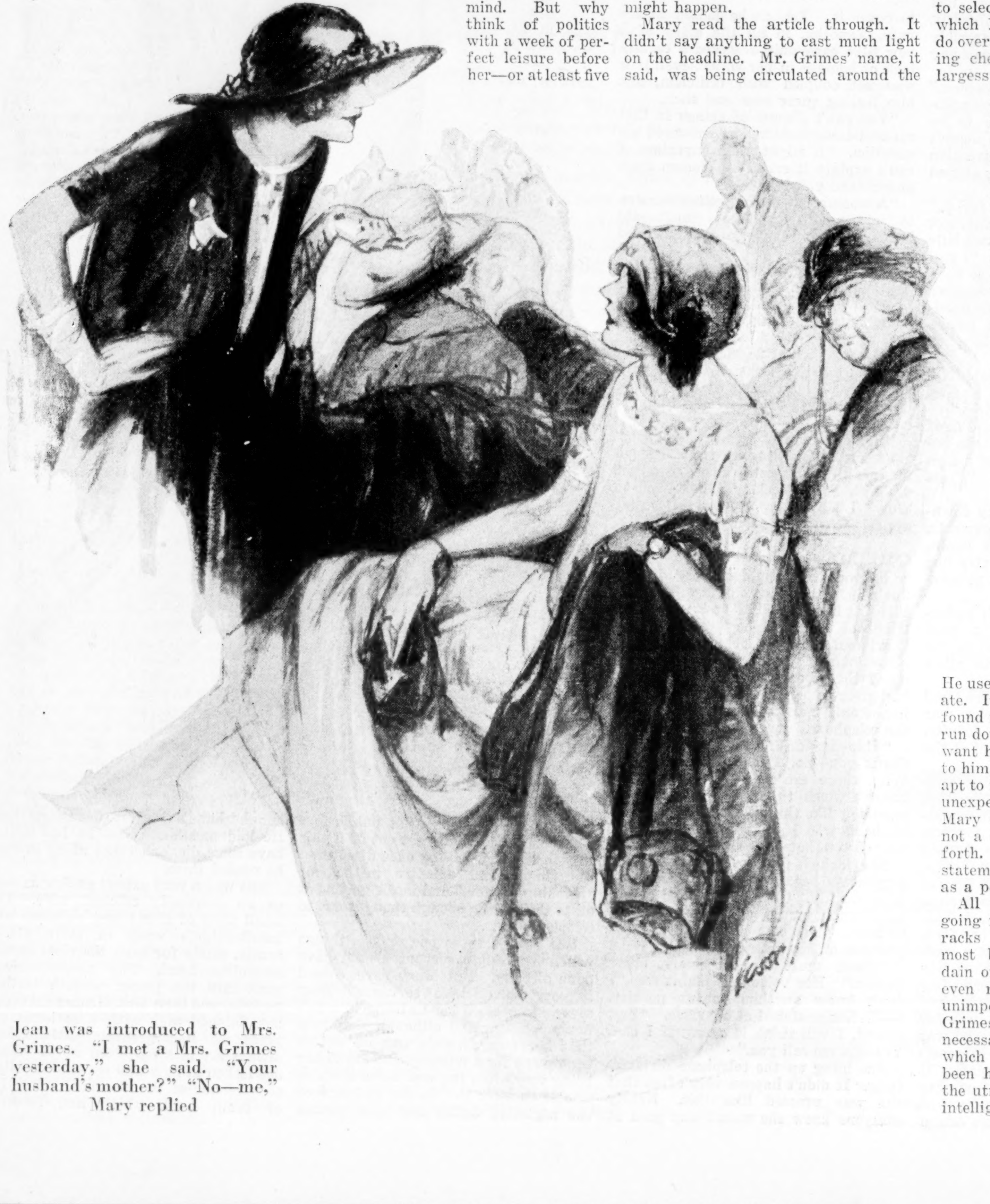
Mary read the article through. It didn't say anything to cast much light on the headline. Mr. Grimes' name, it said, was being circulated around the hotel in which the Iowa group was staying as a likely candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Faintly Mrs. Grimes sighed. It seemed to her already that she could hear the comments coming her way which would need to be answered, hear her husband's stout explanations of the whole matter "from the inside" being given again and again, telling just why the boom was started and why he didn't get the nomination. And there succeeded a worse thought to the mind of Mrs. Grimes. Suppose he were nominated! She recalled the state senatorship elections, one of which he had gone through successfully, but so sweatingly—she remembered the terrible occasion on which he had run for governor and been explanatory about his defeat for months. Almost fearfully she put down the paper and went out to the kitchen. She was trying a new recipe for mint jelly and tried to engross herself in the pleasant details of coloring it to exactitude. It came out a beautiful green, deep without thickness, and the glasses of it shone coolly in the light as she stood them one by one on the pantry window sill. She had planned a pleasant day. This afternoon she was going to select slip covers for the furniture which Mr. Grimes could not afford to do over. There were plenty of enchanting cheap cretonnes, and his parting largess would help to buy them. And to-night was the Kreisler concert. If Mr. Grimes had been home, it might have been difficult to go to that, as he did not like to see his wife "go off alone at night," nor did he like to hear "fiddlers at three dollars a seat." Also she could go in to call on Daisy Bretonne in her little bookshop and finger all the new books and cultivate her appetite for them and perhaps buy one. Mary wanted to get started on the day. The newspaper and the postcard from her husband worried her. But as she went upstairs, and looked out the little window on the landing, the sight of a boy on the front porch gave her a shock of apprehension. It was a telegraph messenger.

MR. GRIMES had wired magnificently: "Meet me here Hotel Arcade. Purchase necessary clothes. Do not delay. Things moving very fast." Mary read it and swallowed once like a disappointed little girl. The relaxation fled out of her face, and the vague, faintly harassed expression of Mrs. Grimes in action replaced it. It was not the first time Timothy had wired for her. He used to do it when he was in the senate. It meant that for some season he found it best to appear with his wife, to run double before the public. He would want her to "look right and be a credit to him," but in thirty days he would be apt to find the bills for her clothes quite unexpected. Yet it did not occur to Mary that she might not go. It was not a command that the telegram set forth. It was not a request. It was a statement of a marital necessity as well as a political need.

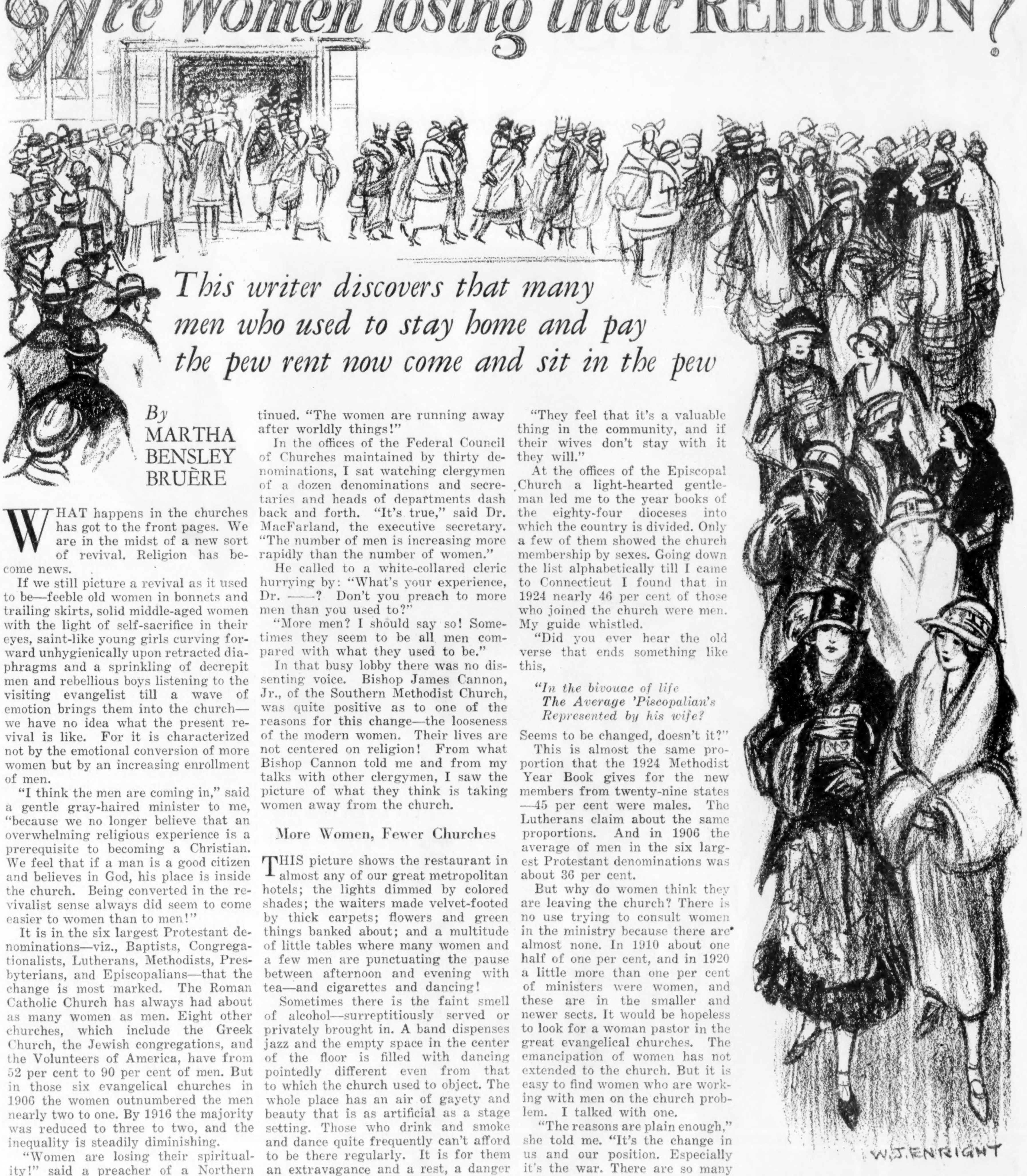
All that afternoon Mary shopped, going from store to store, pulling over racks of clothes, pricing dresses almost beseechingly, enduring the disdain of important saleswomen and the even more intolerable chumminess of unimportant ones. She did as Mr. Grimes requested and purchased the necessary clothes, but it was a task which left her feeling as if she had been handled and rehandled and with the utmost distaste for the serviceable, intelligent,

(*Continued on page 26*)



Jean was introduced to Mrs. Grimes. "I met a Mrs. Grimes yesterday," she said. "Your husband's mother?" "No—me," Mary replied

Are Women losing their RELIGION?



This writer discovers that many men who used to stay home and pay the pew rent now come and sit in the pew

By
MARTHA
BENSLEY
BRUÈRE

WHAT happens in the churches has got to the front pages. We are in the midst of a new sort of revival. Religion has become news.

If we still picture a revival as it used to be—feeble old women in bonnets and trailing skirts, solid middle-aged women with the light of self-sacrifice in their eyes, saint-like young girls curving forward unhygienically upon retracted diaphragms and a sprinkling of decrepit men and rebellious boys listening to the visiting evangelist till a wave of emotion brings them into the church—we have no idea what the present revival is like. For it is characterized not by the emotional conversion of more women but by an increasing enrollment of men.

"I think the men are coming in," said a gentle gray-haired minister to me, "because we no longer believe that an overwhelming religious experience is a prerequisite to becoming a Christian. We feel that if a man is a good citizen and believes in God, his place is inside the church. Being converted in the revivalist sense always did seem to come easier to women than to men!"

It is in the six largest Protestant denominations—viz., Baptists, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians—that the change is most marked. The Roman Catholic Church has always had about as many women as men. Eight other churches, which include the Greek Church, the Jewish congregations, and the Volunteers of America, have from 52 per cent to 90 per cent of men. But in those six evangelical churches in 1906 the women outnumbered the men nearly two to one. By 1916 the majority was reduced to three to two, and the inequality is steadily diminishing.

"Women are losing their spirituality!" said a preacher of a Northern church—one used to speaking with authority. By that I mean they are giving up their church affiliations."

Being unused to the voice of authority I argued the point with him and had to admit that if we had no other gauge to measure spirituality by except church membership, he was probably right.

"My congregations on this last circuit looked like men's meetings—the men were so in the majority," he continued. "The women are running away after worldly things!"

In the offices of the Federal Council of Churches maintained by thirty denominations, I sat watching clergymen of a dozen denominations and secretaries and heads of departments dash back and forth. "It's true," said Dr. MacFarland, the executive secretary. "The number of men is increasing more rapidly than the number of women."

He called to a white-collared cleric hurrying by: "What's your experience, Dr. ——? Don't you preach to more men than you used to?"

"More men? I should say so! Sometimes they seem to be all men compared with what they used to be."

In that busy lobby there was no dissenting voice. Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Southern Methodist Church, was quite positive as to one of the reasons for this change—the looseness of the modern women. Their lives are not centered on religion! From what Bishop Cannon told me and from my talks with other clergymen, I saw the picture of what they think is taking women away from the church.

More Women, Fewer Churches

THIS picture shows the restaurant in almost any of our great metropolitan hotels; the lights dimmed by colored shades; the waiters made velvet-footed by thick carpets; flowers and green things banked about; and a multitude of little tables where many women and a few men are punctuating the pause between afternoon and evening with tea—and cigarettes and dancing!

Sometimes there is the faint smell of alcohol—surreptitiously served or privately brought in. A band dispenses jazz and the empty space in the center of the floor is filled with dancing pointedly different even from that to which the church used to object. The whole place has an air of gayety and beauty that is as artificial as a stage setting. Those who drink and smoke and dance quite frequently can't afford to be there regularly. It is for them an extravagance and a rest, a danger and a delight.

The flavor is not the flavor of religion. The bishop is undoubtedly right; this and all the related activities, worse and better, are dangerous rivals of the church for the attention of women. We are in a maelstrom of new freedoms and interests.

Another minister told me that it was the fact that the women were leaving that brought the men in.

"They feel that it's a valuable thing in the community, and if their wives don't stay with it they will."

At the offices of the Episcopal Church a light-hearted gentleman led me to the year books of the eighty-four dioceses into which the country is divided. Only a few of them showed the church membership by sexes. Going down the list alphabetically till I came to Connecticut I found that in 1924 nearly 46 per cent of those who joined the church were men. My guide whistled.

"Did you ever hear the old verse that ends something like this,

> *"In the bivouac of life*
> *The Average 'Piscopalian's*
> *Represented by his wife?*

Seems to be changed, doesn't it?"

This is almost the same proportion that the 1924 Methodist Year Book gives for the new members from twenty-nine states —45 per cent were males. The Lutherans claim about the same proportions. And in 1906 the average of men in the six largest Protestant denominations was about 36 per cent.

But why do women think they are leaving the church? There is no use trying to consult women in the ministry because there are almost none. In 1910 about one half of one per cent, and in 1920 a little more than one per cent of ministers were women, and these are in the smaller and newer sects. It would be hopeless to look for a woman pastor in the great evangelical churches. The emancipation of women has not extended to the church. But it is easy to find women who are working with men on the church problem. I talked with one.

"The reasons are plain enough," she told me. "It's the change in us and our position. Especially it's the war. There are so many things we can do now besides go to church. Our whole status has been changed."

That's what they all said—the women doing church work. We have far more education than we had and that makes us critical; we have been forced into new work and we've forced ourselves into nearly all the professions, so we have more interests. We've the Federation of Women's Clubs extending virtually everywhere. Modern invention has given those of us who keep house plenty of free time. And then in that new profession of social work we can do all the charitable and palliative work which was once only to be done through the church. Our whole status has changed!

I consulted the records of the Congregational (*Continued on page 42*)

YESTERDAY'S

You know them all, for big type on the front pages told you their thrilling exploits

Keystone

(Above) He's the man who carried the message to Garcia, Maj. A. S. Rowan

Keystone

(Right) Governor General Wood, who was colonel of the "Rough Riders"

(Right) At a radio show this recent picture was made of Jack Binns—first hero of an Age of Wireless. He's editor now of Collier's radio columns

Keystone

Fotograms

Lt. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, even in "civvies" and at 85, still looks a gallant leader

Wide World

(Left) Rickenbacker, auto speed king and war "ace," now vice president of a motor company

THE most famous of go-getters, the man who carried the message to Garcia at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, got the first real fright of his life three summers ago.

As a tardy reward for his distinguished services as a messenger in '98, and for his gallantry under fire at the attack upon Sudlon Mountain in the Philippines in 1900, he was honored at last (in 1922) with a Distinguished Service Cross.

That put him again upon the front page. Thereupon the go-getters of the movies began to pursue him—and Major Andrew S. Rowan, in retirement and zealous to remain so, fled from his peaceful flower-bordered home in Mill Valley, Cal., up the slopes of Mount Tamalpais and hid in the woods.

You recall his story? How on his forty-first birthday he set forth in disguise to find the hidden G. H. Q. of General Garcia. How in a little sailboat from Jamaica he eluded the Spanish coast patrol under cover of darkness and reached the shores of Cuba. How through a forest, across a mountain range, penetrating jungles and swimming rivers, cleverly dodging Spanish pickets and "getting his knowledge as he went," he traversed the width of eastern Cuba and within a week reported to the Cuban general in his secret camp. General Nelson A. Miles praised this exploit as "an act of heroism that has rarely been excelled in the annals of warfare." And General Miles is rather a competent judge of that sort of thing!

He Led Our Boys in '98

THE military exploits of Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles have been blazoned often in big headlines.

They told first, more than sixty years ago, of his valor as a young officer in the Civil War; then of his generalship, which, when he was only twenty-five, won him command of an army corps of 26,000 men. More fame was his when he led campaigns against Indians on the Western frontier and defeated Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Chief Joseph, Geronimo, and Natchez. For his distinguished gallantry at Chancellorsville—where he was severely wounded—Congress awarded him the Medal of Honor. In the swift victory over Spain in 1898 he commanded our army. He attained the rank of lieutenant general in 1900 and retired in 1903.

He dedicated a war memorial at East Hampton, L. I., a few weeks ago, and made a speech glorifying the services of the soldier. He has seen this country involved four times in wars with other nations—so he made no apologies for preaching preparedness. His home now is an apartment house in Washington, D. C.

He Wouldn't Display His Medals

CAMPAIGN literature issued in his behalf when he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for President in 1920 was titled simply, "Leonard Wood, Administrator." He allowed no one to try to make political capital of the fact that when he was a young medical and line officer of Captain Lawton's expedition against the Apache Indians he won by his valor in battle that most prized of all military decorations, the Congressional Medal of Honor. And the same booklet dismissed a later "episode" of his career with the laconic remark: "Then came the Spanish War and the active campaign in Cuba as the colonel of the regiment of

HEROES

By
CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Rough Riders of which Theodore Roosevelt was the lieutenant colonel."

Mail for Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., will reach him if addressed to the Malacañan Palace, Manila, P. I.

"Eddie" Found Fame in the Air

IT'S like old times to be ordering a photographer out again to "shoot" Edward Vernon Rickenbacker. We did that first long ago when "Eddie" was an auto speed-king. We did it again—and often—as Photo News Editor of the A. E. F.; until the great ace and commander of the 94th Pursuit Squadron had twenty-seven victories over German planes to his credit and was Major Rickenbacker, D. S. C.

In these days, the major sits at a mahogany desk, organizer and vice president of the Rickenbacker Motor Company of Detroit.

Remember Jack Binns?

STAND by, please, while we announce a word or two about Jack Binns, editor of Collier's radio columns. Yes, he's the same Jack Binns who stood by his key so valiantly as wireless operator of the Republic, after she collided in a fog with the Florida. He kept on sounding C Q D until rescue came. That was fourteen years ago and his name goes down in history as the first radio operator to summon aid to a disabled steamer.

Once He Went Farthest North

DR. FRITDJOF NANSEN of Oslo, Norway (we hope you'll recognize the new official name of "Christiania"), that same Dr. Nansen who led a farthest-north arctic expedition way back in the days of the Chicago World's Fair, and who made the front page again three years ago as winner of the Nobel Peace Prize for his war relief work, now announces that in 1927—when he will be sixty-six—he is to lead the expedition of the German commander Bruns in a seaplane flight to the North Pole!

He Spent 30 Hours at the Pole

AMONG the men whom Dr. Nansen may see fit to consult before he wings his way northward is an authority on the Pole named Matt Henson, famed for his skill as a dog driver.

In April, 1909, Admiral Peary selected four Eskimos and this American Negro from the crew of the Roosevelt to accompany him upon the final dash of 130 miles to the "top of the world." They reached their goal in five days; then spent thirty hours at the North Pole and beyond. Matt Henson is now a clerk in the Custom House, New York City.

The Man Who Gave Us Our Wings

MENTION of aviation is a reminder: what a thrill that must have been—fifty-nine breathless seconds of the first flight of the first airplane!

Orville Wright, pioneer birdman, a few weeks ago celebrated the twenty-first birthday of the airplane by working all day in his aëronautical laboratory at Dayton, Ohio. He and his brother Wilbur, he observed, "never dreamed at the time" of such wild possibilities as circling the globe or crossing the U. S.

"Now that the airplane has come of age it is like a young man looking for a job," he suggested. "It possesses the necessary qualifications to become of great usefulness to the world, but because of its youth and inexperience it has a hard time getting a chance to demonstrate its abilities."

Emmeline is Quieter These Days

ANOTHER interview which we chanced upon the other day was with a celebrity who a decade ago claimed the front page and dominated the picture sections more often than any other woman of her times. Often, in the days of her impassioned "militancy" and "hunger-striking" she imperiled her life. The recent snapshot below shows Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst in the peaceful setting of her new life as a citizen of Victoria, B. C. She now contends that "militancy for feminism has gone wholly out of style."

Hobson is Still Fighting

ALSO, every little while, we come upon an interview with Richmond Pearson Hobson, a born crusader, who sank the collier Merrimac in the harbor of Santiago, Cuba, in '98, in an attempt to "bottle up" the Spanish fleet. He retired from the navy in 1903, became a lecturer and writer, and was elected to Congress. He is an active crusader now for naval preparedness and liquor prohibition and against the narcotic traffic.

(Right) When you're shivering with cold, admire Dr. Nansen, who at 66 plans a return to Arctic regions, this time by air

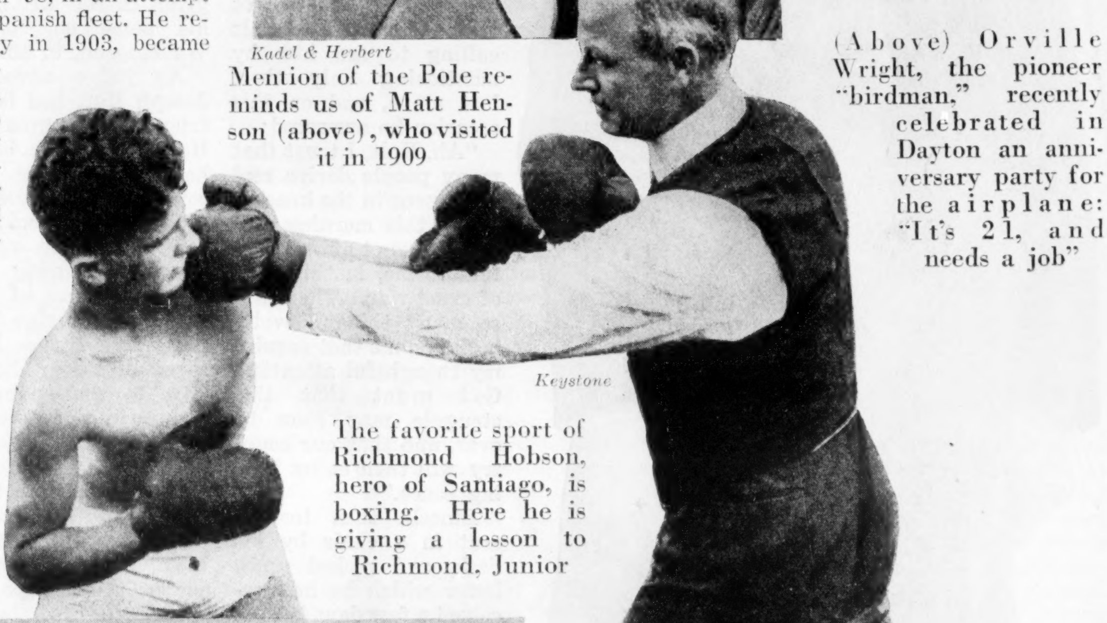
Wide World

Kadel & Herbert

Mention of the Pole reminds us of Matt Henson (above), who visited it in 1909

Keystone

(Above) Orville Wright, the pioneer "birdman," recently celebrated in Dayton an anniversary party for the airplane: "It's 21, and needs a job"



Keystone

The favorite sport of Richmond Hobson, hero of Santiago, is boxing. Here he is giving a lesson to Richmond, Junior

(Below) The bars of cell windows often cast their shadows on Mrs. Pankhurst when she was battling for suffrage. Now, in a new land, she is no longer militant

Keystone

"THAT SPEECH *Won't Scour*"

You've heard that Lincoln improvised his Gettysburg address on an old envelope, riding to the battlefield. He didn't. Here's the true story

By GEORGE R. PROWELL

Curator of the Historical Society of York County, Pa.

First National Pictures

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was alone in his office at the White House in Washington, when Joseph Holt, judge advocate general of the War Department, called at ten o'clock one pleasant morning during the early days of November, 1863. As the visitor entered his room, the President was looking through a window across the Potomac and seemed to be in deep meditation.

"This is a brilliant morning," said General Holt as he was asked to take a seat. "We should all enjoy the invigorating air of these balmy days of November."

It was the custom of Lincoln to greet officials calling to see him by mentioning only their last name, and on this occasion he answered:

"Ah, Holt, I trust that many people derive real enjoyment in the bracing air of this morning, but that does not afford comfort to me, in this time of cruel war. There are so many things devolving upon me that require my thoughtful attention. God grant that this struggle may soon be over, and that our country will then enjoy lasting peace."

Lincoln then took a seat in a chair by his desk, and picked up a letter which he had received a few days before. It was dated at Gettysburg and written by David Wills, secretary of the Gettysburg Battlefield Association, organized about two months after the decisive battle had been won on the first three days of July the same year. This letter stated that Edward Everett, the orator and statesman from Massachusetts, had been selected to deliver the oration at the consecration services to be observed November 19th, at Gettysburg. Continuing, the writer said:

"In behalf of the association, I am requested to invite you to be present and make a few remarks."

"Now, Holt, it strikes me that I might be able to make a short speech on that occasion, but how can I make remarks?" In uttering the last part of this sentence he placed special emphasis on the word "remarks," drawing out each syllable with his own peculiar tone of voice.

His recollection of this incident was given to the writer by Judge Holt at his home on New Jersey Avenue, Washington, in 1892.

As judge advocate of the army, Joseph Holt had become a confidential friend of the great man in the White House, whom he had learned to know, honor and revere. He recognized the comprehensive grasp of Lincoln's intellect and his remarkable power to embody thought in words with convincing force, comparing Lincoln favorably with the sages of antiquity. A week later, when Judge Holt called again at the White House, Lincoln read to him some notes which he had made in reference to the address he expected to deliver at Gettysburg.

Two weeks before he started for Gettysburg, President Lincoln was met at the entrance to the White House by Major Lamon, whom he had appointed marshal of the District of Columbia in 1861. Before the war, Lamon had been one of the law partners of Abraham Lincoln, when the future President traveled over a circuit in Illinois as an attorney, engaged in the trial of cases. They proceeded to the Executive Office and engaged in talk about arrangements for the trip to Gettysburg.

"Lamon," said the President, "I want you to marshal our party to Gettysburg and in the parade to the consecration grounds." Then, taking from his high silk hat a small roll of foolscap paper, he read his notes to Lamon, proving that he had been preparing his speech several days before going to the battlefield. Major Lamon frequently spoke of this interview to his friends, and was fully confident that Lincoln had been revolving in his mind for days the thought and language embodied in the terse sentences spoken at Gettysburg, which made that speech immortal in American literature. This was also the opinion given by John Hay in 1901 when he was Secretary of State in McKinley's Cabinet.

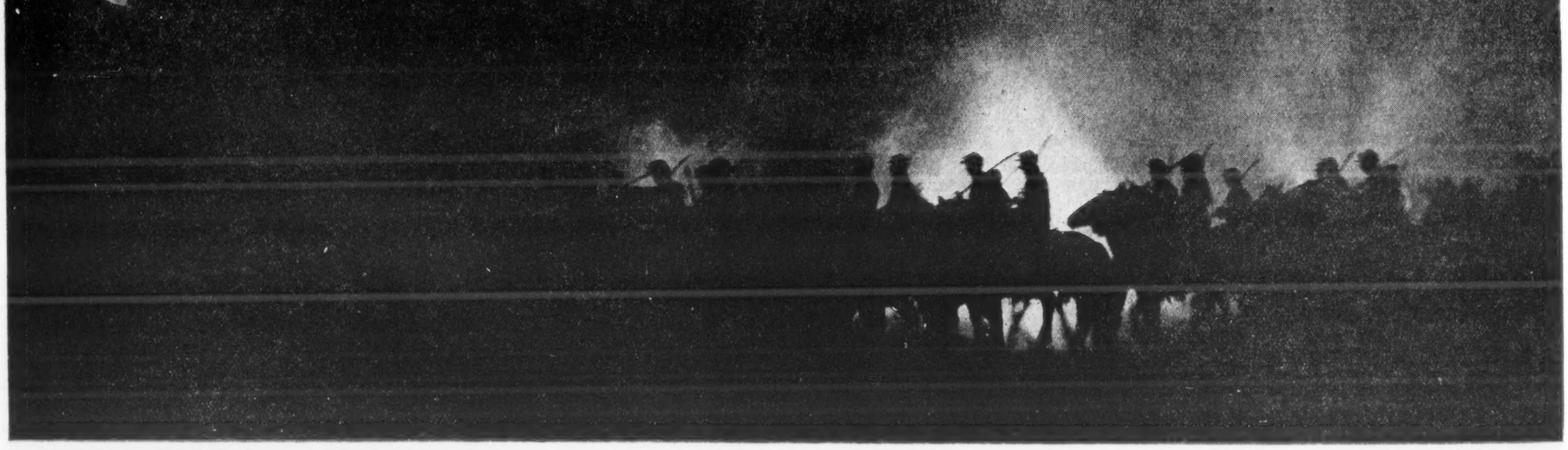
A Famous Journey Begins

TWO days before the time for the departure for Gettysburg, Tad, the youngest son of President Lincoln, was taken sick. The physician had confided to the family that the boy's illness might become serious, and that the utmost care must be used by the nurse and other attendants. The boy was the idol of his father and frequently his companion in the White House and on the streets of Washington. His sickness pressed hard upon President Lincoln, who on the morning of November 17th had nearly decided to remain at the bedside of his little son. Fortunately Tad's condition grew more favorable, and on November 18th President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and a delegation of prominent men left Washington for Gettysburg over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. At Baltimore they boarded a train over the Northern Central Railway.

When the train crossed the boundary line of Maryland and Pennsylvania, his attention was called to one of the milestones erected in 1767, to mark what became known to history as Mason and Dixon's Line. As this was the boundary between the slave and free states, the great man looked with intense interest at the milestone, without saying a word. Continuing onward, he sat absorbed in thought until the engine whistled for the stop and change at Hanover Junction, twelve miles south of York.

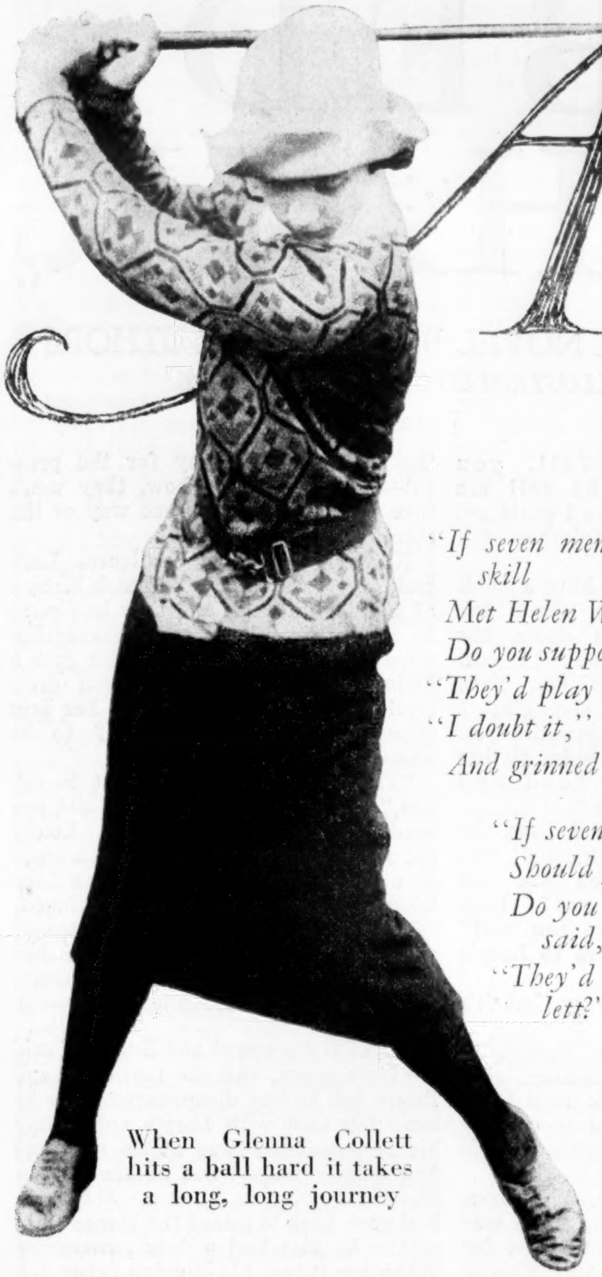
(Continued on page 41)

"It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us"



ALICE in WALLOPLAND

By
GRANTLAND
RICE



When Glenna Collett hits a ball hard it takes a long, long journey

Helen Wills can outhit any woman on earth

"If seven men with strength and skill
Met Helen Wills this year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"They'd play her without fear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And grinned from ear to ear.

"If seven men of middle age
Should face the test I've set,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"They'd outdrive Miss Collett?"
"You think so?" said the Carpenter,
"All right, you've got a bet."

IN THE carolings of renewed cheers that will soon break on another competitive year the scene has changed from Alice in Wonderland to Alice in Wallopland. For it is the growth of the wallop that has become one of the main features in the play of young ladies who have reached the championship zone at tennis and golf.

In extending the series "Why They Are Champions" to include Miss Helen Wills and Miss Glenna Collett I am not forgetting that Miss Collett is not national champion. But she is Canadian champion, Eastern champion, Florida champion, and North and South champion, with one of the most remarkable two-year records ever known to golf. Misses Wills and Collett have been America's leading feminine contributions to sport for the last two years, and in the main it has been the wallop which put them there. They have had their share of skill, form, poise, and determination. But so have others. It was their ability to hit the ball harder than most men can hit it which lifted them to the summit—on this side of the water, at least. May Sutton (now Mrs. Bundy), Mrs. Mallory, and Mary K. Browne could also hit the ball; but none of them had quite the sting and lash which Helen Wills developed and none of them could meet lash and power with quite as much deftness.

Helen Wills, active and strongly built (built even more for power than for speed), forced and fought her way to the top in tennis by applying more power than her rivals could meet. She has always had good speed on the courts, but her control and her power combined, plus a stoical serenity that has rarely been upset or challenged, have been her leading qualities.

Miss Wills had improved greatly through 1923. Her improvement through 1924 was just as marked, for through an early California spring she played against the strongest male tennis stars available, the list including William M. Johnston. She had these male stars hit their hardest services her way and she in turn became accustomed to meeting pace and power.

Last summer in the mixed doubles championship of the United States, Tilden, the hard-hitting champion, was somewhat astonished to find Helen Wills frequently returning his hardest service, something not so many men can do.

How would Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen fare in a duel if they should meet this coming summer?

Miss Wills can hit a tennis ball harder than Mlle. Lenglen can. There is no doubt of that. She can hit a tennis ball harder than any women in the game and she can keep it under good control.

With the competitive experience and the training she has had for the last two years her game will be even stronger this next year. She lacks Mlle. Lenglen's agility and speed and her unerring accuracy of placement when at her best, and as yet she is not quite the wonder that Lenglen was at her best. She can't cover as much of the court nor direct her attack with the same uncanny aim. But in addition to greater power she has a much better tournament temperament.

Last year she won the United States Women's National Championship at singles and doubles and mixed doubles, and she won also the Olympic championship in singles and doubles, being paired with Mrs. George Wightman, a smart and excellent playing partner.

There is no one who can hold her at bay now, with the possible exception of the French champion, and it is no certainty that the great Lenglen could prevail unless she were at the peak of form—and she hasn't been there for some time.

Miss Wills, still under twenty, a California sophomore, will soon be as supreme in the women's world of tennis as she is now in her own country, where there is no rival to match her fine power and her improving skill.

How many years will Helen Wills be the women's tennis champion of the United States? Mrs. Mallory held the title for something like seven years, and Tilden among the men has already held it for five. Tennis titles last longer than almost any other.

Golf is not the fixed science that tennis it. Champions have a harder time keeping their crowns on straight. Miss Glenna Collett of Providence has only won one national championship. But in her last two or three seasons she has had a remarkable record. She is another Alice in Wallopland who can hit the ball a long, long way.

In the last two years Miss Collett has lost only two or three tournament matches against brilliant fields.

Miss Collett, like Miss Wills, is one of the hardest of hitters. She has fine power in her swing and in addition she uses an unusual amount of pivot, coming well up on her left toe through the back swing. How far can Miss Collett drive? Here is an example: The sixteenth hole on the long course at Belleair, Florida, is 540 yards in length. It is part dog-leg, which adds to its length, as a strip of pine woods to the left forces the drive slightly out. It is well trapped and few professional or amateur stars are ever at the green's edge in two shots. It is only on the rarest occasions that Hagen or Sarazen or others are home in two. Yet last spring in a tournament, after driving over 270 yards, Miss Collett played a brassie second over 260 yards to within ten feet of the pin and sank her putt for a three, two strokes under par, and the first three ever made on this hole.

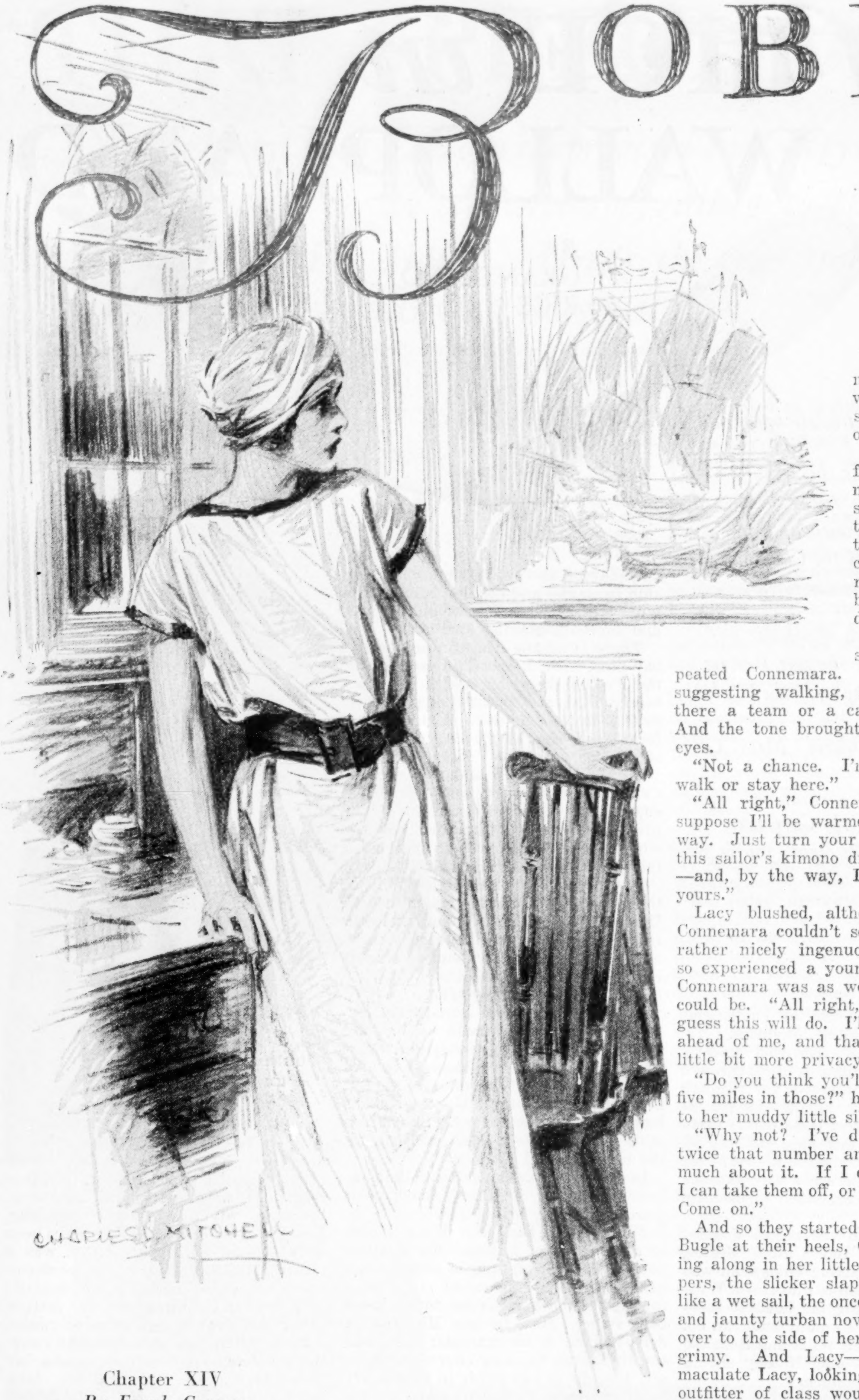
Miss Collett is a fine golfer, a cool, determined fighter straight through, but it is her unusual power, her fine length from the tee that gives her a winning advantage in so many matches.

During the women's Eastern Championship she had a 76 at Braeburn, a long, difficult Boston course where 80 isn't broken any too often. Weather conditions were quite unfavorable at the time, so unfavorable that Bobby Jones or Walter Hagen might have been quite content with that 76. It was a remarkable performance, a performance that called not only for consistency but for the big punch, for hitting power sufficient to get extreme range.

Miss Collett has set the woman's record on many courses with scores between 74 and 76. Another fine, long hitter is Miss Marion Hollins, who has won the title and who can hit the ball up with most men. Miss Elizabeth Cummings and Miss Alexa Stirling, two other brilliant golfers, get fine distance. It was against this handicap of driving length that Mrs. Hurd was forced to increase the length of her back swing and to work for extra distance, which she developed by an added twenty yards before winning the championship at Providence. Yet there are few women anywhere who can consistently get the distance which Glenna Collett gets from the tee.

None of the girls can hit with a Tilden or a Patterson or a Johnston; or with a Hagen, a Mitchell or a Jones. But they have increased the big punch immeasurably through youth, strength, and timing, and the weaker sex is not so much weaker, after all.

BOBBED HAIR



A NOVEL BY TWENTY AUTHORS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

Chapter XIV

By Frank Craven

LACY stood at the edge of the beach, looking at Connemara, who lay peeping out from under the much-too-large yellow oilskin.

"Where's McTish?" called Lacy.

"I don't know," replied Connemara weakly. "I lost him last night in the swim."

"I hope he's all right," continued Lacy. "I have been up and down the shore for quite a stretch, and there isn't a sign of him."

"Is that all that interests you? You men certainly do stick together. Here you find me washed up on the beach with nothing to wear but a cold, stiff, clammy raincoat. You could hardly call it a usual situation, and yet your first concern is McTish. I suppose my plight means nothing to you."

"Of course it does, but really the natural question—"

"The natural question," interrupted Connemara, who suddenly realized she was getting a certain amount of warmth from this burst of indignation, "was to ask if I was comfortable, and if there wasn't something you could do for me." As a matter of fact, this was the first time it had occurred to her. Had Lacy been too solicitous of Connemara, the chances are she would herself have been concerned about McTish, even sent Lacy looking for him. The man who can guess them right can beat the races.

"Well, since you have shown me the right thing to do, is there?"

"Is there what, Mr. Gallant?"

"Anything I can do to assist you?"

"Well, you might tell me where I could get some clothes—dry ones."

"I have a small farm about five miles down the shore. If you think you have the strength, I can promise you not only clothes but food and drink."

"If I have the strength," repeated Connemara. "You are not suggesting walking, are you? Isn't there a team or a car we can use!" And the tone brought tears to Lacy's eyes.

"Not a chance. I'm sorry, but it's walk or stay here."

"All right," Connemara sighed, "I suppose I'll be warmer walking, anyway. Just turn your back until I get this sailor's kimono draped around me—and, by the way, I suppose this is yours."

Lacy blushed, although, of course, Connemara couldn't see him. He was rather nicely ingenuous at times for so experienced a young man. Finally Connemara was as well draped as she could be. "All right," she called. "I guess this will do. I'll make you walk ahead of me, and that will give me a little bit more privacy."

"Do you think you'll be able to walk five miles in those?" he asked, pointing to her muddy little silver slippers.

"Why not? I've danced more than twice that number and never thought much about it. If I can't stand them, I can take them off, or at least the heels. Come on."

And so they started on their journey, Bugle at their heels, Connemara mincing along in her little high-heeled slippers, the slicker slapping at her legs like a wet sail, the once carefully wound and jaunty turban now slipped rakishly over to the side of her head, damp and grimy. And Lacy—the always immaculate Lacy, looking like nothing an outfitter of class would use as an ad for "the well-dressed men"—strode on in front, forging ahead one moment and then, as Connemara called out to him, shortening his stride to keep one respectful pace ahead of her.

AS THEY trudged along, Connemara told her experiences and how she and McTish went over the side of the boat, and Lacy recounted the last dive of the *Bloody Nuisance* and the capture of the *Filomena* and her company.

"I got away because they thought I was done up so badly there wasn't any need of watching me."

"Do you believe that Aunt Celimena's in danger?" asked Connemara.

"Well, of course, she has been safer," he admitted, "but there has been a split in policy between our friend Pooch and the Swede, so I fancy for the present—till to-night, anyhow, they won't take any definite steps one way or the other."

Now they walked on in silence. Lacy had led the way along the beach instead of taking the road, and they had come to a stretch of hard sand where they were able to synchronize their gait a little better. Connemara even drew level with Lacy and, slipping her arm through his, allowed herself to be almost towed.

"There is something I want to ask you," she said gravely. "Why did you send me that money by Bugle? You're not sure even now whether I am a crook or not, are you?" And then, as Lacy tried to stutter a reply, she continued: "Oh, you needn't protest, it doesn't matter—but feeling that way I'd like to know why you gave up the money."

"By the way, where is it?" he evaded.

"THAT'S my secret and Bugle's," said Connemara, and she turned to call Bugle, but he had disappeared. He may have felt that with Lacy's appearance his responsibility was at an end, and had quietly melted out of the picture like the gentleman he was. Maybe he had gone back to guard the treasure, or maybe he just had a date somewhere. Whatever it was his doggish fancy had turned to, he most certainly was nowhere to be seen.

"Bugle's gone," wailed Connemara.

"He's all right," assured Lacy. "Don't worry about him, he'll turn up some time."

"I hope so. I never had a chance to really thank him for all he did for me. I don't want him to think me ungrateful."

"I'll explain it to him when I see him," said Lacy with a little laugh. That laugh was his mistake, for it brought Connemara right back to her topic. Too many men have made the mistake of laughing and appearing at ease when they thought they had a woman sidetracked from a topic, particularly when a woman develops a one-track mind.

"You haven't answered my question. Why did you give up the money?"

"Well," he faltered, "I am rather given to doing impulsive things. You can understand the feeling better than anyone, I should say. You know what the feeling is when—"

"You're wandering," she warned.

"Well, I'm puzzled about you—curious—so when Bugle came back to me after taking you the slicker, I staged a little experiment that ought to give me the answer to the puzzle of you."

"Go on," Connemara commanded.

"Well, you see"—Lacy was speaking very slowly and accusingly now—"I half believe you're that girl I met at Auteuil only— Well, it's all very confusing and improbable—all the Pooch and Sweetie and Doc business and their being so chummy with you, and especially handing over all that money to you. Oh, I feel like a rotter even saying this to you," he interrupted himself to exclaim in very real distress.

"So, thinking I am a crook, you sent the fifty thousand back to me. It was nice and generous of you—but why?"

"I told you I was impulsive."

"I should say so—fifty thousand dollars!"

"And yet there was a thought back of it all," he went on. "If you really were the girl of Auteuil, I was safe, wasn't I? And if you were mixed up with that gang against your will, there was a nice tidy little sum of money that you probably had as much right to as any of the rest of the gang. Anyway, it gave you a chance to break away, go somewhere and—"

"Start all over again," Connemara finished for him. "Yes, for an impulsive act it was very well thought out. Well, let's see how it works."

SOMETIMES the beach became very rocky, and then Lacy would turn to help her. At times she accepted his assistance and at others would draw herself up haughtily and wait for him to walk on. By the time they had reached their journey's end she would gladly have allowed him to carry her.

Lacy's house was one of those old-fashioned houses which had been remodeled, about which one is supposed to keep saying "How quaint!" Connemara ran out of "How quaints." It really was a picture, set in a little grove of pines which must have helped to make it nice and damp at times, but it certainly was pretty. However, pictures meant nothing to Connemara at this time, and Lacy was sensible enough to realize the fact.

"The first thing you'll want is a change of clothes and then a piping-hot breakfast, and there, waiting for us, is the person who can furnish them both."

By this time they were walking up the roadway to the house, and standing in the doorway, looking at them over her glasses, was Miss "Liddy" Parker, Lacy's cook-housekeeper. No need to say she was New England, the "Liddy" established that fact even before two minutes of conversation.

"Good morning, Mrs. Parker. This is—a friend of mine. We are in something of a plight, and we can tell you about it later if you will do what you can to find some clothes for her and then something to eat."

Mrs. Parker looked—and thought. Something was wrong, and should she allow herself to become involved? Who was this young woman, and why was she dressed in this manner? It was too unconventional. Mrs. Parker's life had never been that, and Mrs. Parker could see no reason why any other person's life should be. The pause became embarrassing.

THIS installment of "BOBBED HAIR" is by FRANK CRAVEN, RUBE GOLDBERG and GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

The other 17 authors are:

CAROLYN WELLS
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
LOUIS BROMFIELD
ELSIE JANIS
ED STREETER
MEADE MINNIGERODE
DOROTHY PARKER
H. C. WITWER
SOPHIE KERR
ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON
KERMIT ROOSEVELT
BERNICE BROWN
WALLACE IRWIN
GERALD MYGATT
GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

"Don't you think you could find a dress of some sort for her?" Lacy was smiling sweetly and didn't seem as worried as he should have been. Mrs. Parker was a little reassured. In fact, she felt as though she could almost take a chance.

"I'll see what I can get her to wear," said Miss Liddy, "but I don't know what I can give you for breakfast. I ain't got a piece of pie in the house."

"Maybe you have some doughnuts, then, or we'd even take some poached eggs and toast and coffee as a substitute. As a matter of fact," went on Lacy, "I think some eggs held down with a nice piece of ham or some bacon would make an excellent substitute."

And so, after many questions which kept Connemara fencing for answers, Liddy Parker produced a not too badly fitting blue linen dress that belonged to her school-teacher daughter in Bayville, and then left Connemara to dress while she prepared breakfast.

Connemara found a broad blue ribbon belt, also the property of the absent daughter-teacher, and with it replaced the soiled and torn bandage with a turban so tightly and adeptly wound that Gloria Swanson would have immediately written for the recipe. Aside from the fact that she felt paralyzed from the hips down, Connemara was almost herself, but only food could have induced her to take another step.

Lacy was waiting for her at the breakfast table. The coffee and rolls and bacon and eggs were on the table. "Miss Liddy Parker says she did have a pie," beamed Lacy, "so we will have that for dessert."

"How quaint!" said Connemara before she could stop herself.

Lacy said there had been no word from McTish, nor had anyone around the place seen him. So after breakfast Lacy organized a small posse to move on to the hiding place of the Filomena. Before leaving he asked Connemara into the library and then placed on the desk three ten-dollar bills.

Connemara looked at them and then at Lacy. "Are you going to do a trick?"

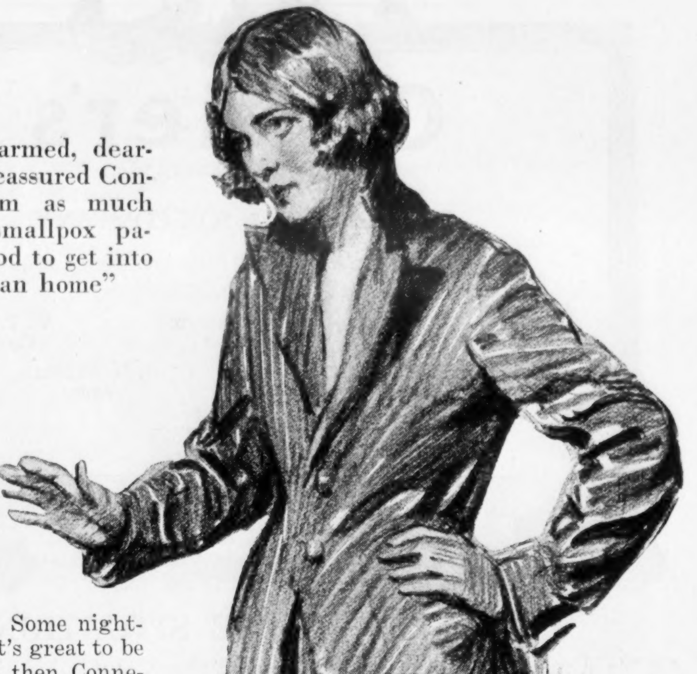
"No—that's car fare for you."

"To where?"

"Home—that is, if you care to use it. I'm afraid the fifty "grand," as I believe it is called, would cause you some inconvenience—maybe trouble. This will simplify things for you. At three cents a mile it will take you some distance, and if I find you gone when I return I'll understand. But if you are the girl at Auteuil, as I am pretty sure you are, Connemara, I am going to find you waiting for me to take you home, wherever that is, and introduce me to your family, including Aunt Celimena, who really ought to be very grateful to me if I rescue her from the Swede."

And then without more words, or waiting to hear from her, he walked away and left her and the three ten-dollar bills where he had placed them. She heard him give Miss Liddy some farewell message—saw him enter a car in which there were four men, and once more she was left with a decision to make.

He had been very patient. She wondered if either Adams or Carrington would have been quite so patient. And then the past few hours flashed through her mind and she wondered how she would be able to explain to him when he returned all the jumble and tangle of wills and announcements, of drama, melodrama and farce that had been sandwiched into the brief time since her flight. Some night-lifer once said, "It's great to be crazy," but right then Connemara would have taken the negative. Certainly she had been crazy enough, and while it lasted she had had thrills galore, nice new exhilarating thrills, and they had left her with new problems to solve. Wouldn't it be much better for her—anyway, simpler—to take the bills in front of her and go back to Moorelands and whatever awaited her there? After all, wasn't that her fate? She was in the mood for punishment. She was so tired, she was ready to accept it. All her resistance was gone. She was ready to punish herself, so culpable did she feel. Almost in shame, she buried her head in her arms on the desk, and in that action all her troubles, worries, and problems ceased. The eyes closed and quicker than one can read she was asleep.



"Don't be alarmed, dearie," Sweetie reassured Connemara. "I'm as much alone as a smallpox patient. It's good to get into a nice, clean home"

One would think, sleeping on such a troubled mind, she would dream of ships, pirates, million-dollar bills which would be changed into nickels and pennies, and having no pockets in her dress in which to put them, of jumping off boats and going down, down through a sea filled with all sorts of strange sea monsters dressed in slickers and wearing turbans. But Connemara was a most unusual girl and slept peacefully and almost comfortably. She never heard a step on the piazza outside the library window.

The step was made on tiptoe, for a small, bedraggled figure, dressed in soiled white yachting flannels, which hung in folds on it, was trying to make as little noise as possible. Not that it didn't want to waken Connemara, for after taking a look around to see that "the coast was clear," as they say in the drama, it reached in through the window, and, laying a hand on Connemara's shoulder, gave her a vigorous shake. "Wake up, for Pete's sake, sister," said the shrill young voice of Sweetie in Connemara's ear. "You and me has got to have a talk private and uninterrupted."

Chapter XV

By Rube Goldberg

CONNEMARA rubbed her eyes, blinked a few times, and gazed at Sweetie. She waited for the rest of the motley crew to come up from behind. Sweetie, without Pooch and Doc and the Swede, seemed grotesquely unattached. The whole collection of savage beasts—there were millions of them dancing around in Connemara's brain—with her comic-opera accouterments, would come swarming into the room and start the thing all over again. Didn't they ever get tired of being rough? Why couldn't they sit down like regular people and read a book or work out a cross-word puzzle? Didn't villains ever take a vacation?

But Sweetie was alone. "Don't be alarmed, dearie," she reassured the startled girl at the desk, "I'm as much alone as a smallpox patient. You can't imagine how good it feels to get into a nice, clean home where the most exciting event of the week is ice cream on Sunday."

Connemara did not fall into the mood of Sweeties's opening speech. "How did you get here?" she asked abruptly.

"Now don't get Ritzy, dearie"—here Sweetie put a hand on Connemara's shoulder. "I could tell you that I flew here on the wings of Opportunity or paddled over in Marc Antony's gondola. But I won't. You're one girl in a million, and I want you to be my friend if you will."

"Well?"

(*Continued on page 30*)

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AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION

THE prohibition amendment and the Volstead Act have brought about a national crisis comparable with nothing since the days of the Fugitive Slave Law.

In one sense the crisis of 1925 is not so severe as that of the fifties, since we are not faced with war. In another sense it is more menacing, since the defiance of law in 1925, unlike that of seventy years ago, is not a matter of conscience. Those who drink for conscience' sake could be counted on one's fingers. Illicit drinking in America to-day exists because of a social custom and of what amounts in many cases to social pressure. It is linked up closely with our business life. If you doubt that ask some traveling salesman of your acquaintance to tell you of the temptations to which he is subjected. It colors our politics. It throws a shadow of cynicism and hypocrisy over our entire national existence. It is an impossible situation.

But this is only half the story. Bootlegging has become an industry which is profitable not only to the enemies of the prohibition law but to those who hate all law. It is a training school, on land and sea, for pirates, thugs, highwaymen and murderers. On our coasts and frontiers it has set up an actual reign of terror. There are highways along the Canadian border upon which no law-abiding citizen dare venture after dark, for fear of being run down or fired upon by liquor runners careering at dangerous speeds in unlighted cars. There are little towns where the local police officials dare not raise a voice against these desperate adventurers, though they are known and boast of their exploits. The same influences are a constant incitement to corruption in cities, states and even the national capital itself.

The bootleggers' conspiracy against prohibition cannot be tolerated without danger to the public peace and safety. The breaking point in public patience must come sooner or later.

The issue is not between wetness and dryness. It is between law and anarchy. In such a conflict the law must prevail.

Faces Across the Sea

AT a dinner of radio engineers, two years ago, a man who was not an engineer, but a lawyer, said that he didn't think radio had done its best yet. "Sending dots and dashes," he said, "is too slow and unsatisfactory. I want to see this thing developed so that we can zip the whole front page of a newspaper across the ocean."

Whereupon an engineer retorted, in all good humor, that it was a very simple matter for a mind unhampered by technical knowledge to throw out such suggestions.

The lawyer for a while told this as rather a good joke on himself. But it is no joke now. Photographs now are being sent by radio from London to New York.

From that it is but a stride to the sending of a printed page. Signatures for documents and the thumb prints of crooks are easy. Professor A. M. Low even predicts "television"—believing that in ten years we shall be able to see faces and scenes thousands of miles away from our eyes.

The lawyer who made that more or less innocent suggestion two years ago was Owen D. Young. Yes, the same Young whose genius gleams through the Dawes plan. Yes, the same Young who has urged that America should have more than a "bootlegging participation" in setting Europe on the road to peace.

Radio men give him credit for inspiring their great achievement, as General Dawes gives him credit for his share in the reparations plan.

We are strong for scientists, for minds technically trained. But we need also the leaven of daring minds "unhampered by technical knowledge" to throw out the brilliant sparks of suggestion which kindle new torches for the onward march.

Some Farm Workers Still Come Cheap

NOW, in the lee fringe of any Northern grove or orchard, you are likely to come across this humdrum firm: Woodpecker, Chickadee, Nuthatch & Co., General Contractors for Good Riddance of Bad Bugs, Borers Extracted While You Sit by the Stove, Cankerworm and Plant-Lice Eggs a Specialty, Scale Removed. Terms, one chunk of suet in advance of sleety weather.

The black-and-white senior partner is sparrow size. He attends to borers. The rest are about as big as your Boy Scout's thumb. Chickadees half the time hang upside down, de-bugging twigs; they'll tell you in two sweet whistled notes that winter's not so dismal. Our Mr. Nuthatch scrattles over tree boles like a crab, sounds like the last late tooter of election night in elfland, and cleans rough bark with a combination awl and pair of tweezers. The Co. are a ceaseless flitting of elusive lisping atoms—kinglets, whose jeweled crowns you may not see—and a mousy little party who keeps to himself and creeps with a crooked needle.

Nobody knows exactly what the firm is worth to man. The only way to find out would be to put it out of business. Each bird, for his lifetime, has been appraised at fifty cents in bugs—but what about the progeny of the bugs? Ask your friend the gardener how fast green aphis multiply. Then ask your butcher for suet, and tie it up so cats can't reach it.

What is News?

THE other week, in the Ohio Penitentiary "News," the editor deplored the tendency of newspapers to give undue prominence to the work of criminals. The intention here is good; but the thinking isn't quite straight.

It is fortunate that newspapers do give prominence to crime. They do it because it is news. We hope it always will be news for a man to commit murder, burglarize a home, or anything of that sort. When crime gets so common that the public is not interested in it then—and only then—will it be relegated to the inside of the newspapers.

Only the unusual deserves a place on the front page of a newspaper—the unusually bad, unusually good, or unusually important.

How Congress Wastes Time

THERE was a time when many members of the British House of Commons could not read. So bills had to be read to them. The custom thus started persists in our own Congress. Bills passed at the last session contained over a million words. The time wasted in having them read (unintelligibly) by the clerk added up to twenty days.

Representative Robert Luce has a plan for saving this time, and more too, by amending the rules. He would cut out the reading of the record and of bills, and would permit the House, when no quorum is present, to go into a Committee of the Whole and keep on with its work, other than the actual passage of legislation. He would also limit speeches to half an hour and stop the foolish practice of letting a member, by unanimous consent, talk on any subject under the sun.

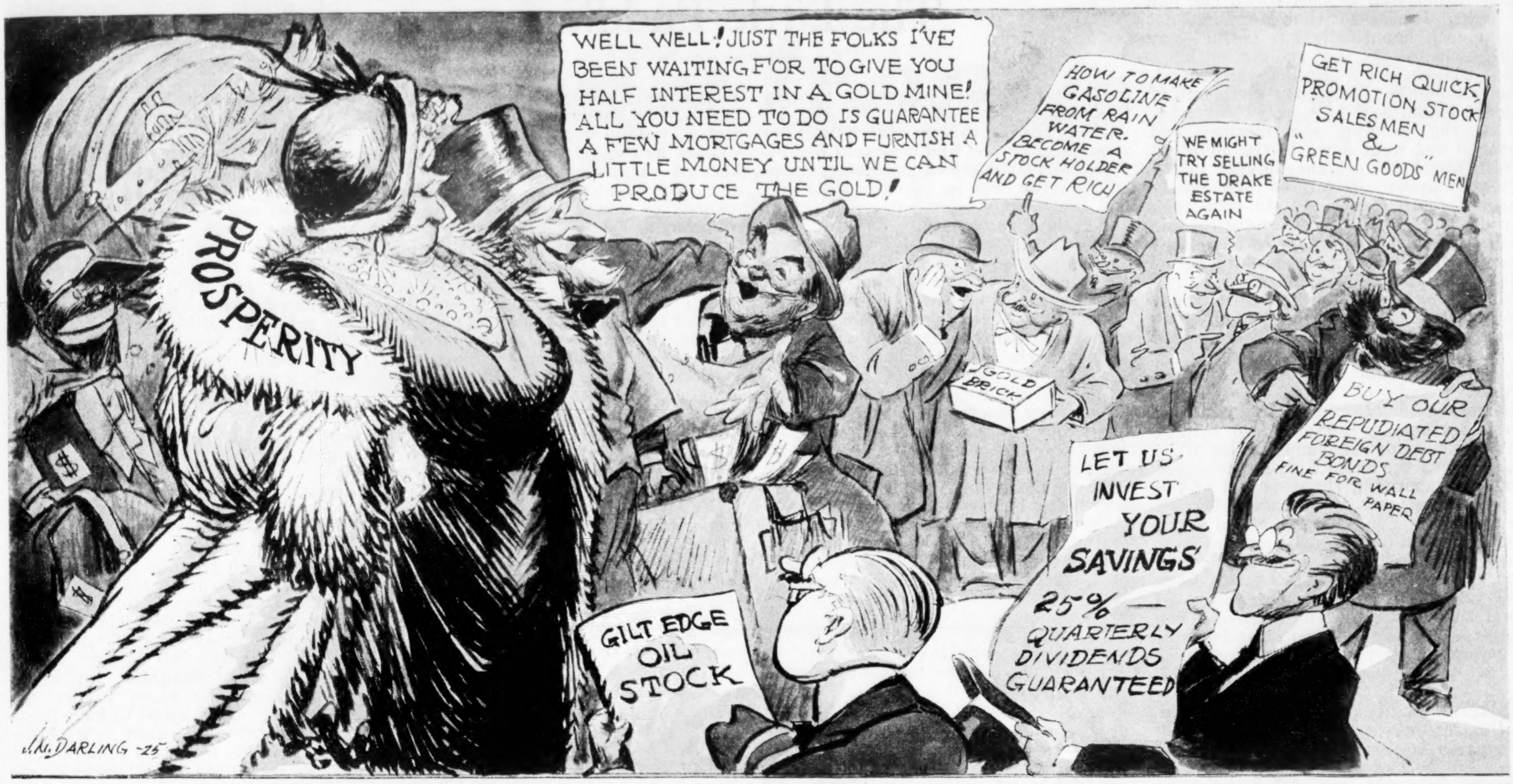
Objections may be brought against these innovations; but with some of the flub-dub cut out Congress might become a more attractive field for those "best and most capable minds" which could well be used in the public service.

The Art of Being a Good Neighbor

EVERY townsman knows that there is a whole lot more to being a good neighbor than just chatting across the back fence, visiting back and forth, lending eggs and lawn mowers and helping out when somebody is sick. The biggest test of all is letting your neighbor live his own life, recognizing that his ideas may be different from your own, and still getting along with him.

That goes for international neighborliness, too.

The next time someone grumbles to you about the way Japanese talk and act, remind him that we also have our peculiarities, our pride and our notions. And that two good rules for keeping peace between nations, as between neighbors, are "Live and Let Live" and "Think and Let Think."


WELL WELL! JUST THE FOLKS I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR TO GIVE YOU HALF INTEREST IN A GOLD MINE! ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS GUARANTEE A FEW MORTGAGES AND FURNISH A LITTLE MONEY UNTIL WE CAN PRODUCE THE GOLD!
HOW TO MAKE GASOLINE FROM RAIN WATER. BECOME A STOCK HOLDER AND GET RICH
WE MIGHT TRY SELLING THE DRAKE ESTATE AGAIN
GET RICH QUICK PROMOTION STOCK SALESMEN & "GREEN GOODS" MEN
PROSPERITY
GOLD BRICK
BUY OUR REPUDIATED FOREIGN DEBT BONDS FINE FOR WALL PAPER
LET US INVEST YOUR SAVINGS 25% — QUARTERLY DIVIDENDS GUARANTEED
GILT EDGE OIL STOCK
J.N. DARLING -25

Look out! The bigger the waves of prosperity the more beach combers there will be looking for easy picking

How the Next War Will be Fought

By Brig. Gen. the Right Hon. Lord Thomson, C.B.E., D.S.O., P.C.

(Secretary for Air in the Cabinet of J. Ramsay MacDonald)

IT IS an axiom among soldiers that all wars are abnormal, i. e., unlike any which preceded them. This statement is probably more correct to-day than it ever has been.

Within the last few years modern inventions have made available for warlike operations swift, terrible instruments of destruction, compared to which the lethal weapons used even in the latest war are embryonic. Consequently, in attempting to predict the form of future war the prophet has ample scope for his imagination; if he is wise, however, he will exercise restraint, more especially in forecasting what will happen after hostilities have commenced. For war is a drama, not a science; it is subject to incalculable influences like leadership; no one can foresee the course of any war with certainty; if it were possible so to do, wars would not take place, since no nation would fight if defeat were certain.

The first encounter of the next war will, almost surely, be in the air; and, if the belligerent states are neighbors, it will probably take place on the day war is declared. Each side will send its bombing planes to attack important centers in the other's territory. The objectives aimed at will be (1) to produce panic among the population and thus hamper the administrative services; (2) to destroy dockyards, concentration camps and certain selected railway stations, and thus delay, if not frustrate, the mobilization and concentration of the military and naval forces.

Fighting planes will escort the "bombers"; their rôle will be to ward off attacks on the latter by the defending squadrons, which, likewise, will consist of "fighters." There will be in consequence a series of aërial engagements, on the outcome of which the course of future operations will depend. The side which achieves air supremacy after these preliminary encounters will have an immense advantage, which will be decisive if it can be maintained.

Of course, a state possessing a well-organized commercial air service and numerous aircraft factories might survive an initial check of this description; but if it failed to do so its fleets and armies would be immobilized and unable to protect the population from incessant air attack, which, as the experience of the last war showed, becomes more and more demoralizing each time it is repeated. Since the object of war is to break down the resistance of the enemy—a process in which moral effects are more important than material results—the issue would not be long in doubt and, indeed, victory might be gained without a battle between either fleets or armies.

In the event of the opposing air forces neutralizing one another, the mobilization of the land forces would proceed, however slowly. The first units put on a war footing will, in most European countries, be specially equipped with modern devices to increase their mobility and striking power. The day of cavalry and the marching infantry is passing; the men who will meet the first shock of war will consist for the most part of mechanics, gunners and highly trained experts in wireless telegraphy and the use of gas. They will be transported in armored cars, on motor bicycles, or compose the crews of tanks.

The size of these units will depend on circumstances; a division might consist of 8,000 to 12,000 men and be able to cover at least thirty miles each day. Their rôle will be to seize strategic points, such as large railway junctions in the enemy's territory, and either destroy them or hold them until reinforcements of less mobile troops arrive. They will also protect advanced bases for the air squadrons, where machines will land and replenish their supplies of fuel, replace the bombs already dropped and effect small repairs. Great as is the mobility of airplanes in attack, they are tied to bases of this description, whose rate of advance will be the true measure of the success attending offensive operations.

Here again, in this second phase of future war, the decision may be reached before the main forces meet. A commander of genius may appear who will use the new weapons at his disposal to deal such crushing blows as will destroy the morale of the enemy and overwhelm his power of resistance.

But if the belligerent states reach no decision during the two first phases, then the next war, if there is one, will degenerate into a war of workshops, an organized butchery, tactics with very little strategy, the ranks of the opposing armies so serried and formidably intrenched as to render maneuver practically impossible: a swaying struggle determined only by attrition and exhaustion. In other words, war in its most ghastly form, destructive, wasteful, unredeemed by the flashes of genius which distinguished the campaigns of great captains in the past.

Thomson

and rather dull clothes which she had bought. It was not that Mary had not seen cool, beautifully cut gowns—gay little wraps—not that she did not know how well she could slip into the prevailing silhouette. But they were out of the question.

In the evening she mended and packed and went down to the midnight train on the street car, having left a great number of instructions neatly printed for her witless maid. She took an upper berth perforce, and after she had climbed into it and tried to dispose her clothes so that they would be as little wrinkled as possible she took out the book she had put into her suit case to divert her and began to read. But the train swung her about in the berth, and before the illusion of a past generation that the book was trying to create there danced the vision of Timothy Grimes, candidate for Vice President, so important, so secretive, so full of hints and sudden demands on his wife.

At about the same time a messenger was again ringing the door bell of the Grimes' house with another telegram in his hand. For Mr. Grimes had wired again, to wit: "Disregard morning message. Think it will not be necessary you come. Things moving fast. Love —Timothy." But there was no one to open the message. The maid did not dare to open the door, so the telegraph boy went away very cross and cheated of a tip.

THINGS had changed for Timothy in the time between his first and second telegrams to his wife. He had met Jean Baker, and Jean Baker had been treating him to some of her delicious friendliness. She was in the Massachusetts delegation and stopping at the same hotel which sheltered Mr. Grimes. Daughter of a famous governor, beauty, used to being taken seriously by as many men as she refused to take seriously, she was in an element she liked. Politics was in the Baker blood, she said. It must have been to have allowed her to enjoy the pompous rigmarole, the tedium, the vanity and boasting, of much of what she heard. But a young woman whose wits are keen, whose appearance is perfect from the most æsthetic standpoint, can always find much to amuse herself. Also Massachusetts had its own game to play, and it was perfectly ready to let Jean help. She knew what was going to happen twenty-four hours before it did happen. So it was natural that she should have been approached by the chairman of her own delegation with a request to see what she could do with Iowa.

"Iowa's votes are loose. There's a little absurd talk of some one of these big frogs in a little puddle being nominated from the floor for the Vice Presidency. I've forgotten his name, but Martin, who runs Iowa, says it's a joke. However, Jean, I wish you could find out how some of those women would stand after a few ballots if they were released. It might be possible to do a little missionary work for Bruce. He needs Iowa."

Bruce was the Massachusetts candidate for Vice President, and Jean had known him since she was a child and he used to own the house next to her father's in Boston. He had been in the United States Senate, and when Jean had lobbied there for child-labor reform, for suffrage, for other causes (and Jean always had a cause and loved to take it to Washington), Senator Bruce had helped her. Now it was Jean's turn, and in the most charming and subtle of costumes she mingled with the women delegates and talked Bruce. If he had not really been Jean's choice, she would not have raised a finger for him, and she chose on intellectual conviction.

Jean found it necessary to make the acquaintance of Mr. Grimes and to defer to his political judgment in conversation while her shrewd young mind sized up his political philosophy and sighed over its lack of progressive thought and laughed at the pompous phrases he trotted out for her.

But she did not laugh outwardly. She modified her mirth to a smile, and Jean's smile was so charming that men had been known to cross the Atlantic

The Little Puddle

Continued from page 16

on the mere chance of getting another look at her. No man ever talked to her without feeling that he was telling her something no one had ever told her before. Mr. Grimes had the temperament which made him in converse with her feel like a rare combination of orator and gallant gentleman.

That evening, without even connecting the episode of Jean with what he did, Mr. Grimes decided that it would be folly to bring Mary on in all the heat. So he wired her not to come and was tremendously surprised when she came into the hotel the next afternoon at about four o'clock.

She arrived without impressiveness. There was a bus from the station to the hotel, and she had availed herself of that. Her hat was not quite straight and not especially becoming, while the night on the train had left weary circles under her eyes. As she entered the hotel lobby, no one paid any attention to her and she sought the desk to find out the number of her husband's room. Then she saw Timothy himself. He was very cool and pleasant looking, and he was squiring a most attractive girl in a blue dress of the sort Mrs. Grimes had caught glimpses of in her hurried shopping tour. He wore the new and expensive suit and had the manner of condescending to his surroundings.

Mrs. Grimes thought, "I'd better have a bath before I talk to him. I'm so dusty." She felt the beauty of the girl with Timothy as if it were a cool drink just out of her reach and was not at all jealous, only reluctant to be placed beside the girl just now, for purely æsthetic reasons. But Timothy had seen her, and there was nothing to do except go across the lobby, meet Jean, be surprised by Timothy's evident surprise at her coming and retreat to Timothy's room. There she learned that he had sent her a second wire.

"But why did you first want me and then not?" she asked in her devastatingly direct way.

"Well, there's a good deal doing. The men, a lot of them, have their wives and mingle socially somewhat. I thought—"

"I know. But why did you think differently the second time?"

"I was afraid it would be too hot a trip for you," said Timothy.

He looked cross. A pin had been stuck in his little, inflated acquaintance with Miss Baker. She had waved to him across the lobby this morning.

"Would you like to go over to Baltimore and see your sister Mildred while this thing's going on?" he asked Mary.

Mary was tired and hot. She had come across the country by request, unwillingly, and was about to be readdressed like a parcel-post package. She rebelled. Mildred didn't want her. Mildred was her stepsister and rich. What would she do in Baltimore with her suit case of innocuous clothes?

"Why should I go to Mildred?" she asked. "I've come here, haven't I? And I won't go any farther. Go downstairs, Timothy, and let me air this room. It reeks of a hundred dead cigars. And I want a bath."

BUT the bathtub felt lonely. It wasn't even her bathtub. It was Timothy's. She served no purpose here, and Mary knew it. Without a task she was lost. She had nerved herself for the distasteful task of being a politician's wife, of being introduced around, of having Timothy tell who her father had been —"Judge Ellis' daughter, you know—greatest supreme court justice Iowa ever had!" Mary hated to have her beloved father's name used as a political entrée, but she was used to it now, just as she was used to Timothy's other maneuverings. In certain important company he could be counted upon to speak of "his car" or even carelessly to pluralize the word. In lesser company one spoke convivially of "my Lizzie—my little bus." Mary had been ready for what she would have to endure, and now she found herself not even wanted. It was a more desolate situation than she had expected, and she revolted against her placeless position. Her dress of blue taffeta, wrinkled irremediably in the elbows and across the back, distressed her. She hung it far back in Timothy's closet, and found herself dressing in the one dress of her wardrobe which ought to be kept for an occasion of importance. It was only a heavy white crêpe, quite washable and not expensive, but it was a rectangular dress that looked young. She topped it with her blue silk hat and went out for a walk.

Nothing to do—no duties—she looked in windows and her spirits began to go up. A great city to explore if Timothy did not want to drag her to political meetings. This hat was dreadful—so dusty. A white hat in a window tempted her and she went in, just to price it.

It did not fit her. The saleslady tried another—another—a lovely white hat with a scarf of Chinese red.

"Too tight for my head," she sighed.

"You should cut your hair. Such a lovely head for a shingle."

No one had ever advised Mary Grimes to cut her hair before. That was for girls or fashionable women—or fools. It would not have occurred to anyone even to suggest it to Mary. But now, as she looked at herself, she found she was tired of her meek black bands.

"Where can I get it cut?" she asked. In her purse was the twenty dollars which Mr. Grimes had given her in departing and which had not been spent on books or cretonnes.

"Anatol's—down the street—" suggested the saleswoman. "I think it would be lovely."

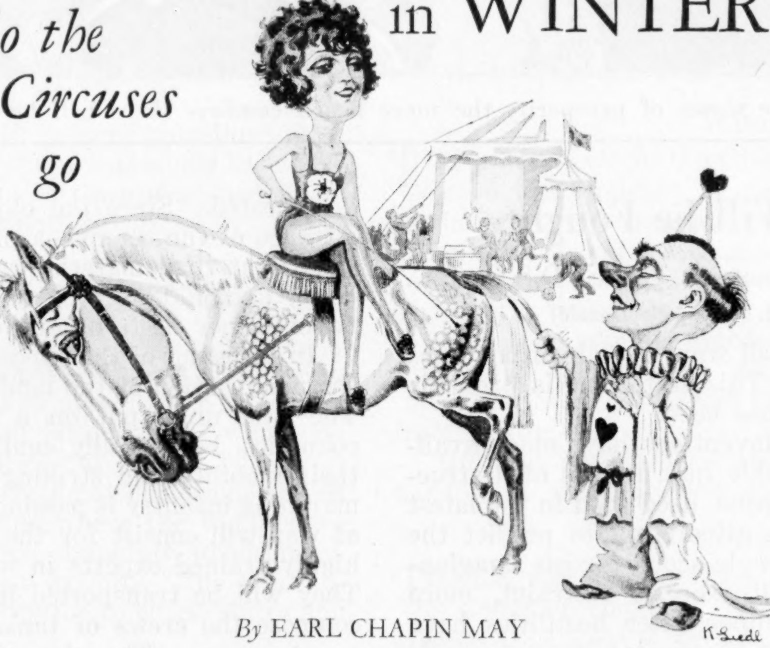
JEAN in the meantime had reported that she'd done all she could with Mr. Grimes.

"He has a dusty, middle-aged wife," she said to her chairman, "and I never vamp these gay old politicians when their wives are around. I'll see what I can do with the women of his crowd, though—to-morrow."

"Go to it. We need that Iowa crowd, but we can't come out and do any trading yet. We don't want Bruce's name to come up too soon," she was advised.

(*Continued on page 28*)

"Where do the Circuses go in WINTER?"



By EARL CHAPIN MAY

THERE is, in the North at least, a fixed notion that most circuses remain en tour throughout the winter, which is a grievous error. The winter quarters is the most important piece of property owned by a circus man. With possibly two exceptions, the twenty-four bona fide white top aggregations at whose wonders 12,000,000 Americans marvel each year, exhibit less than eight months—from April to November. The other four are devoted to repairing the damage due to wind, weather, and much travel, and to "breaking in new acts," animal and human. The annual cost of repairs, replacements and wintering equals half the cost of the complete traveling plant.

The Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's Combined Shows—known to the elect as "The Big Bertha," rolled on its hundred cars into Bridgeport, Conn., about November 9th last fall, after traveling about 13,000 miles from Maine to Minnesota, Oklahoma, Texas, and the Carolinas. The replacement value of that show is not less than $2,000,000. Its winter quarters property is worth at least $1,000,000. On April 1st last year its winter quarters experts began building the twelve acres of tents which will be spread in April, 1925.

The Sells-Floto Circus, John Robinson Circus, and Wallace-Hagenbeck Circus, all under one corporate ownership, rolled into winter quarters, Peru and West Baden, Ind., during the last few days of November, after each had journeyed nearly 14,000 miles. The Sparks Circus reached its winter quarters at Central City Park, Macon, Ga., after traveling 16,975 miles between April 6th and December 1st.

The Al G. Barnes Trained Wild Animal Show closed its season in southern California after journeying from the Pacific coast to Ohio and back. Robbins Brothers Circus, owned by Fred Buchanan, an old-time Des Moines newspaper man, covered 15,000 miles before closing its season in the South.

Among the lesser circuses, Atterbury's will winter at Sioux City, Ia.; Christy's and Golden Brothers' at Beaumont, Tex.; Gollmar Brothers' at Wabash, Ind., and Lind Brothers' at Fairbury, Neb.

What about the funny clowns and the beautiful equestriennes and daring gymnasts? Ninety per cent of them will "work" all winter in theatres or indoor circuses. They are among the thriftiest people in the world. Most of the trainers and workmen will labor hard in winter quarters building a new show for next season. There's no rest for the circus man or woman.

Pride Goeth Before a FALSE FRONT

Uncle Henry observes that one man's boast is another's shame

"IT CERTAINLY is funny," meditatively remarked Uncle Henry.

"What's funny?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"Why, the queer things that people are proud of. I was out to dinner last night, an' the woman on my left spent the whole time tellin' me how she simply could *not* eat tomatoes. Never in all my life have I seen a more sinful exhibition of pride. Her bosom swelled, her eyes glowed, her neck arched, an' she spared no vocal effort to include the whole table in her list of hearers.

"With the utmost particularity she made it plain that her amazin', almost epochal aversion was no sudden whim, such as might be experienced by the erratic or finicky, but was of such long standin' as to be almost hereditary. Even as a child she had *hated* tomatoes. Often, if not more so, her parents had remarked, 'Louise is the *queerest* child. She simply will *not* eat tomatoes.'

"In time the whole neighborhood buzzed with it. From house to house the rumor flew, 'Louise will not eat tomatoes.' People shook their heads over it, but what could she do? Spinach, cauliflower, potatoes—all were persona au gratin to her—but not tomatoes. Try as she might—an' Heaven knows she wanted to be normal—she could not eat tomatoes. When I left at a late hour she was absolutely pied-eyed with pride, staggerin' about the room an' holdin' to lapels with both hands.

"It's a common type. Why, if memory serves aright, 'Lonzo, I've heard you devote many a happy hour to detailed relation of the strange manner in which strawberries affect your system. It wasn't that you ever came right out an' deplored the fame of Michelangelo, Caruso, Woodrow Wilson, an' Jack Dempsey, but I did gather that you felt that people ought to pay more attention to the way you broke out in a rash the minute you ate strawberries.

"Yessir, it's funny. Often, in the course of my life, I have had the good fortune to be in the company of people who had done things. No, I don't mean Fall or Daugherty, but writers, explorers, statesmen, an' crossword puzzle experts. An' while I craned my ears for precious sentences that would help me rend my veil of ignorance, some voice would lift above the others—passionately, proudly—an' the room would echo to the boast, 'Maybe you won't believe it, but I *never* eat beets.'

"An' then there's the matter of sleep. Viewed casually, there's nothin' remarkable or interestin' about this business of sleepin', an' yet, next to what people simply can *not* eat, sleep does more than any other thing to keep pride in a chronic state of inflammation.

Snoring is a Crime

"THERE'S Billy Tutt, for instance. For the last thirty years, except such mornin's as the Lord has accounted me worthy to be out of town, he's bragged to me how he sleeps like a top. Not for him the dreary business of countin' sheep jumpin' over a fence. The *minute* his head touches the pillow he's asleep. His father was that way before him. All the Tutts were sound sleepers. Jes' like *tops*. The minute their heads touched the pillow.

"An' who is not familiar with the equally common type that takes pride in not bein' able to sleep a wink? Not a single wink? I've never been able to figure out what there was about insomnia to breed vainglory, but the average run of humanity looks upon it as a short cut to distinction. Men an' women perfectly honest in every other relation of life will look you square in the face an' make oath that they haven't closed their eyes the whole night long.

"All wives are that way. Every mornin' at breakfas' as soon as my own Little Brown Thrush looks at the paper, an' makes her regular remark about not knowin' what the world's comin' to, she raises her voice, inflates her chest, an' proudly declares, 'What a night. Never even closed my eyes.'

"Most marital troubles come from husbands bein' foolish enough to argue about it, even goin' so far as to bring in the fact of loud an' continuous snorin'. All of which brings us to melancholy contemplation of another of life's queer prides. There's nothin' wrong in snorin', 'Lonzo. Even when carried to excess it involves no moral turpitude an' isn't incompatible with a kind heart an' upright conduct.

"George Washington was a sincere snorer an' Napoleon's valet put on earmuffs along with his nightgown. Go to the Senate any day an' you can hear our foremost statesmen snore. An' yet the average human bein' would rather be accused of any crime than that of snorin'. Hurl charges of murder, embezzlement, an' croquet playin' at 'em, an' people will laugh it off with some gay remark about considerin' the source, but even *hint* that they snore an' you'll have to fight for your life.

"An' so it goes. Any fool can take a cold bath in the mornin' every day in the year, but look how many countless thousands find a very ecstasy of pride in the evil practice. What does it profit a man's soul if he can touch his hands to the floor without bendin' his knees? An' I don't know which is worst—the braggart who never forgets a name or the boaster who never fails to make a point of how he has no memory for names.

"I reckon I am the only person in the whole wide world who doesn't lie about bein' a good sailor. I begin confessin' my sins before I get on the boat, an' scatter my clothes all over the deck as I race from the gangplank to my bed. Why not? A weak stomach argues neither imbecility nor depravity; in fact, the average seaman isn't able to get a knife blade between his eyebrows an' his hair, while his habits have never failed to excite reprobation an' envy.

"But the average person would rather die than admit seasickness. I've seen 'em when their faces looked like an explosion in a batik foundry, yet up to the moment when they gave up the ghost, to put it poetically, they were attempting laughter an' gay chatter. An' take oratory. Who isn't prouder of the ability to get up an' talk than of the moral strength an' superb courage that it takes to sit still an' think?

The Lady Was Vexed

"A CERTAIN rampant egotism is what every first-class speaker has got to have, 'Lonzo. He must feel within him the burnin' conviction that people pant for his words even as the hart panteth for the water brook. Never must his mind play with the thought that he is a bore, or any other thought, for that matter. From the time he starts until the needle gives out, he must thrill to the obsession that he's doin' everybody present an inestimable favor.

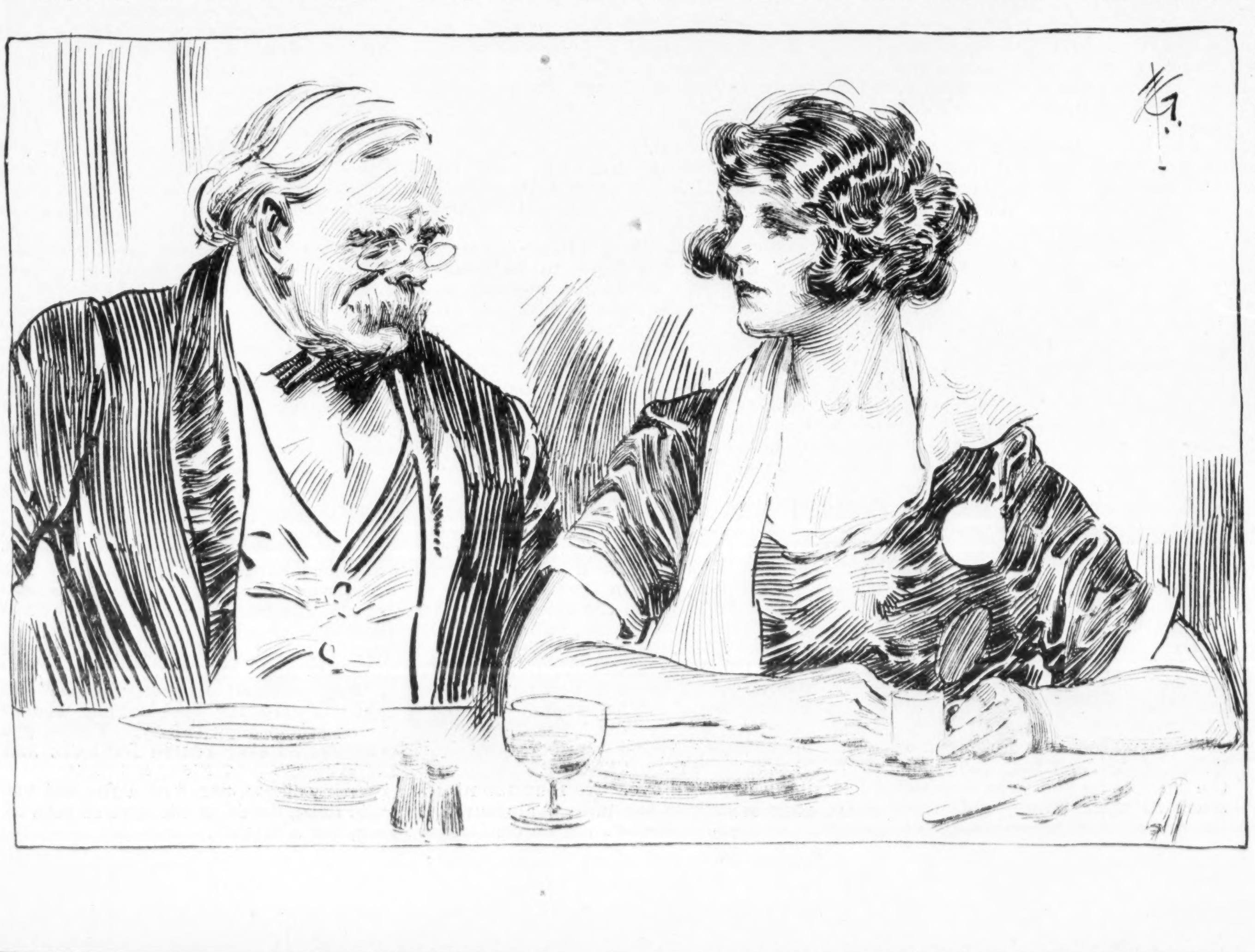
"It's a pride that has caused more sufferin' than war. For the privilege of talkin' on his feet, or some other equally important subject, a man will plumb depths of sufferin' that scar his soul for life. I know, 'Lonzo. No history of the world's greatest battles can be called complete unless it takes in my desperate encounters with my upper lip.

"Before it came my turn to speak, the darned thing was all that could be desired—free an' easy in every contact an' seemin'ly without a belligerent notion—but the minute I got on my feet that upper lip would lock with my teeth in a death grapple. Harder an' harder it would press until I could feel my upper canines protrudin' at the nape of my neck. Once in a while, by exertin' every ounce of strength, I'd get my tongue in between an' pry it loose, but only for a second. The moment intervention ceased, back would come the lip, pressin' back the teeth until retreat became panic.

"An' the dinners it's made me miss. Other condemned men may enjoy a hearty meal of ham an' eggs, but not the orator. Durin' one of my first campaigns, I stopped with friends, an' the lady of the house was considerable vexed because I didn't eat a bite, even when I explained that I couldn't possibly make a speech if I did. After I got through my address I asked her how she liked it. 'Well,' she said, 'you might as well have et.'

"The thing to do," said Mr. Stubbs, "is to pick out some friendly face in the audience an' talk to it."

"No orator is ever able to find one," said Uncle Henry.



"After my address, I asked her how she liked it. 'Well,' she said, 'you might as well have et'"

The Little Puddle

Continued from page 26

Jean prepared her strategy. She decided that she would make a friend of Mrs. Grimes. It was to Jean's credit that women liked her as well as men. She looked for Mrs. Grimes in the morning. But that lady was not in evidence, and Jean frowned as she looked across. Some new person had cut in evidently. Someone was talking to those women who wasn't in the delegation—a young woman in white, with a purse of Chinese red and a smart red and white hat and black hair cut in a fashionable curve on her cheek.

"Now, who's that creature?" wondered Jean and went across the aisle to speak to a woman she knew and meet the stranger. Again, as on the day before, she was introduced to Mrs. Grimes.

"Mrs. Grimes?" asked Jean. "I met a Mrs. Grimes yesterday. Your husband's mother?"

"No—me," said Mary, "I'm slightly changed."

She spoke with the consciousness of improvement, and a touch of the kind of mocking humor to which Jean was accustomed.

"Oh, well," laughed Jean, "how do you expect to be recognized if you often make these astonishing changes?"

"I don't," Mary answered, "nor do I want to be."

Jean sat down beside her in the vacant chair. They looked at the man addressing the convention, listened for five minutes to his bad English and platitudes as he dragged a few dead Presidents around in his sea of words. Then suddenly Jean turned to see how Mary was taking it and found Mary sizing her up. They both laughed.

"I like it," said Jean, "just the same. It's terrible blah, but it's a great game too."

"I hate it," said Mary. "I've hated it for years, but I don't often say so. I don't even admit it to myself always."

"Your husband likes it."

THEIR eyes fell on Mr. Grimes, walking masterfully up to take his place in the delegation, a bland look of fatuity marking his recognitions of other men. He created no stir, but his attention to himself was prodigious. Mary watched him. Years ago she had begun to discover things about the big, broad-shouldered young football hero whom she had married in the hurry of romance. The things she found out were not sins against her, but they were somehow more unbearable than if they had been sins. She had found out that he didn't understand about certain reserves and finenesses. She had found that his ambition was not the discriminating thing that it was to her, not a desire to qualify for high places. His ambition was made of unguarded vanity. If the iceman told him that he was going to be the next governor, it excited him. He built on what he could get and not on what he was. All his knowledge of himself was derived from what other people told him about himself, and he repeated it back to them. The political paths he had trod had not always been distinguished. He had disposed of any squeamishness. Because he was big and cordial and boastful and informative he had made a place for himself. But because he had not discriminated and studied, because he was not humble as well as proud, industrious as well as eager, the place was not high. It was in the little puddle.

Mary had seen these things and breasted the current of them for a little while. She criticized and pointed out great heights. But she was accused of not being appreciative, and after a little she felt that she must either sink or learn to swim with the current. Deliberately she numbed her criticism of her husband. She accepted and accepted and went along with him. But it made her vague to most people and secret with herself, hiding her choice delights of books and music and æsthetics, which kept her fit for the kind of life which she never expected to come. It never would come because Mr. Grimes must always stay in his little puddle and be great.

All these things she knew and knew with sudden acuteness, though for years she had refused herself the sharp comfort of analysis. It was due to the girl sitting beside her, who she knew must see Timothy clearly.

"Yes, my husband does like politics," she agreed.

"He is a very interesting man."

Mary said nothing. She could not imagine how her husband could interest a young woman, and her silence was more embarrassing to Jean than agreement. She changed the subject and began to talk about her own delegation and subtly about Bruce. Mary, who knew a great deal of psychology, and had absorbed a surprising lot of political information during her years of passive listening, had Bruce placed very quickly and knew what he wanted. She also guessed with considerable accuracy at Jean's designs on Iowa.

She began to watch what was happening, and in her mind forecast and anticipate, to gamble a little with herself on results. It astonished her that she had already a fund of knowledge stored away about all these political figures, and that it was useful.

She did not lunch with Jean, although Jean urged her to do so. Nor did she lunch with Mr. Grimes, although he also, immensely beguiled by his wife's new clothes and shingled head, wanted to show her off. She had set herself a task and in her own efficient and complete way she was accomplishing it, as she had accomplished the packing of her husband's suit case and the making of her jelly. She wanted to know exactly how he stood on this Vice Presidency. Jean had told her more than Jean knew. There remained the women and men of the Iowa delegation.

Mary ate with some of the Iowa countrywomen, plain women in badly chosen clothes, an assertive woman, a noisy woman, and a nervous woman. She found out one thing which she had suspected. They knew little about the big machinery of the convention. But they did know the gallant Mr. Grimes and were prepared to vote for him. The things which had been told them about the chances he had to be nominated had stuck in their minds and would stick there until they were dislodged by some important person or event. Mary was surprised at the loyalty her husband had roused in some of the women. They liked him, really liked him, and thought he looked like a candidate and stood for good things. Well, reflected Mary, they may be right!

But she had not talked to more than one of the men who was supercordial to her red hat than she discovered how the land lay in regard to the Vice Presidency. The men didn't pay any attention to the talk of her husband for that office. It was only camouflage for more important events. It was Mary, sitting in the seat of an absent delegate by the side of Bill Tomlinson, the state boss, who dropped a suggestion into his ear as to how the things might be made even more useful than Tomlinson had figured. Jean had talked to great purpose with Mary, and Mary talked idly with Tomlinson.

"The women, you see, are quite decided, and I'm afraid they won't change their minds easily. Of course I realize that Mr. Grimes doesn't want or expect this thing and that he simply has allowed his name to be used so that the state delegation wouldn't have to come into the fight too soon and show its hand. But you know how his friends are. They simply can't see anything except him." She mentioned three or four men who were her husband's close friends. "With them and the women's delegation which is so solid for Mr. Grimes, I'm afraid things will be complicated."

TOMLINSON looked sidewise at the cool young person in white. He hadn't known that bird Grimes had so many brains. Evidently he'd sewed up the women and his own friends, enough to have a majority in the delegation. According to the unit rule, he'd control the vote of the delegation. He wondered what Grimes was after. Later in the day he sent a scout to find out how the women stood. The women evidently stood for Mr. Grimes. The bland Timothy went around smiling, and Bill Tomlinson watched him with an exceedingly irritated eye. He found it necessary to talk to the unseen Martin who "ran Iowa." Martin was in conference with the chairman of the Massachusetts delegation. The name of Bruce was about to be sprung.

The chairman of the Massachusetts delegation spoke to Jean Baker a little later.

"These Iowa dames—how about them."

"The Grimes family—man and wife—have them solid," admitted Jean. "She's got brains, that woman."

"The dusty middle-aged one?"

"I was wrong about that," said Jean. "She got all cleaned up and vamped everybody. And she has scads of brains. I wish to heaven I could get her attached to the national committee. Who's the committeewoman from her state?"

"It might buy off Grimes to give her that, and he could tell the women he'd withdrawn."

"That's talking," agreed Jean.

So it was that Mr. Grimes went into a conference from which he emerged a flushed and flattered man, having received more smooth talk from important people than he had ever known. He sought his wife, who was washing her best pair of white silk stockings.

"Mary, I've got some news."

"You have?" she said, and rinsed.

"It involves you. It's a nice compliment all around. The men feel they want to show me some recognition. How would you like to be national committeewoman, Mary?"

"I?" asked Mary. "Who suggested it?"

"Well, now, little woman, you hardly understand these things. It was some big men. Tomlinson and the chairman of the Massachusetts crowd.

"Are they going to put up Bruce?"

"You really are beginning to understand politics," marveled Timothy.

"AM I?" Mary asked. "Well, you tell them that I won't be national committeewoman. That's not the proper trade. You say you'll take out any gratitude due you for withdrawal in some new legal business. Isn't it Tomlinson who is behind the new flour mills at home? Why can't you get in on that?" She paused and went on rapidly. "What would the job of national committeewoman mean, anyhow? More work, more expense. We can't afford it. Not possibly. And, besides, it belongs to that Mrs. Wells from Beverly. She's done the work among the women in the state; she expects that job and she has a right to it. Let her have it. And you tell them, Timothy, that you will withdraw your name. You don't want to be Vice President, Timothy. You know you don't. We don't want to leave home—and there's all the uncertainty of the campaign."

"Well," said Timothy, "there's a lot to that. It's a great deal of grief."

Mrs. Grimes looked at him compassionately—but also kindly.

"Don't you take it, Timothy. You make them give you something else."

Timothy walked gravely up and down. He lit a cigar and his wife sighed, for the room was hot and close.

"You know," he said, "something you said suggested something to me. You see, Tomlinson controls those new flour mills which are going to be built at home. Why shouldn't I be let in on some of that work? Not as a bribe for getting out, of course—I really don't want the Vice Presidency. And it's a long job to put it over, though I've many good friends who will be disappointed. For the other matter, I don't want my wife to be national committeewoman. No—it wouldn't do."

"It belongs to that Mrs. Wells—don't forget that," insisted Mary. "She's done the work."

Timothy straightened his tie, cocked his cigar, and regarded himself critically but happily in the mirror. His wife, who had hung up the silk stockings to dry, brushed a few wisps of ash from his shoulder, and, reminded of her, he pulled out his roll of bills and gave her some of them.

"Buy yourself a pretty dress," he said. "You're the best-looking woman in the whole show, Mary. You've got even Jean Baker beaten for looks and for brains."

A tiny flame, proof of a fire not yet quite dead, flared in the eyes of both of them for a minute.

JOKE TOWNS *I Have Met*

By FRED C. KELLY

EVERY town has its corresponding "gag" town. No matter where a comedian is playing, he can always get a laugh by merely mentioning a smaller town which members of the audience regard as of vastly less importance than their own. New York theatrical audiences always snicker at any reference to Brooklyn, Philadelphia, or Passaic. Indianapolis folk laugh at Kokomo or Red Key. In the little county seat where I grew up, our gag town was Cedarville. Whenever an eccentric comedian stalked off the stage, saying, "From here I go to Cedarville," all who heard him were nearly convulsed. And Cedarville's gag town was New Jasper.

Now the question may profitably be asked: What is funny about Cedarville or New Jasper? Why did we laugh at the thought of Cedarville, a quiet, God-fearing community?

The answer is that we laughed chiefly because it was considered the regular thing to do. It was part of the usual working of crowd psychology. If one man stopped another on the street and said: "I think I'll go to Cedarville," there would be nothing funny about that. But when a crowd hears a joke that has long been considered amusing, everybody laughs from a sense of duty. We all wish to show those about us that we know enough to laugh at the right time.

Then there is still another reason for laughing at the mention of a smaller town. We get satisfaction from feeling superior to any town that we look on as of less consequence than ours. Most people think that a town is important according to its size. When a comedian refers facetiously to a smaller place we giggle with pleasure at finding that he shares our view.

The Plantation

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could give you a hand now and then. She's strong."

"Oh, she's strong enough; but you couldn't picture her out here—like me!" Jerry spread her arms apart in a gesture that disclosed her sweat-stained attire. "Mother's different, and I'm glad she is."

There could be no answer to that. Nothing more to be said, Laney told himself. If the girl upheld her mother, he was not going to argue the matter. He could not, however, restrain his further curiosity.

"Why?" he asked. "Why are you glad?"

"Why"—and Jerry hesitated. "Oh, it doesn't make any difference one way or the other," she hastily resumed. "We're not making a go of it."

"The plantation?"

She nodded.

"It's a losing fight," she admitted. "You see, Dad gave the plantation to Mother and me, and money enough to get it back on to its feet. We've been as it two years. I think another year or eighteen months would see the end of our troubles. But our money's all gone. I've written and written to Dad, and he doesn't answer. You know him?"

"Yes."

"You understand, then. Another year, I'm afraid, and the jungle'll beat us. I don't know why I'm hanging on—hoping Dad'll show up, I guess."

Gad, she was brave! He knew why the girl's money had not accomplished full development of the plantation. He had seen the furniture in Mrs. Dutton's room, the books and the fripperies. There was even a piano.

"You've got a clear title to the place, haven't you? You can raise a mortgage."

"No, we can't." Jerry shook her head. "Perhaps—if we weren't so far from Surabaya. As it is, every bank in Java has refused us."

"How much to carry you over, to get you out of the woods?"

Jerry considered for a moment.

"Fifteen thousand guilders," she replied. "Yes, fifteen thousand would do it in good style, give me an assistant and all. But I've as much chance to get fifteen million, so let's talk about something else. You know," she said quickly, "you're the only man who's ever called me Miss Dutton. Do you want to call me Jerry?"

LANEY was fingering the nickeled ornamentation on his belt, and thinking of the pearls hidden underneath. He was looking straight at the girl, but it was a full half minute before he answered.

"I'd like to call you Geraldine."

"Geraldine!"

This last was no exclamation; the sound hardly reached Laney's ears. It was as though the girl were saying the name over and over to herself, wonderingly. At last she broke into a low laugh.

"But Geraldine's a girl's name!"

"You're a girl."

Her answer was not direct.

"That's why I'm glad Mother's the sort she is. I don't know what I'd become without her—smoke a pipe, perhaps, and grow a beard!"

"No danger," Laney growled.

She smiled slowly, and walked away. The man's regard followed her, and his thoughts. She was young, not more than twenty-two. She surely had some ambitions, some longings for a life beyond the hopeless drudgery of the plantation, some feeling of resentment toward her parents. Yet she had held her place, uncomplaining. It was in that moment that the knowledge came to Jim Laney that he would never be happy in this world without her.

That evening after supper, as usual, Mrs. Dutton claimed Laney for herself. On the veranda she moved her chair close to the man's. She was continually leaning toward him, her eyes intent upon his. The intoxicating perfume of her hair was inescapable.

To-night, however, it could not intoxicate Jim Laney. Nor did he have sense enough to be aware of his danger; his mind was too busy with something else. Geraldine was there—in a simple white dress. This was the first time Laney had seen her in woman's garb; and he told himself with quiet enthusiasm that it in no way detracted from her beauty. If anything the glory of her youthful figure was thereby enhanced.

As on preceding nights the girl had her account books on a table near by. And they seemed to hold her attention. No more than usual did she lift her head to listen to the other's conversation. But she lingered beyond her usual hour—much to Laney's inward satisfaction. His heart was pounding with the hope that he would see her alone.

Mrs. Dutton spoke to her a couple of times, reminded her that it was getting past bedtime. Geraldine answered pleasantly, yet made no move to retire.

A long silence ensued. At last the older woman stood up abruptly. She walked away without saying good night. A minute later Laney heard her close her door noisily, as though in anger.

He had risen at her departure. When he turned, wondering at what he thought was Mrs. Dutton's sudden irritation, the girl's face was buried in her hands. Glad understanding came to him. If he had not been so humble of nature, perhaps he would have understood sooner. Even now he felt no pride in himself, only joy that forced him to draw a deep breath of wonder. She had waited—for him!

"You're tired?" he asked.

"No."

"But you've worked long enough."

With her hand in his he led her to the veranda rail, to the moonlight that was dimming the orange glow of the table lamp. And there they stood for a silent interval. Laney tried to speak, but the sound died. He held out his arms to the girl. Another second and he was bending to press his lips upon hers.

"I've been looking for you," he murmured, "for years."

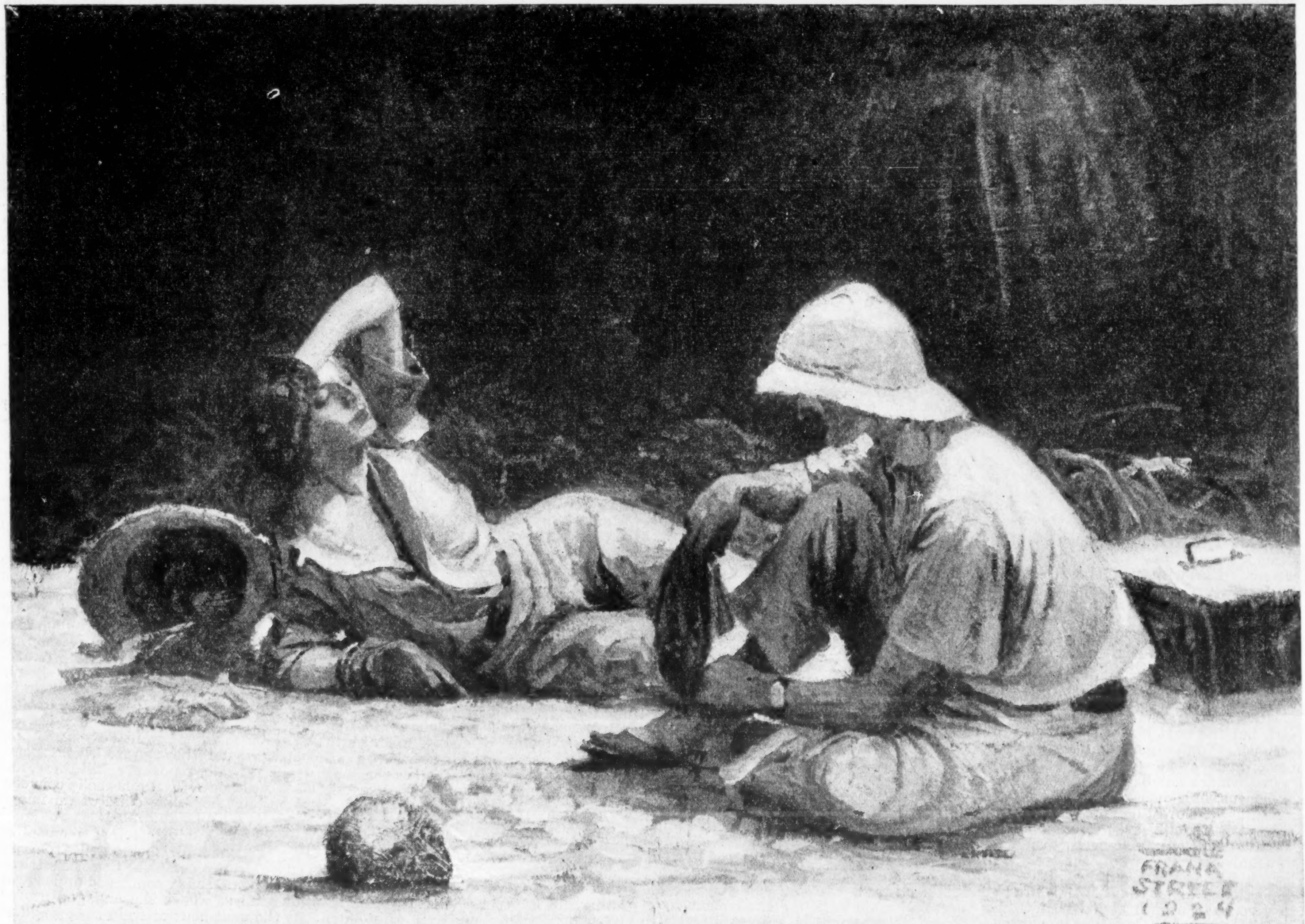
"Jim, Jim," she whispered.

THE next day was Sunday. There was no regular work on the plantation, but Jerry was going to put in the forenoon at the godowns. Laney slept late. He really needed the rest after the strenuous three days that had followed so close on his confinement to bed.

He awoke with a smile on his lips. Lord, but the world was a good place after all! Geraldine! He could remember the delight of having her fast in his arms. He could still feel her kisses meeting his. Before she had left him

(*Continued on page 30*)

"I'm glad Mother's the sort she is," Geraldine said. "I don't know what I'd become without her—smoke a pipe perhaps"



The Plantation

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for the night he had pried up the band on his belt, removed his three pearls and insisted on giving them to her as an engagement gift. They were worth about twenty thousand guilders. Selling them, they would have the plantation. Together they would work it to a success. In an ecstasy of joy and astonishment the girl had pressed them close to her heart. Geraldine—he would see her at noon!

His exaltation got him into serious trouble. He went out onto the veranda. Mrs. Dutton was reading in a long chair. She nodded affably, indicated a chair near her elbow. Until that moment Laney had not thought of her since her withdrawal the night before.

In the light of day his mind was incapable of entertaining doubts. If ever he had had a suspicion that Mrs. Dutton's interest in him was not altogether innocent, that suspicion was now dead. Laney did not even assure himself that she had monopolized him because he had been in Australia, because she wanted to hear about her homeland. He thought of her only as the mother of the girl he loved.

"I've asked Geraldine to marry me. Mrs. Dutton, and she said she would."

A dead silence fell.

"You've what!"

"I've asked Geraldine to marry me. I love her. I—she loves me."

And then Laney came out of his golden dreams. He stared in sudden realization that he had roused a panther. Mrs. Dutton's face was furious, her fingers were claws. The next ten minutes were the most uncomfortable the man had ever experienced. Nor could he answer a word.

"Love! Jerry! You're going to marry—that iceberg—that tomboy!"

Amid the tumult in his brain Laney heard himself termed a fool and an utter simpleton. He was told he would not stick it a year with a girl like Jerry. She was not his sort at all. What he needed was someone his own age, or even a few years older. Mrs. Dutton did not suggest herself by mentioning the ease with which a divorce could be obtained; but the inference was fairly plain. She did not torture Laney with pleading, however. Every word she spoke came straight from the shoulder.

The last thing he heard before Mrs. Dutton slammed into her room was that he and Jerry could stay on the plantation and starve for all she cared. Laney's distress and embarrassment were too great for him to fathom the meaning behind that parting shot.

All he hoped was that the whole affair was a ghastly mistake, that by evening Mrs. Dutton would have forgotten her absurd notions. So, when Jerry came home, he did not tell her about the tempest he had stirred. Two or three times during the afternoon the girl reported that her mother was down with a headache. And, for all Laney's uneasiness, the day went by with much planning and tenderness.

SOMETIME after Laney went to bed that night he was suddenly awakened by a noise near the door of his room. His first glance told him that the door was open. Accustomed by his manner of living to night alarms, he was out from under his mosquito netting in a split second. It was a coolie, he thought, who had entered to pilfer from the wardrobe.

The quiet-moving dark figure he saw against the moonlight outside seemed to confirm his suspicion. His rush was immediate. The intruder took to flight, but Laney with a desperate lunge got hold of a loose garment.

He held fast to it. But his antagonist was slippery as an eel, and there followed a minute of wild excitement before he had the prowler subdued. At last Laney had hold of two slim wrists—and his mouth dropped open as he gazed into Mrs. Dutton's blazing eyes. Mrs. Dutton! She wore a dark kimono. In the white triangle at her throat he could see the rapid heaving of her breast. His belt dangled from her hand. The woman must have understood the amazement in his regard.

"Oh, I knew from the beginning!" she snarled. "Roche wouldn't have tried to kill you for nothing. It's a West Australian hiding place, anyway."

Afterward, Laney could never decide what would have happened had nothing occurred to interrupt that impossible scene. At the time he was utterly incapable of thought or of speech. Even when he heard a door close along the veranda it seemed to sound a great distance away. He paid no heed until Mrs. Dutton started to struggle again. She fought him, turned her head, called out as though in terror.

"Oh, take him away, Jerry—the savage! He's trying to kiss me!"

Everything was happening with appalling suddenness. If Mrs. Dutton's wrists were white-hot, Laney could not have let go any faster. Then he stood as though he had been turned to stone. He saw Jerry in a dressing gown; he saw her walk forward into the moonlight where her beauty shone full upon him. And when she spoke her voice was steady, but soft with unhappiness she could not conceal.

"You had better go, Laney. In the morning," she said. "I'll let you have a coolie to help you on the trail."

His tongue was tied. He could not betray Jerry's mother. "You've got to trust me!" was all he could say.

"I trust the evidence of my own eyes!"—bitterly. "Will you go?"

"But I love you! I—"

"Will you go?"

And Laney straightened his shoulders. His mouth drew into a hard line. "Yes, I'll go. I'll go now."

Jerry came a step or two nearer, her right hand breaking a string that lay around her neck. She placed a small silk bag in Laney's hand—the pearls. With an exclamation of anger the man tossed it on the table and walked down the steps into the darkness of the garden.

IT STARTED raining at dawn, gently at first, then harder and harder until the fall developed into a wild tropical downpour. Yellow water ran ankle deep down the path Jim Laney was ascending. The man was footsore, tired in body and soul. There seemed to be a gnawing pain in his heart. At last he had to stop under a tree to rest.

Anger was gone from him. He was trying to view the unfortunate affair with Jerry's eyes. She was, he reflected, strong, self-reliant, courageous; nevertheless, she was a girl alone. She had allowed herself to be won by a derelict—a derelict with some funds, to be sure; but none the less a piece of driftwood cast up by the tides. To all appearances he had not been worthy, so she had sent him away. He did not blame her. In fact, Laney could not love her had she acted otherwise.

Nor could he blame Mrs. Dutton. Life for her on that lonely plantation must be, as she said, hell indeed. Well, she could leave it before long. Laney honestly hoped that Jerry would sell the pearls and do alone all they had planned to do together. Why not? They were hers. He was not a man to take back an engagement gift. He was—and suddenly he heard the sound of chopping on the trail behind him.

He felt no doubt as to who was coming—the coolie Jerry had promised. She was fair and square; she could not fail to send the chap. And presently an umbrella hat bobbed into view. But there was someone behind the native, someone in khaki—Mrs. Dutton! A sinking sensation attacked Laney; he grasped a branch for support.

Mrs. Dutton came directly to him. She looked old, worn, not at all the vibrant creature who had wrestled with him the night before.

"I've come to bring you back, Jim."

"I can't go back."

"Back to Jerry, to Geraldine," she explained. "You love her, don't you?"

"She sent you!"—eagerly.

"No," said Mrs. Dutton; "she's a fool—like you—like me. But she's back there weeping into your handful of pearls. She had 'em all the time, eh? So I wouldn't have got to Australia even if you hadn't waked up. Well—well, when you left she went down in a heap—Jerry. I'd never seen her weeping before, Jim, and it woke me up. Then I told her, made a clean breast of everything."

"But she wouldn't come."

"She didn't dare. She said you'd never forgive her. How about it, Jim?"

Jim showed how about it by starting with a leap for the trail. Gladness was ringing and singing in every fiber of his body. But he turned again, and retraced his steps to where Mrs. Dutton was standing.

"You're a good sport. Will you shake hands?"

"Of course. And I'll give you my blessing."

Laney grinned.

"How soon can you start back?"

"Oh, you run along," said Mrs. Dutton. "I'll hobble down with the coolie. And Jim," she went on, "just tell Jerry to get out my knitting needles. I'm going into training to be a grandmother."

Did Abraham Lincoln run away from his own wedding? Some say that he did- -that something caused him to fail to appear at the hour first set for his marriage with Mary Todd. The question still worries the students. William E. Barton answers it next week in "Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln."

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 23

"Well, there's no mystery about my being here at all. When your classy gentleman friend escaped from the gang I simply did a slide-away myself and followed him. I surprised you, but you didn't surprise me. I saw him bring you here."

"Is that all you saw?"

"Well, I may have seen a few other things too, girlie. But don't get me wrong. I'm with you since I spilled the history of my life last night while I was transforming your nun's costume into a Fifth Avenue model with a few deft touches of my lily-white hands. Yes, I broadcasted a chapter of my early life and tipped off the cruel fact that an honest heart beats beneath these tattered rags." She made a mock gesture typifying the wronged working girl, but the next instant she was quite serious. You've got something that I never had—*a chance.*"

Connemara sat listening to this half-humorous, half-emotional outburst with a feeling of slowly dawning guilt. Here she was, though at present slightly worn and down-at-the-heels, from her unusual experiences of the last few hours, still a girl of culture with every opportunity to get the best that life had to give. Just a bath and a visit to her elaborate wardrobe and she would be a lady again.

But what about the girl before her? Where would Sweetie go? Who would help her along the right path?

Before Connemara had a chance to assemble her thoughts into the proper words Sweetie resumed, "I'm coming clean with you, kid. I'm a bad girl and I admit it. While the going is good you get a certain kick out of doing something wrong and getting away with it. You never think of the future. You grab yourself off a little excitement and let it go at that. But when it starts to go against you, then you begin to think of Papa and Mama. That's what I'm doing now. The gang is about cooked and I want to get away. They'll all be in jail before they know it, and I don't want to go with them." Her eyes were glazed with a film of tears.

CONNEMARA got up from her chair and impulsively slid her arm around the other girl's shoulders. There was a silence—the silence of feminine understanding—as the two girls stood together.

"I'm just a selfish, good-for-nothing bobbed—" here Connemara checked herself. With a slight intake of breath she went on. "I'll take you to Moorelands and we can pretend you're my personal maid until the excitement dies down. Then you'll be free to go wherever you like."

Sweetie planted a resounding smack on the cheek of Connemara, leaving a red spot to take the place of the rouge that had been overlooked in the latter's routine that morning. But Connemara had been brought back to stern reality with a jolt. One look at the ex-shopgirl's get-up and their plans seemed to totter. "Sweetie," she exclaimed, "do you realize I can't employ a personal maid who wears dilapidated flannel trousers—and ones that fit terribly at that?"

Glancing down with a giggle, Sweetie realized she was still wearing Lacy's much-abused suit that made her resemble her late gentlemen associates. "Sure, I must get rid of this hand-me-down. Here I am trying to stage a comeback in clothes that make me look like Captain Kidd's twin brother."

Connemara broke in, "There must be another collection of clothes upstairs in Mrs. Parker's room. That's where I got these. You know, she's the housekeeper and she's a terrible prude. We mustn't let her know you're in the house. If she finds out there are two of us here, she will think the Sultan of Turkey moved in with his whole harem."

Together the two tiptoed upstairs and proceeded to overhaul the poor, unsuspecting housekeeper's treasure of mid-Victorian wearing apparel. But just as Connemara was forcing the receptive Sweetie into one of those mutton-sleeved shirtwaists that give the wearer the appearance of an army scout balloon, footsteps were heard on the stairway. Connemara gathered up the litter of lace and calico on the floor, took a dive into the old-fashioned wardrobe, and pulled the half-clad Sweetie in after her, closing the door just as "Miss Liddy" Parker herself breezed into the room.

The two girls had just gone through a night of terrifying adventure, yet not one of those demoniac reprobates who had taken part in the nightmare of horror had scared them half as much as the prim little housekeeper who had come into their lives so recently.

But Liddy's visit was strangely uneventful. It was one of those little incidents that happen in the lives of middle-aged ladies of no particular worldly affiliations. For want of something better to do they go to their rooms, make sure the rooms are still there, and then walk out. Perhaps each room contains the imaginary child of an imaginary love. Who knows!

Anyway, Liddy left in a moment or two, and the girls emerged from the dark closet to complete Sweetie's transformation. Liddy continued on her way downstairs, where she engaged herself for the next hour or so in sweeping and dusting, and occasionally taking a sly

(Continued on page 32)

The Best Essex Ever Built—$895

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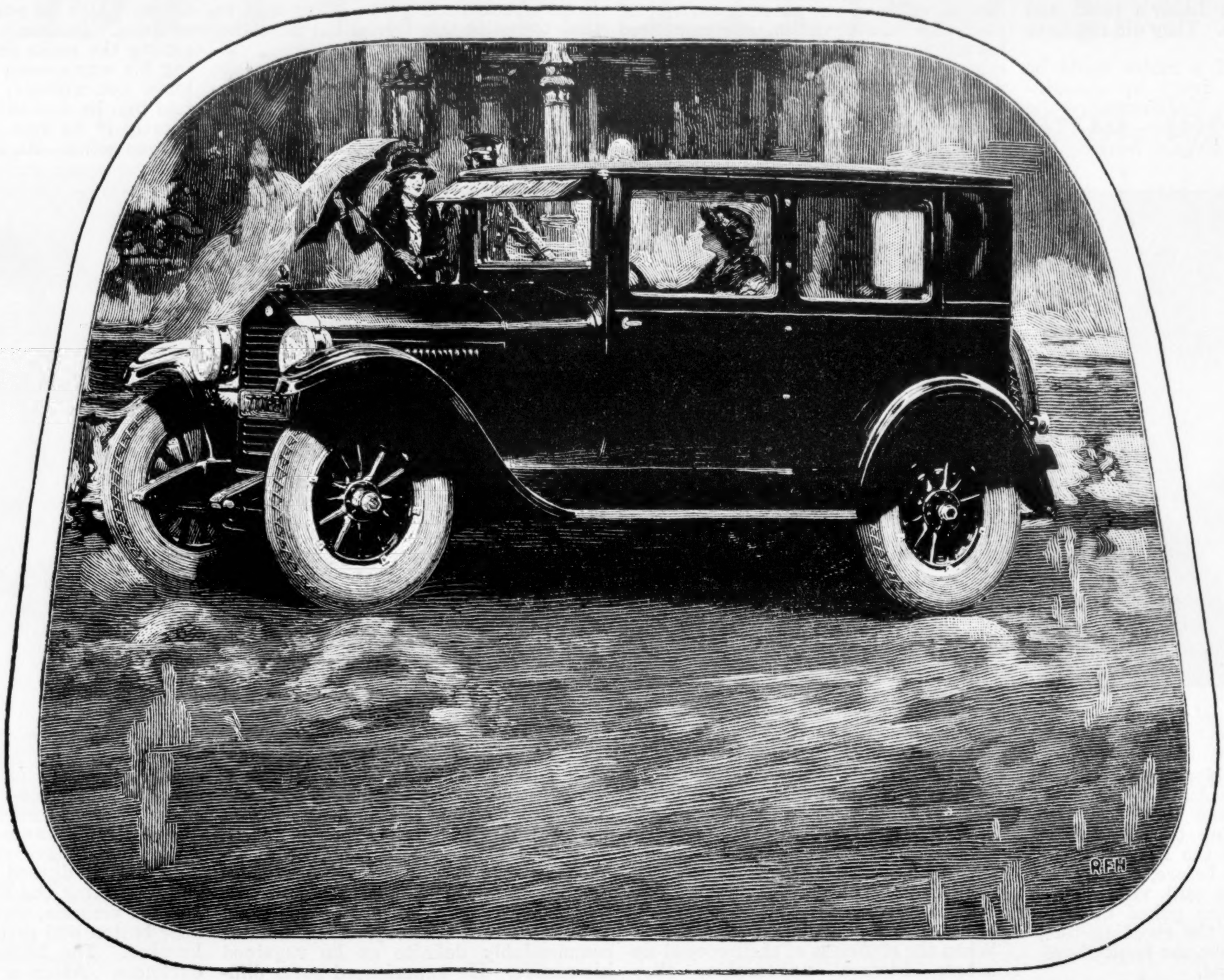

Its Greatest Values Cannot Be Copied

The Chassis is Patented

As its Coach Body changed the whole trend to closed cars, so the Essex Chassis likewise forecasts the mechanical design of the future.

Essex provides stability without unnecessary weight. It has economy without sacrifice of performance.

It is low priced without disappointment in looks or reliability.

It is more than up-to-date in design. It is in advance of any car with which its price can be compared.

It is built on the Super-Six principle, by Hudson workmen in the Hudson shops.

In quality Hudson and Essex are alike. The patents which make the Super-Six the most enduring, smoothest motor and give it all advantages sought in eight cylinders, prevent any from copying its chassis as has been so generally done in copying the Coach body.

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It is the car for everyone.

You see it before the entrances of exclusive clubs and at the doorways of the finest homes. You also see it in the hard daily service of business and family.

You will enjoy driving it for the smooth vibrationless performance of its quiet motor. It is so easy to steer and so comfortable to ride in that even over long journeys and rough roads it gives a satisfaction that heavy, costly cars do not provide.

Essex requires little attention to keep it in top condition. It retains its new-like qualities in the quiet, responsive, squeak-and-rattle-free character of its performance.

Surely you cannot be satisfied with anything less than Essex offers. Its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

Two of every three Essex cars are bought by those whose former cars were chosen principally because of their low cost.

No wonder Essex sales lead all in its class.

Essex Holds Its Own in any Company—in any Service

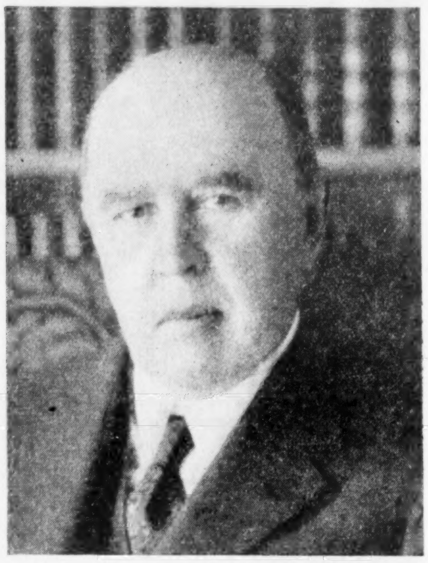
Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 30

look at her image in the mirror, giving herself the secret treat of a slight flirtation with the emotion of vanity.

Connemara and Sweetie dared not come down for fear of being put bodily out of the house. So they could do nothing but remain in Liddy's room and await developments. They did not have long to wait.

Soon the hum of a motor could be heard, and a car drove up containing Mr. David Lacy, Mr. Brewster—the ever-present family lawyer—and a forlorn bundle of once-elegant heaving humanity that the bluebloods of Stamford were wont to hail as Aunt Celimena.



GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
Novelist

Lacy and his rescue party had had no trouble in locating the little inlet in which he had left the Filomena and her captors the night before, but though the motor boat was still visible, her sharp white nose now poked up into a mud bank left by the receding tide, she had appeared, from the bank above, to be entirely deserted.

Investigation, however, disclosed the figures of Aunt Celimena and Mr. Brewster trussed up neatly and securely, and laid side by side in the cockpit, for all the world like two rather shapeless packages waiting for the expressman.

The Swede and his gang had taken prompt warning by the flight of Lacy and Sweetie, and had decamped for parts unknown—apparently taking Saltonstall Adams along, leaving no addresses behind them.

Lacy and the lawyer carried the burden of tattered silks and shattered nerves that was Aunt Celimena into the house and upstairs to Miss Liddy's room, where they deposited it gently on the bed to the tune of its own grunts and groans delivered in jazz time.

CONNEMARA and her prospective maid, hearing them on the stairs, and not being able to think of anything more original to do in the brief moment of reflection allowed them, plunged back into the wardrobe and sank into the oblivion of mothball-scented darkness.

Miss Liddy took one look at the remnant on the bed, observing in her best unattached manner, "If a woman her age must drink, you'd think she'd have enough sense to have it analyzed first," and left the room. Liddy's whole life consisted principally of leaving rooms. It gave her some place to go.

Later, when Lacy demanded anxiously of her what had become of the young lady whom he had brought to the house that morning, she was stubbornly noncommittal.

"I guess she just evaporated like all bad things do eventually," she said deliberately, and the thin lips tightened.

With a muttered observation, Lacy went into the library and stared at the smooth surface of the big desk. The three ten-dollar bills were gone!

Aunt Celimena, meanwhile, lay upstairs on Mrs. Parker's bed and indulged in the enjoyment of her recently acquired aches and pains. As she felt each bruise where the ropes had bitten into her flesh while she was tied up like a common or garden variety of everyday pirate victim, she compared herself to Joan of Arc and a few of the other great martyrs of history. She wondered why her niece had gotten her into such an outlandish complication of weird events as had happened during the past twelve hours.

How could a girl with every reason to lead a normal and well-regulated life go so far astray as to get mixed up with smugglers, pirates, cave men, women of no reputation, and what not? And all perfect strangers!

Where would it all lead to? And where was Connemara at this very minute? Perhaps she had run off with a band of Russian bomb throwers. Maybe at this very second she was flying through the air astride a church steeple that had been pried loose from the mother building by a stick of dynamite. True, Connemara had red hair. But that was not an excuse for anything and everything.

With her throbbing pains beating in perfect rhythm to the horrible thoughts running through her tired brain, she dozed off into a slumber fraught with demons and goblins such as never before inhabited a nightmare.

Connemara in the wardrobe, in such close contact with the reformed Sweetie, even where their positions were equalized by the darkness and lack of air, still felt that aloofness that had been bred in her for many generations back. She wanted to help Sweetie, but, in spite of that, she could not bring herself down to the other girl's level.

It flashed through her mind that maybe the fault was not entirely her own. Perhaps Sweetie was not altogether sincere in her desire to go straight. There seemed to be a small cloud, hardly perceptible, casting a shadow athwart their bond of understanding.

When the stuffiness of their cooped-up quarters became unbearable, they opened the door the fraction of an inch and were greatly relieved to see Aunt Celimena sprawled out on the bed writhing in the throes of a delirious battle with pirates and corsairs. The girls decided to risk a hasty but silent flight.

They opened the door and took one step. But a mass of the housekeeper's clothing had dropped to the floor during their imprisonment and entwined itself about their feet. They had no time to notice this trivial but nevertheless important circumstance.

Fate has a way of creating a joke and then making it seem more laughable by creating another joke right on top of the first.

Connemara was slightly in the lead and as she started the second step in her flight toward the door her feet did not function at all. She tripped over the mass of clothing on the floor. Sweetie, who was close behind and going at the same speed, also tripped. Fate did not overlook a thing in arranging this little performance. The bed upon which Aunt Celimena slept lay directly in the path of the two girls. They flopped down—*kerplunk*—squarely on top of the sleeper just as that estimable lady was being attacked by fifteen thousand buccaneers. She was suddenly awake, filled with a justifiable desire to fight for her life.

Sheer numbers finally decided the encounter and Aunt Celimena stood face to face with Connemara. Or, rather, she lay face to face with Connemara.

"My God, *Connemara!*" she screamed, in a tone of voice that should have awakened the ancient kings of Egypt, and fell back in a dead faint.

Sweetie crouched in the corner, rubbing a sore spot on her arm with three fresh ten-dollar bills.

Chapter XVI

By George Barr McCutcheon

NOW Bing Carrington had two separate and not very distinct objects in going overboard, one quite indefinite, the other more or less definite. First, he went over the rail into the water because he couldn't very well help himself, which was indefinite, and, secondly, he had a hazy idea about securing help for his comrades, an object that became commendably definite as he regained his senses. He experienced some difficulty with the long, cumbersome polo coat he had donned at the beginning of the chase in order to cover as well as possible the rather startling harlequin suit he had worn to the fancy dress party. He succeeded in shedding it, however, abandoning it to the waters of the Sound, a sacrifice made without the slightest compunction because he remembered that it did not belong to him at all but to Salt Adams, who had generously pressed it upon him when they started off in the motor.

After swimming for some ten or fifteen minutes, swiftly but cautiously, he decided it was safe to make for the shore, which he could distinguish close at hand. Presently he found a footing among the rocks and was soon threading his way among the trees, bound he knew not whither, except that reason told him he was sure to come to a road shortly if he kept on in the direction he was going. He was wet and cold but determined. In due time, as he had suspected, he came to a macadam driveway.

FRANK CRAVEN
Actor and Playwright

A short distance ahead he distinguished the black shadow of a house. For this he dashed without hesitation and, mounting the broad steps to a capacious veranda, was soon pressing the door button and rattling the great iron knocker. The house was in complete darkness. After a long wait a light appeared in the hall and the door was opened by a partially clad manservant.

"May I use your telephone? Important. *Must* get the police at once," chattered the amazing object that greeted the eyes of the servant. Bing was a thoroughly saturated, glistening visitor from an absolutely unknown world. He was a thing of many colors.

Before the blinking servant could muster the words to reply, or the strength to slam the door, a masculine voice called out from somewhere inside the house.

"Who's there? What's up?"

"God—God only knows, sir," cried the servant. "I never saw anything like—"

"I say," bawled Carrington, manfully pushing his way into the hall—"I say, look here, where's your telephone? Don't come down. I must get hold of the police. Oh, hello! There you are. I didn't mean to get you out of bed."

A man, fully dressed, was coming hurriedly down the stairs. He stopped about halfway down, and stared at the strange visitor.

"Well, for the love of Mike!"

"Where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"The telephone."

"Oh, the telephone? It's out of order. Isn't working. Can't get central or anything on it. But who the devil are you and—what's up? Accident?"

"You needn't be afraid of me," chattered Bing. Now, remembering what was said about the telephone, he added: "Did you say out of order?"

"I did. What do you want with the police? But first of all, can't I give you a nip of whisky? You seem wet."

"Say that again, please," cried Bing, eagerly.

"You seem wet."

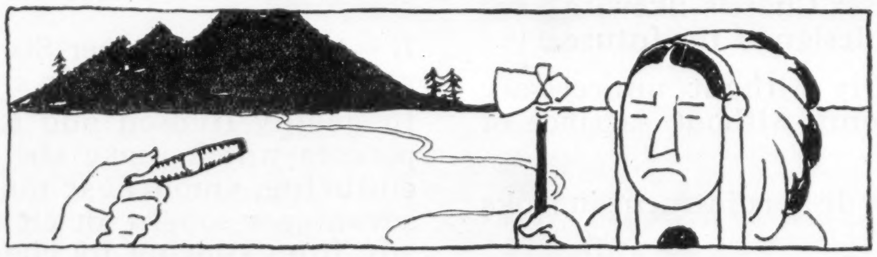
"I didn't mean that."

"Oh, I see. Henry, bring it into the library at once."

"I'll drip all over your rugs."

"Hang the rugs. No, that's what you do when you beat 'em. I don't know

(Continued on page 34)



"THANK YOU"

NEARLY every mother has thought that her child must be an incorrigible little wretch and an unconscionable ingrate because he hates to say, "Thank you." The average mother thinks that other children say thank you readily enough and that hers alone are peculiar.

The truth seems to me that saying thank you is unnatural and objectionable and that few persons ever do it until compelled to conform to the amenities of civilized life.

Authors who appear to know say that no savage tribe has any phrase for thank you in their vocabulary. In the savage state it simply isn't said. Come to think of it, I have frequently given small trinkets to Indian guides in the northern woods. They seemed pleased, but not one ever thanked me. If the disrelish for saying thank you is inherent among savages, is it any wonder, then, that children fight against it?

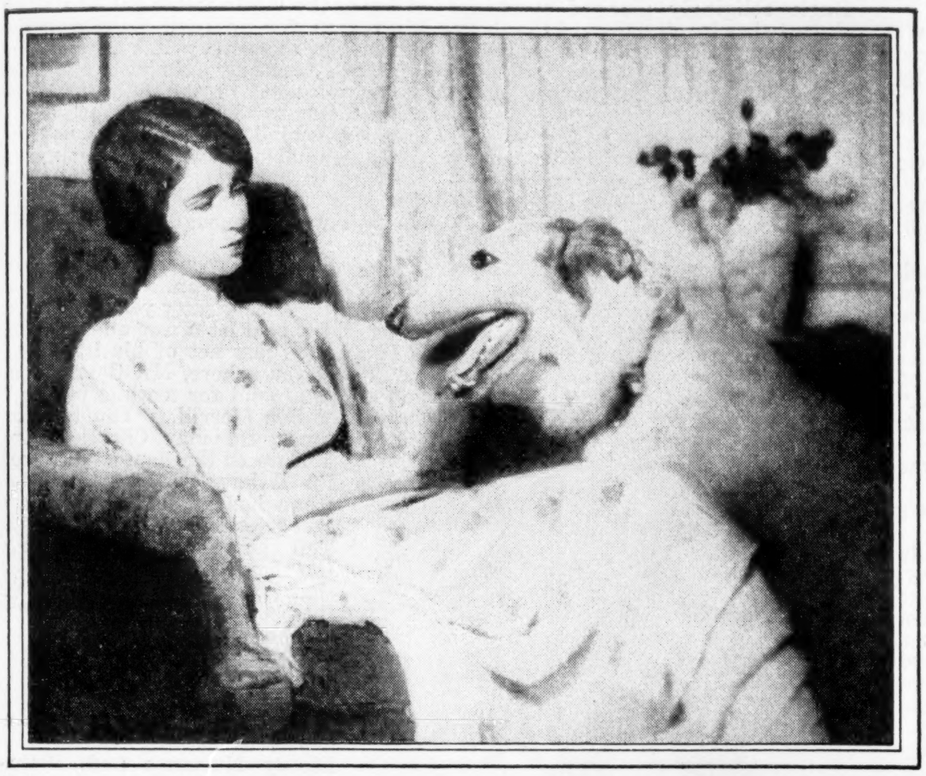
But what *is* the objection? Why doesn't the savage wish to express his appreciation for a favor? Because saying thank you is an admission of inferiority.

If I say thank you to a man who has just lent me money or taken me to a theatre it is a confession that he has done me a favor. I am under obligations to him.

No one who has been compelled to say thank you in childhood consciously thinks of all this. We learn to express our gratitude even for trivial favors as a matter of course. Nevertheless we frequently hesitate to ask favors simply because we do not wish to have to say thank you and confess our obligation to some particular individual.

When a child resents saying thank you he is only following his natural instincts.

BELOW PAR••?



from constipation, lowered vitality, skin and stomach disorders?

Boundless energy in this simple fresh food!

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. **It is** not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. **But** when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active.

At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

DISSOLVE ONE CAKE IN A GLASS OF WATER
(just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast when taken this way is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain. Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health.

Address: Health Research Dept. E-13, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I WAS a wreck and I knew it. Although young, scarcely twenty, indigestion had taken a firm hold; my complexion was bad, vitality gone and life looked black. I had tried everything and yeast had been recommended to me. 'How absurd,' I mused. 'Yet if I only dared hope!' At the end of a month my complexion was noticeably improved, my stomach working properly and my entire system rejuvenated. Miracles like this cannot happen in a day, but now I am the picture of health."

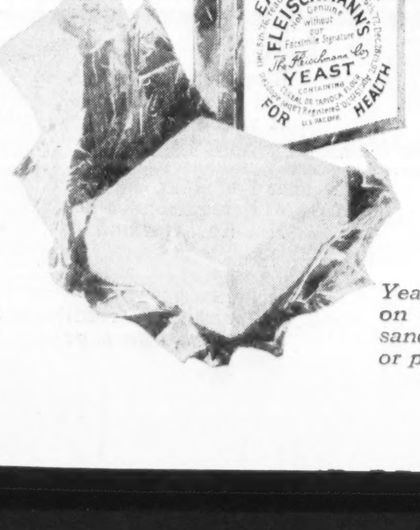
(An extract from a letter from Mrs. Arthur R. Pagnam, R. F. D. No. 29, Stamford, Conn.)

"AT the age of forty I found myself slipping in health. I was troubled with indigestion, constipation and nervous debility. I had read about people taking Fleischmann's Yeast, and ordered some. A while later, in answer to a friend's inquiry, I was surprised to hear myself reply, 'I feel like a prize-fighter' and realized then that I had not felt any sign of indigestion for some time, and was putting in ten to twelve hours' hard brain work daily. I knew I was back again."

(A letter from Mr. W. L. King of Washington, D. C.)

"FIVE years ago as an office worker in Milwaukee, I could answer to the description of the 'rundown, nervous, suffering woman' in the patent medicine ads. My sallow complexion was my greatest worry and I was always troubled with constipation. I had taken medicine for four years, but the doctor said that drugs could not effect a permanent cure. Two years ago I learned from the girls in the office to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I am frequently complimented on my fresh complexion and am told I don't look more than twenty-two. I hold the championship record for swimming and tennis in our club. I still have one incurable habit—half a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily with a glass of milk."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald, of Ypsilanti, Michigan.)



Yeast is especially delicious on toasted crackers or as a sandwich "filler" with jam or peanut butter.

"I WENT fishing up North about 250 miles from Vancouver in the Spring of 1920, and had an attack of boils in a very bad form, which lasted for one year and five months—from 7 to 10 at a time. I tried all kinds of remedies. A fisherman friend made me a bet that Fleischmann's Yeast would cure the boils if I took 3 cakes a day. He said he would buy the yeast cakes. In 10 days my boils began to dry up, in 4 weeks only the marks were left and no new boils coming. I lost the bet and paid for the cakes, but I have not been troubled with boils since."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. John Faulkner, of Nanaimo, B. C.)

"WHEN I commenced to eat yeast about two years ago, I was the grouchiest grouch that ever nursed a grouch. I realized that my Nemesis was that curse of mankind—constipation. About every cathartic on the market went through my system. My grocer suggested that I give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. Since I began eating it my bowels function perfectly night and morning—the proverbial kitten has nothing on me for sound slumber. I do not claim Yeast to be a universal 'cure-all'—but it certainly gave me an excellent start on the road to health."

(A letter from Mr. Cyril A. Gendermann of 1022 Tenth Avenue, Brooklyn)

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 32

what you do when you get them wet."

"Sorry to get you out of bed like this," apologized Bing, following the other down the hall, his feet squashing in a most lachrymose manner.

"Can't you see I've got all my clothes on?"

"Oh, excuse me. I didn't know but what perhaps you might have—ahem! Yes, as I was saying, there is no time to be lost."

"Now tell me all about it," said his host, a stout, middle-aged gentleman. Henry had returned.

Whereupon Bing, in as few words as possible, gave him a bald and discreetly incomplete story of his most recent adventure.

"My name is Merrill," announced his host, when Bing paused for obvious reasons. Mr. Merrill was evidently a man of action and resource. "Rum runners, that's what they are. Now, I have a brother, Bob Merrill—a good bit younger than I am. He's in the revenue service. That is to say, he's a sort of volunteer Secret Service man. Amateur sleuth, you know. Terribly keen about it. Simply delights in chasing smugglers, shooting at 'em, and all that sort of thing. Keeps his launch just off my landing. He's been out in the Sound to-night, roving around, looking for bad eggs. By bad eggs I mean smuggies. That's what he calls 'em, smuggies. I heard the launch come in half an hour or so ago and tie up to the buoy. So I suppose Bob's out there now. He sleeps on board these nights—ready for anything, you see. Now, I tell you what we'll do. We'll get a rowboat, paddle out there, and get him on the job. He'll run these confounded pirates to earth or sink 'em."

"Well, that would be the same thing as running them to earth, all right. I suppose there's earth at the bottom of the Sound."

"Lots of it. Largely protected by bottles. Come along. Let's be off. No time to lose. Ah, I beg your pardon. You must get into some dry clothes. Henry, take Mr. Carrington upstairs and—and dress him. Give him that gray checked suit of mine. Shirt, underclothes, and everything too. You certainly need a change, Mr. Carrington."

"Oh, I am perfectly warm now. Clear down to my toes."

"Well, I'll have another one waiting for you when you come down. About the same dose—or a trifle stiffer?"

"Suit yourself, Mr. Merrill," said Bing genially.

HE FOLLOWED Henry upstairs and in a very short time returned to the library, completely—or to be quite honest about it—rather incompletely attired in Mr. Merrill's gray checked suit. Bing was a tall, spare man, Merrill a short, pudgy one. It was a very fashionable suit of clothes, but it lacked cohesion when applied to Mr. Carrington's frame. The coat scarcely reached to the small of his back, there was a seven- or eight-inch gap between waistcoat and trousers, and nearly all of Mr. Merrill's white socks were exposed to view.

"You look fine," said Mr. Merrill approvingly. "Much better than you did a while ago."

Two minutes later they were hurrying down to the shore, and Henry was off to a neighbor's to telephone for the police. Coming to the end of the float, the two men stepped into a small boat and cast off, Merrill handling the oars. The tiny light of a launch could be seen a short distance out in the Sound, bobbing slightly in the swell. The oarsman had not taken five strokes, however, before he stopped and uttered a mild imprecation.

"That dog-goned dog!" he exclaimed, peering over his shoulder. "Hear him? Hear the racket he's making?"

"I thought perhaps you had a small auxiliary engine up there in front—"

"Not a bit of it. It's Bugle's tail. Stop that, Bugle! Do you hear me, sir? Cut it out! You see, Mr. Carrington, on hot nights he comes down here and sleeps in this boat. He's a regular sea dog. Loves life on the ocean wave and all that sort of thing. He'd sing it if he could, wouldn't you, Bugle?"

Bugle rapped twice with his tail.

"He raps three times when he wants to say no," explained his master.

"What does he do when he doesn't want to commit himself?" inquired Bing, who was feeling very bland by this time.

"Simply holds his tail, that's all. But we can't have him along with us now. Get out, Bugle! Down with you. Go home!"

Bugle ignored the command. He refused to move anything but his tail. Mr. Merrill resumed his rowing.

"Oh, well—all right," he muttered. Now to his passenger: "Bob will find this boat you're talking about—the Filomena, did you say? And he'll make short work of the darned pirates. If they run for it, he'll put a couple of one-pounders into 'em, and sink 'em."

"Good Lord! He mustn't do that. He mustn't sink Aunt Celemina."

"I thought you said her name was Filomena."

"She isn't a boat. She's Connie's aunt. She's a lady."

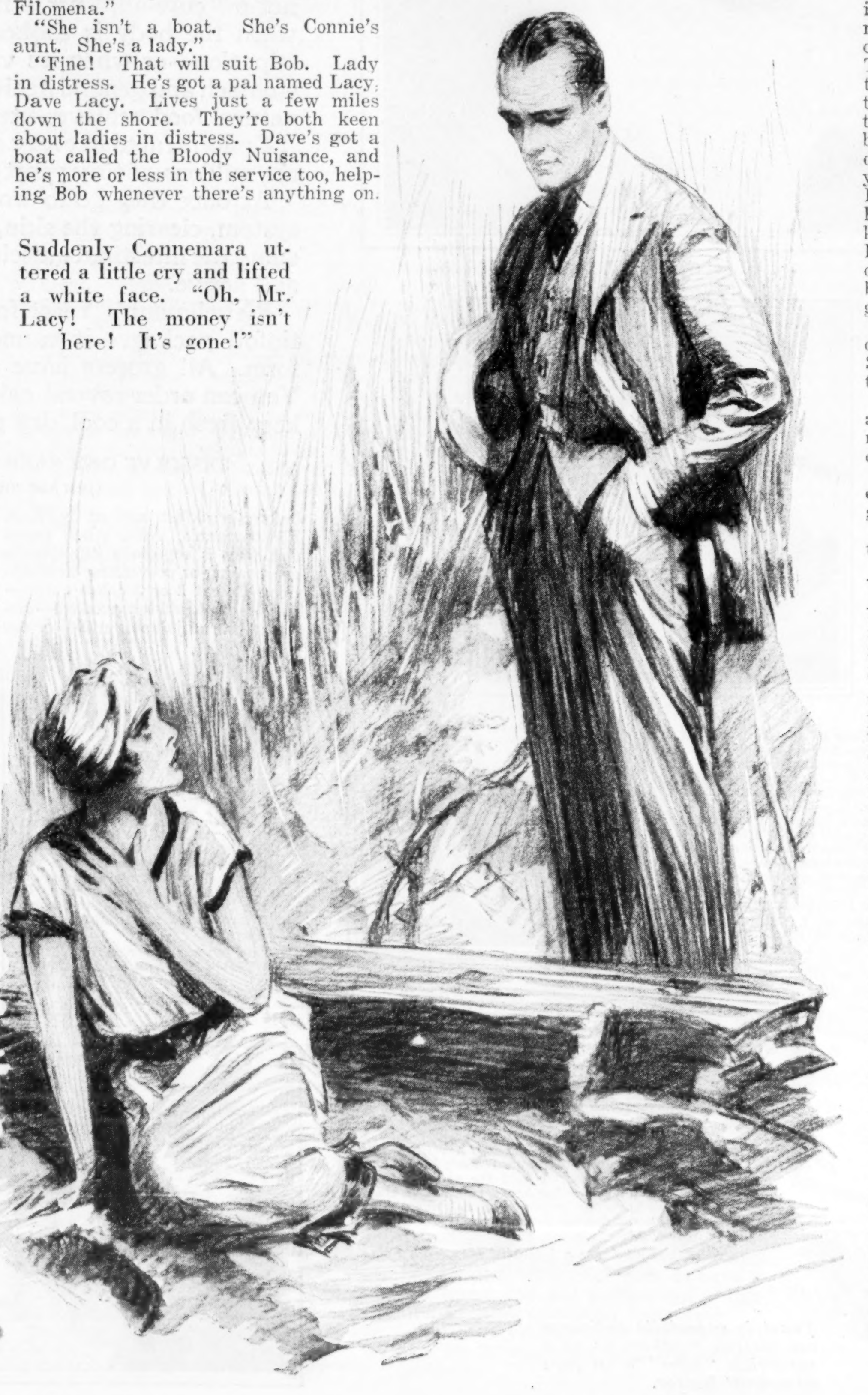
"Fine! That will suit Bob. Lady in distress. He's got a pal named Lacy, Dave Lacy. Lives just a few miles down the shore. They're both keen about ladies in distress. Dave's got a boat called the Bloody Nuisance, and he's more or less in the service too, helping Bob whenever there's anything on. I mean when the smuggies have got anything on, not the ladies. No, hang it! I don't mean that either. You understand what I mean, Carrington. It's that blamed dog. He rattles me. Get out of this boat, Bugle! Home with you! Go home, Bugle! If you don't, I'll rap you with one of these oars."

Bugle obligingly plunged overboard and started swimming toward the shore.

"I simply can't stand having that dog listening to everything I say," grumbled Mr. Merrill. "He's too darned smart for words."

A FEW minutes later the boat drew alongside the launch, and the two men climbed abroad. Merrill routed his brother out of the cabin, and explanations followed.

"The first thing to do," said Bob Merrill briskly, "is to find out what's become of Lacy's Bloody Nuisance. We talked with him an hour or two ago, and everything was all right then. There certainly has been action to-night, Mr. Carrington. I've heard guns popping all over the Sound like champagne corks at a bone-dry banquet."



Suddenly Connemara uttered a little cry and lifted a white face. "Oh, Mr. Lacy! The money isn't here! It's gone!"

They cruised for a short time without finding a sign of the Filomena or the Bloody Nuisance, but they did pick up an almost exhausted swimmer. He turned out to be a red-headed Scotchman named McTish. From him they learned of Connemara's escape from the Bloody Nuisance and her daring attempt to swim ashore, a distance of several miles, a feat McTish was confident she had accomplished, for he had followed some distance behind her for the better part of an hour. He spoke of her as the White Sister and explained his reason for appearing to have deserted her after they left the Bloody Nuisance together. He was more severely wounded in the fight than he wanted her to know, and purposely dropped behind because he knew he would be unable to swim fast enough to keep up with her, and something told him that if she mistrusted his plight she was woman enough to come to his rescue.

He said he'd sooner drown than be saved by a woman. He'd been a bachelor for nearly sixty years and he'd be dashed if he'd let a woman save him if it was the last act of his life.

"I'll put you ashore, Mr. Carrington, and cruise around for a while myself," announced Bob Merrill. "You'd better get a doctor for this man, Charlie. Take him up to the house. He's all in. I have an idea the Filomena has made for some secret inlet and gone into hiding. Tell the cops to search along the shore for the young lady—that is, if you can get hold of the cops. You probably won't be able to find them till broad daylight, but just the same you might try. Telephone Dave Lacy's house and see if he's at home. He probably knows something about the Bloody Nuisance and, if he doesn't, at least he ought to be given the latest about the girl."

Bing groaned. "But we don't know what the latest is. She may be at the bottom of the Sound. Oh, Lord!"

"That girl could swim clear around Long Island," announced McTish. "She ain't drowned."

"I think I'm going to have a chill," suggested Bing, with a glance at Mr. Merrill.

"Take this," said that gentleman promptly.

IT WAS not until after breakfast the next morning that Bing set out for Lacy's house. He had breakfasted alone. Mr. Merrill was sleeping. They had not gone to bed until nearly four, what with the police, the telephone and other things. He realized that he did not present a personable appearance, but even so Mr. Merrill's gray checked suit was much more suitable than the harlequin costume, which had now shrunk to half its guaranteed size. Lacy himself admitted him. Mr. Carrington, noting the look of astonishment on the latter's face, hastily explained:

"My name is Carrington, and these are not my clothes. Are you Mr. Lacy?"

"I am. Come in, Mr. Carrington. I've been hearing a lot about you. If you will just slip into the living-room, straight ahead, that's right—I'll join you in a moment. I am wanted on the telephone."

Bing failed to notice the broad grin on Lacy's face as that young man darted nimbly through a near-by door. Blissfully unconscious of what was ahead of him, he strode into the living-room—upon Aunt Celimena, Connemara, and Sweetie, who were engaged in what appeared to be a rather heated controversy.

"I insist upon returning to

(*Continued on page 36*)

That discouraging moment when the customer half inclined to buy asks a question on which the clerk has no information at all.

The Buying Dollar *starts* in the Retail Store

EVERY dollar on the sales sheets of a manufacturer started on its way there when a consumer went forth to buy.

If you sell through retail channels, every dollar that you receive comes to you after passing from a customer to a clerk.

How many dollars start your way, hesitate and oscillate about the edge of the counter, but never get across the counter because the retail salesman didn't know the right word to say at the right time?

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Have you any booklets that are intended to help retail clerks rescue a sale that is hanging in the balance?

Have you any printing—new, interesting, simple and helpful—that tells that man or girl exactly what you and the boss would like to have him say when a customer stops and casts a timid appraising eye over your merchandise?

Or have you anything that can be handed across the counter to the customer to be read? Good printing makes quicker and easier selling. Do you know a good printer? Be glad to see him when he calls; he can make more effective the time of every salesman who sells your goods.

For manufacturers, merchants, and buyers of printing

Some careful studies made into the uses of commercial printing and covering, among other subjects, the problem of multiplying the effective time of your own salesmen are included in a series of booklets to be issued by S. D. Warren Company during the year 1925. The first book, just published, is entitled "Let's be Misers with Golden Selling Hours."

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WARREN'S

STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

Bobbed Hair

Continued from page 34

Moorelands, *at once*,” Aunt Celimena was announcing with decision. “As for this young person you propose taking with us, the idea is—preposterous. I will never consent to it.

Sweetie directed a pathetic glance at Connemara that might have melted a heart of stone, and wisely said nothing.

“Then I won't go back either,” Connemara retorted with matching decisiveness. “Sweetie was kind to me last night when I certainly needed a friend. You ought to be grateful to her, Aunt Celly. I thought,” she added severely, “that you prided yourself on the fact that the Moores always paid their debts.”

“Oh—of course, if you take that attitude, there is nothing I can say,” Aunt Celimena had begun, in a more yielding tone, when Connemara, glancing over her shoulder at a sound behind her, uttered a little shriek and sprang forward, her hands extended.

“Good gracious, is it really you, Bing?” she cried.

“Thank heaven!” ejaculated Aunt Celimena.

“Well, for the love of Pete!” exclaimed Sweetie, gazing at Mr. Merrill's gray checked suit, white socks, and a segment of one of his pink shirts.

“Connie!” shouted Bing joyously. “Alive and safe! Come to my—”

“Be careful, Bing!”

“Oh, for Heaven's sake, Connie, this is no time to be finicky. Aren't we engaged and—and all that? And aren't you glad to see me? I haven't slept a wink since—”

“Can I be dreaming? I was sure you went to the party as a harlequin in spotted tights. I could have sworn—”

“I know I must appear ludicrous in these—”

“You're great!” exclaimed Sweetie warmly. “I never saw anything to beat it.”

Bing turned a fiery red. “Have I the—ahem—honor of addressing Mr. Lacy's sister?” he growled.

“Would it make any difference to you if I wasn't his sister?”

“Yes, it would,” announced Bing sententiously—“a whole lot of difference.”

“Well, anyhow, there are ladies present, so you'd better not say what you'd like to say. If you'll excuse me, I'll beat it upstairs. You'd better come along, ma'am. Three women's an awful crowd when there's only one man. Let's leave the happy young loves to themselves. The sooner they have it over with, the sooner we'll be able to get the hang of things.”

“Things have happened so rapidly, so confusingly,” began Aunt Celimena, “I don't know which way to turn.”

“This way,” advised Sweetie, pointing to the hall. “You turn right around this way to go straight upstairs; eyes left. Join me and you won't be seen by the world. Pretty slick, that, 'eh? I'll have to jot it down and sell it to the marines.”

“*Tell* it to the marines is the way the saying goes,” mumbled Aunt Celimena, following Sweetie to the door.

“I know it, but you can't tell the marines anything, ma'am, and you can sell them the Pacific Ocean.”

LEFT alone with Connemara, Bing at once proceeded to press his suit—or, rather, it was Mr. Merrill's suit. Connie, turning crimson, pushed him away. She had caught a glimpse of Lacy approaching from the hallway.

“Oh, I say, Connie,” protested Bing. “We're all alone now. We're engaged, aren't we? Didn't you—”

RUBE GOLDBERG
Cartoonist

“We are not engaged,” she broke in quickly. Lacy was entering the room. “I don't know what you are talking about.”

“Didn't you send Salt Adams a bunch of your hair, and wasn't that your way of letting me know you'd bobbed—Great Scott!” For the first time he had observed the blue ribbon bandeau. “You don't mean you're still keeping up that nonsense about covering your hair? It's the silliest thing I've ever—Look here, is it or *isn't* it?”

She continued to smile at him impishly, one finger patting the blue ribbon more securely in place.

“Connie,” Bing began desperately, “I'm asking you to marry me.”

“In the presence of witnesses,” remarked Lacy dryly.

“The devil!” Bing gasped, whirling.

“The gentleman has just proposed to you,” said Lacy, addressing Connie. “It's a question that calls for an answer, yes or no.”

“You'll oblige me, sir, by keeping out of this,” exploded Bing angrily.

“Impossible,” said Lacy, without removing his gaze from Connie's lovely face. There was a light in his eyes that could not be misinterpreted. Her own eyes wavered, and he had read something in their shining depths that gave him courage.

“Some other time, Bing,” murmured the girl. “Don't hurry me.”

“That's all right, old chap,” beamed Lacy, slightly exalted. “She's already been through a lot of unpleasant things in the past few hours.”

“Yes—let's change the subject,” cried Connemara, eagerly and gratefully. “Tell us all about yourself, Bing. Tell me the whole story. Aunt Celimena seems awfully vague about everything.”

“We might as well sit down,” said Lacy hospitably. He conducted Connemara to a comfortable davenport and sat down beside her.

“Well,” began Bing, resignedly, and forthwith related the experiences of the night. He had seated himself in a morris chair some distance away. At the conclusion of his story he urged Connemara to tell him everything that had happened to her.

She arose. “No, Bing; I will tell it all to you when I have more time. I have work to do now. I must clear myself in Mr. Lacy's eyes. He believes I am mixed up in some way with that gang of smugglers. I cannot rest until I have placed that fifty thousand dollars in Mr. Bob Merrill's hands to be turned over to the government!”

“Fifty what?” gasped Bing, as she started to leave the room.

“Bones,” responded Lacy, following her.

“I hid the money down on the beach,” she explained, hurriedly, “near the house where that funny-looking Bugle lives.”

“I'll go with you, Connie,” said Bing, springing to his feet. Stupefaction had held him rooted to the chair.

“See here, Carrington,” said Lacy, surveying the late arrival with a critical, even pitying, air; “you can't go running about in that awful suit of clothes. You're a sight, old man. I'll tell you what. We're about the same size. I'll fit you out with a suit of mine. Come along to my room with me. Don't go yet, please,” to Connemara. “I'll be down in a minute or two and we'll go to the beach together while Mr. Carrington is changing his clothes. It's too far for you to walk there and back, so I'll get the roadster. We can park it at the Merrills' and cut through their place to the beach. By the way, you can use my razors too, Carrington, if you like. You certainly need a shave. So don't hurry. Take all the time you like. No doubt you'd like a bath. You—”

“I had a bath last night,” said Bing surlily.

“The more the merrier,” quoth the sparkling-eyed Lacy, slapping the other on the back. Then, grasping his arm, he hurried him upstairs, but not without a look of appeal to the girl below.

In an incredibly short space of time he rejoined her and they set out for the beach. But it was not until they had left the little green roadster in the Merrills' drive, and were on their way down to the water that either of them spoke.

“I've never forgotten you,” Lacy said then, softly and abruptly, out of that long silence. “Ever since the day in Auteuil your face has haunted me. I've thought of nothing else. In my dreams—”

“Do you think I belong to the Swede's gang?” she interrupted darkly.

“Good heavens, no! You couldn't! You are an angel. Listen! I swear to you, Connemara, I've been in love with you ever since the day I first saw you. I've—”

“Hush! You mustn't say such things to me.”

“You are blushing! And how lovely you are when the color spreads over—Oh, I say! By George! It has just occurred to me that you may think *I* am mixed up in this smuggling business. For Heaven's sake, you—you don't think that, do you?” He stopped short. His eyes were troubled.

“Of course I don't. How stupid of you!”

“WELL, then, I repeat, I've been in love with you for months, Connemara. I—I wonder if you remember meeting me over there in France. I don't suppose I made the slightest impression on you then—”

“I remember you very well,” she interrupted demurely. “I have an excellent memory. Will it please you if I say I have never forgotten you, Mr. Lacy?”

He gulped. Then, in rather a daze: “And you are not in love with that chap back there or—or with anyone else?”

She smiled. “Don't hurry me so,” she murmured. “Oh,” she cried, in sudden confusion, and with no little relief, “there is the beach. Down there is where I hid the money. Come on, Mr. Lacy. We mustn't waste any time.”

“I am trying not to,” he exclaimed, as he hurried along after her flying figure. “Wait a second! Answer me, Connemara. Do you—do you love me?”

“I dug a hole in the sand and buried it over there by that piece of timber,” she cried, breathlessly, her heart throbbing furiously.

“Tell me, have you ever thought of me since—”

“And I marked the spot with three clam shells. Yes—here they are.”

She was down on her knees, scooping at the sand with nervous, eager hands.

He stood over her, looking down, not at the hole she was making, but at a small curl of soft auburn hair that had escaped from the bandeau's rigid custody. Suddenly Connemara uttered a little cry, and lifted a very white young face.

“Oh, Mr. Lacy! The—the money isn't here! It's gone!”

(*To be continued next week*)

MARY CAMPBELL

MARY PICKFORD

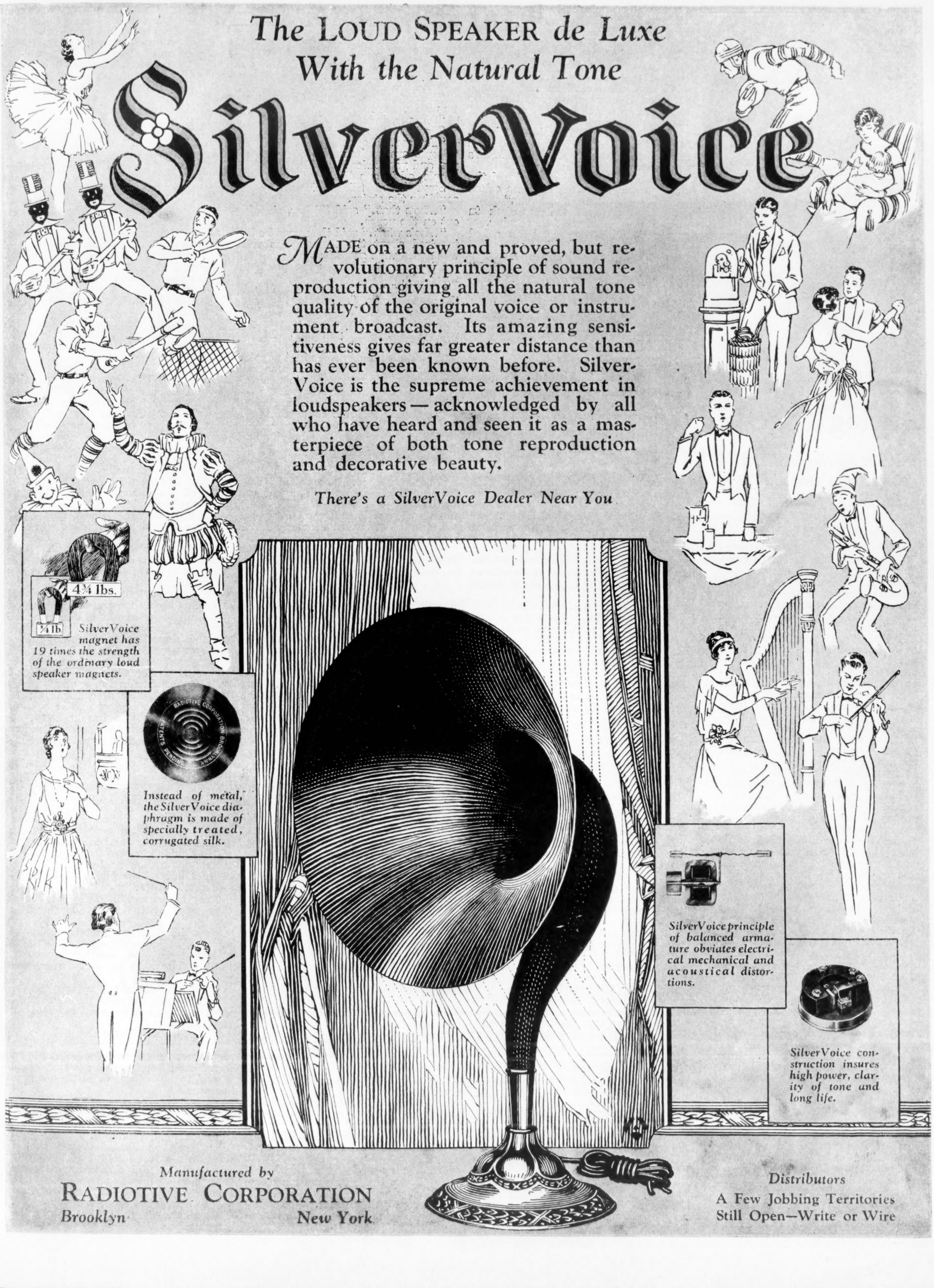
“The Marvelous Thing About This Girl—” *says Mary Pickford*

“Is that she went through it and came out unspoiled. . . . That took great strength of character.” Mary Campbell was twice chosen as America's most beautiful girl. She has written the most sensible article we have seen about that American phenomenon, the beauty show. The glamour and the tempting theatrical contracts would turn the head of nearly any normal girl. But she says:

“No Beauty Shows for MY Daughter”

in

Next Week's Collier's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Just by Getting Together

What meeting and talking things over did for one group of hostile men

By W. O. SAUNDERS

IN a little town in North Carolina there are ten doctors—two surgeons and eight general medical practitioners—and petty jealousies existed among them, as is often the case with doctors in small towns. Each doctor had his own line of patients and each jealously guarded his own methods of practice and the little he knew about medicine. There was no exchange of ideas and very little intercourse of any kind.

The one hospital in that town was the greatest sufferer as a result of the rivalry. Too often the doctors would send their more aggravated cases to hospitals in a nearby city where they could consult with other physicians without betraying their lack of certain technical knowledge to their local rivals. Some rude fellow said the doctors hid their mistakes in out-of-town hospitals.

And then the little home-town hospital, after many failures, fell under new and wise management. One of the first things the new management did was to provide a reading- and lounge-room for the doctors; that room was made so interesting and attractive that the doctors couldn't keep away from it, and gradually every doctor in town got on chummy terms with every other doctor through the medium of that lounge-room.

Through the friendliness and clubbiness thus engendered the ten doctors in that little town now discuss their cases and their problems freely with one another and each enjoys the benefit of his friends' knowledge and confidence. But what is better still, it means that a hospital patient in one little town to-day may have the benefit of the combined technical knowledge and skill of the town's entire medical group, no matter whom he employs. The doctors are happier, the little hospital is thriving and patients have added chances of recovery.

If you know of any little town where the doctors are jealous of one another you might recommend the plan.

In Business for Himself

Continued from page 9

room, walked noiselessly down the stairs, and arrived at the front door just in time to hear the girl utter a low, scared exclamation of protest. Spud stepped out onto the porch. Unaccountably, to himself, he was trembling.

"What's the idea?" he said harshly.

Slicker Hennessy rose from the porch hammock, in which he had been sitting with the girl.

"Buttin' in, hey?" he said mockingly. "Oh, all right, Spud. What's one little hick more or less between friends? She's too fussy to suit me, anyhow."

He stepped by Spud and entered the hall. "Have your fun, kid," he called back. "See you in the morning."

Spud approached the hammock in which the girl sat. She was crying.

"Did he bother you?" Spud asked gently. His voice was shaky.

"Yes," said the girl tearfully.

Spud sat down. "You mustn't mind," he said. "Slicker's a good guy."

"He's not," said the girl vehemently. "He's terrible! I hate him!"

"I won't bother you," he said after a few moments of silence "You don't hate me, do you?"

"No," said the girl.

THERE was a moon. A thin, ragged mist lay low over the cleared fields across the road. The frogs in a nearby swamp were garrumphing resonantly.

"I never been any place like this at night," Spud said. "It makes me feel kinda funny."

"It's nice," said the girl. "Only it's lonesome if you haven't got anybody to talk to."

"What's eatin' you?" Spud said abruptly after a short silence. "What're you worryin' about?"

Haltingly she told him. It was an old, trite story. A lovable, impractical father who had inherited the farm from his dead wife's people and had as much chance of making it pay as the average shoe clerk would have of earning a handsome living painting water colors.

"Pop got sick last fall, and the doctors said he couldn't work any more on account of his heart," she explained. "So we raised all the money we could and built that soda-pop and hot-dog stand out in front and fixed the house up to take in boarders. It's a pretty place and we thought lots of people from the city would be glad to come out and stay here. None of them have yet."

She began to cry.

"Don't cry," Spud begged. "You'll come out all right."

"No, we won't," the girl sobbed. "We got a nine-hundred-dollar mortgage to pay next Thursday, and they won't wait for it. There just isn't any place in the world we can raise the money. We'll have to leave, and I don't know what we'll do then."

Spud's voice had a queer quaver.

"Would—would you sell a share of the business for nine hundred dollars?" he asked.

"Oh, my! Yes," the girl said. "We'd do anything in the world to get nine hundred dollars by next Thursday."

"I—I'll buy in if you'll let me," Spud stammered.

"You?" the girl exclaimed.

"It's just what I been looking for," said Spud. "I been nursing a yen to get into some kind of a business for the last two days. I was goin' bootleggin' with Slicker Hennessy, but—I don't know. Bootleggin' don't seem like a business to me."

"Can you get nine hundred dollars?" asked the girl incredulously.

"Sure," said Spud proudly. "I'll go get the money now an' show it to you. Slicker's carryin' the roll. I guess he'll be pretty sore when I tell him our deal's off, but I'll give him a hundred for his trouble."

He rose, started toward the door, and came back.

"Say, what's your name?" he asked.

"Mary," said the girl.

"That's a nice name," said Spud.

A SWIFTLY driven car came thrumming around the bend in the road and stopped in front of the house to the squealy tune of hand-set brakes.

Four men came toward the porch.

"Hello," one of them called out. "This Gresham's place?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"Hear you got rooms. Can you put us up for the night?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the girl.

She turned to Spud.

"You see?" she whispered delightedly. "People are beginning to come. First you and your friend and then all these people, all in one day."

Spud heard Slicker Hennessy descending the stairs.

"Who's that?" said Slicker, stepping out on the porch.

"Who's what?" said the man who had inquired about the rooms. His voice was sharp with suspicion.

Slicker walked across the porch toward him.

"That's far enough for you!" said the man sternly. "Stop there!"

Slicker laughed. "Hello, Ed," he said familiarly. "Thought it was you when I first heard you talk. This is Slicker Hennessy."

"You'll die young some night popping out on people like that," the man said aggrievedly. "What are you doin' here?"

"I came first," said Slicker. "You talk first. What are you doin' here?"

They spoke together for a minute in low tones. Slicker laughed.

"These boys are friends o' mine, Miss Gresham," he said, raising his voice. "All nice fellows. They'll stay here to-night and pay you well."

"That's fine," said the girl. "They can have the rooms on each side of you, Mr. Hennessy. Please don't make much noise, will you? I don't want Pa to get waked up. He can't sleep after he's been waked up once."

While the newcomers were driving their car into the barnyard, Spud Dorgan took Hennessy aside.

"Who are these guys?" he asked.

"Four o' the boys," said Slicker. "Runnin' a load down from Canada. They had a tip the state cops were lookin' for 'em and they want to get off the road for the night without showin' in any o' the towns around here."

The newcomers parked their car in the barn and went immediately with Slicker Hennessy to his room, leaving Spud and the girl alone on the porch once more.

"Do you know these men?" she whispered to him.

"No," said Spud harshly.

"Do you think they're— Are they all right?"

"No," Spud repeated. He rose. "I'll go see Slicker and get my money."

"I don't like him very well," the girl said.

"I don't like him at all," said Spud savagely. "I used to think he was a great guy. What a sap I was! You wait here for me. I'll be back."

"Don't wake Pa," said the girl.

"I won't," said Spud.

HE ENTERED the house and went up to Slicker's room. Slicker and the newcomers were seated around the table talking in low tones. "I want to see you a minute, Slicker," said Spud.

"Use your eyes," said Slicker.

Reluctantly Spud explained.

"You can keep a hundred for your trouble," he said in conclusion.

"Ain't you the little charity worker!" Slicker sneered. "A hundred! Ain't that a good deal? I don't think I ought to take more than fifty."

He reached in the inner breast pocket of his coat and drew forth a short-barreled automatic.

"Put 'em up!" he said sharply, covering Spud.

A misery of helpless fear chilled Spud's heart. Wearily he raised his hands above his head.

"What are we goin' to do with this sap?" Slicker inquired of his four companions.

"Tie him up and put a gag in his kisser till we think of somethin'," one suggested.

"Atta boy!" said Slicker. "Hop to it."

Two of the men rose and advanced toward Spud.

"Stop!" a quavery voice commanded. "Stop or I'll shoot!"

There, just inside the door, stood Mary with a double-barreled shotgun.

"You put your hands right up over your heads, all of you, or I'll shoot! I will!" the quavery, half-hysterical voice continued.

Slicker Hennessy let his automatic fall to the floor and put his finger tips as far from his shoulder blades as he could get them. The others followed his example.

"Atta gal, Mary!" said Spud joyfully. "You got sense. Shoot if any one of 'em moves. I'll get their guns."

"Don't wake Pa," the girl begged.

"I won't," said Spud. "Don't worry!"

He frisked the four strangers, taking a gun from each and then retrieved the automatic that Slicker had dropped.

"Gimme my dough, Slicker," he demanded.

Hennessy handed over the roll.

"Be a good fellow, Spud," he begged. "Don't be tough. I was only jokin', kid. Honest!"

"It's your joke," said Spud. "You laugh at it. Mary, stand back in the hall a little bit. I'm goin' to shoo these flies out."

CAUTIONING them sternly against making any noise that might wake Pa, he herded his disarmed prisoners downstairs, out onto the porch and across the yard to the barn where their car stood.

"Pile in an' get goin', the lot o' you!" he commanded.

"Say, be reasonable, will you?" one of the strangers begged. "We got to keep off the roads to-night. The state cops are lookin' for us."

"I hope they got luck," said Spud. "Get in an' get goin'! Move now!"

Cursing, they climbed into the car, and drove toward the road. Spud walked back toward the house. The girl met him on the lawn in the shadow of an elm.

"I'm scared," she sobbed. Spud put his arms about her and held her tight. "Nothin' to be afraid of," he assured her.

Spud himself was not afraid, but his voice was trembling again.

They watched the car turn into the road and gather speed. The headlights of a car coming in the opposite direction showed. The second car slowed down, slewed sideways and came to a stop directly across the highway. A number of dark figures spilled out into the moonlight and surrounded the bootleggers' car.

"The cops!" said Spud. "They're nabbed!"

The night was quiet again, save for the resonant garrumphing of the frogs and the wistful call of the whippoorwill. The girl sighed and snuggled closer in Spud's embrace. Trembling wildly, Spud bent and kissed her.

"I—I didn't mean to do that," he stammered apologetically.

"I—I know," the girl whispered. "I—I didn't either."

They kissed again. Two hours later they stood by the front door hand in hand.

"You tell your pa first thing in the mornin'," Spud whispered. "We'll get a license an' get married right off, huh? You won't be sorry ever, will you?"

"No," said the girl. "Never."

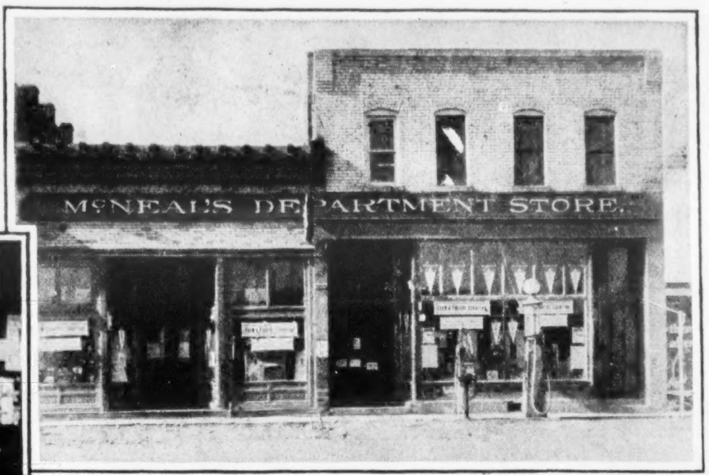
"We'll make the place pay somehow," said Spud. "I can work, an' you can run the house."

"Sure, we will," said the girl.

"Soon as my car's fixed up we'll go on a honeymoon trip for a couple of days," said Spud. "We got that much comin' to us before we settle down to business."

"Won't that be wonderful?" said the girl. "Where'll we go?"

"New York," said Spud decisively. "There's a blond dame in a quick-lunch joint down on Ninth Avenue that I want to see for a minute. Yesterday morning she said I didn't have sense enough to go into business for myself. I just want to walk in there with you an' give her the ripe, red raspberry. Good night, honey. I'll see you in the morning."



FARM & FIRESIDE EXHIBITION
BIG SALE
SALE

Farm & Fireside Week

No town is too small to make a Farm & Fireside exhibition profitable. Over 5 000 people visited the McNeal Mercantile Co. store during their Farm & Fireside week. Displays of Farm & Fireside advertised goods were the main attraction

This coupon for merchants only

Retail Sales Director, Suite 1-B
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send your new book, "Three Tested Plans to Get More Farm Trade," without cost to me.

Name..
Address..
Business..

A $3,124 FARM & FIRESIDE week in a town of 245 people

If your store is in a town of just a few hundred people, you'll realize that a sales volume of over $3,000 in one week means a lot of extra business. That, however, was the record set recently by the McNeal Mercantile Co. in Watson, Missouri, a town of only 245.

Of course, this business didn't come from the townspeople alone. It was largely secured from the bigger market surrounding the town—from the neighboring farm families.

You have a similar opportunity for increasing your farm trade. You can use the same plan for getting it. This is how it was done.

The McNeal Mercantile Co. set aside six days of special interest for farmers and their families. Novel parades, contests, stunts were on the bill. And the store's announced attraction was an exhibition of products advertised in Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*. Many of the demonstrations were made by factory representatives.

Over 5,000 people visited the McNeal store during the week! Six extra clerks were needed to take care of the trade! Many new customers were secured. And the result in dollars and cents was triple the business usually done in a week!

Over a million

With over a million circulation, Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, *reaches one out of every six farm families the country over. The Farm & Fireside plan directs the purchases of these leading families to the store of the merchant who handles Farm & Fireside advertised products*

Why this plan is always successful

Mr. McNeal's experience isn't unusual. Similar reports come from every section of the country; from merchants selling your line of goods; and invariably they say that the Farm & Fireside plan gets business.

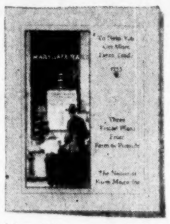
What makes this plan so effective, so profitable, everywhere is the fact that Farm & Fireside influences the purchases of one out of every six farm families the country over.

There are about 6,448,000 farm families in the United States. Farm & Fireside is read by over 1,000,000 of them. These million readers of Farm & Fireside represent a selected list of the most progressive farm families in every community. Drawn to Farm & Fireside for its inspiration and help toward better living, they look to its advertising pages as a trustworthy guide to the means of attaining it. And they are that type of people who get what they want.

The Farm & Fireside plan is a sound merchandising plan for any merchant who wants to reach out, directly, to this large, responsive market in his own community.

It brings these better farm families into his store to examine, and buy, the goods they have become familiar with through advertising in this great national farm magazine.

This book tells how to make it work for you



Our new 36-page booklet, *To Help You Get More Farm Trade*, tells how to win this extra business.

This book is a book of facts. It is based upon the actual experiences of hundreds of other merchants in every part of the country. It tells you definitely the results these merchants have secured with the Farm & Fireside plan, and how you can equal them. We will gladly send you this book free of charge.

Just write us on your business letter-head, saying that you would like to read this book. Please address your letter to The Retail Sales Director, Suite 1-B, at the address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine · Read in more than a million homes

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Gypsum
American Fence
American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
American Sheet & Tin Plate Co.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
American Tobacco Company (Tuxedo)
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier
Boss Stoves and Ovens
Brown's Beach Jackets
Buckeye Incubators
Buescher Band Instruments
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machines
Californians, Inc.
California Sunkist Lemons
Canadian Government (Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough Products (Vaseline)
Chilean Nitrate of Soda
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Collis Process Pure Dried Buttermilk
Congoleum Rugs
Conn Band Instruments
Corn Products Refining Co. (Karo)
Crescent (Mapleine)
Crescent Tools
Crosley Radio
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Delco-Light Pump
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dietz Lanterns
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Clark's Purity Milk Strainers
Durant Cars
Durham Duplex Razor Company
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries
Faraway Radio
Federal Farm Loan Bonds
Ford Automobiles and Trucks
Fordson Tractors
Forhan Company (Forhan's for the Gums)
General Electric Company
General Motors Corporation
Glastenbury Underwear
Glover's Mange Remedies
Hart-Parr Company (Tractors)
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Harvey Spring & Forging Co.
Henderson Seeds
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream
Hires Root Beer & Ginger Ale Extract
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
Instant Postum
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jell-O
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kelly-Springfield Tires
Kow-Kare
Landers, Frary & Clark (Universal)
Lee Union-Alls
Letz-Dixie Feed Grinders
Louisville & Nashville Ry.
"Lysol" Disinfectant
Magnavox, Receivers and Loud Speakers
Mellin's Food
Midwest Radio Company (Miraco)
Monarch Ranges
Multibestos Brake Lining
Multibestos Clutch Lining
Multibestos Transmission Lining
Music Master, Loud Speakers
Natco Hollow Tile Silos & Farm Buildings
National Fence
New Perfection Oil Ranges
Oshkosh Overalls
Overland Cars
Paramount Ranges
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Postum Cereal
Quaker Oats Company (Oats)
Radiola
Remington Arms Co., Inc. (Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery)
Reo Speed Wagons
Rowles Red Pepper Rub
Royal Fence
St. Jacob's Oil
Savage Firearms
Schwarze Motor Horns
Si-monds Saws
Smith Brothers Cough Drops
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stevens' Firearms
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift Products
United States Fence
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Victor Talking Machines
Westclox
Whiting-Adams Co. (Brushes)
Wright's Bias Fold Tape
Zonite

The pipe-tobacco case is closed for Mr. G. E. M.

He is no longer open to "tips on good tobacco"

An open mind is all very well—up to a certain point. But there comes a time when a man tires of experimenting with tobaccos. Particularly, it seems, if he has once known the pipe satisfaction of "good old Edgeworth."

So G. E. M., as he writes, has reached the stage where he is willing to let others do the experimenting while he sticks to his tried and true favorite.

Here is his deposition:

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

After reading some of the letters in the different magazines, written by Edgeworth boosters, I have decided to sing a few words of praise for Edgeworth also.

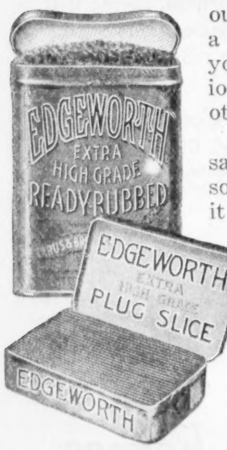
I find it to be the only tobacco giving me complete satisfaction. It certainly is a pleasure to smoke a tobacco with a pleasant taste, which at the same time does not bite the tongue. I have tried many brands of tobacco recommended by friends, but have only been able to enjoy one tobacco thoroughly, Edgeworth. Now, I take tips on good tobaccos from no one, as I am satisfied in my own mind that there is no better tobacco sold than Edgeworth.

Please put me down as an Edgeworth booster. It's a smoke fit for a king.

Yours sincerely,
G. E. M.,
Los Angeles, California

Which proves again that tobacco taste is an individual matter. Two friends may agree on the merits of a book, a play, or almost anything—and at the same time be as far apart as the north and the south poles on their opinions of a tobacco.

That's why we don't guarantee you will like Edgeworth—assuming that you have not as yet tried it. Perhaps you'll like Edgeworth. Perhaps you won't.



At any rate, our standing invitation to try Edgeworth at our expense makes it a simple matter for you to form an opinion one way or the other.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5B South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Wayward Waves

ONE of the remarkable facts obtained over a long period of observation in the British Admiralty Direction Finding Laboratory is that waves traversing the seas, and received on direction finding apparatus, only show deviational errors from two to five degrees. Those traveling the ether over land masses show variations as high as forty degrees.

Let's Start Now

THE transatlantic tests were extremely valuable in one respect. They proved beyond any question that we must do something as rapidly as possible to eliminate the effects of all radiating receivers, or else prepare to fold up the entire radio industry which is so promising in every other aspect.

Havana!
Sydney!
Singapore!
Moscow!
Paris!
Pekin!
Etc.!
Etc.!!

Yes, Indeed, Gunga Din!

SOME of our most respected citizens did pretty smart work during International Radio Week, if they really believe themselves. Several reported that they had heard and identified as many as four or five of the European stations during one evening. To do that within the brief space of one hour was rapid traveling over the dials. We doff our much-soiled and only kelly to each of the successful gents, and murmur sweetly, "'You're a better man than I am,' brother fan."

A Bad Mistake

AS I sit writing this I am listening to the finest variety of shrieking whistles that ever disturbed the troubled ether. A few moments ago NAH, the Brooklyn Navy Yard station, broke up the evening's aërial entertainment by sending out a general call warning everyone to keep off the air as an SOS call had been heard. For some strange reason one of our leading metropolitan stations left his carrier wave on after he had quit broadcasting. Now every squealer in the city is cutting across that wave. The operator should have known better.

Did You Get Them?

I AM not at all skeptically inclined, but I cannot help thinking that many of the reports regarding reception of European stations during the recent tests did not suffer from any lack of applied imagination.

Millions Were Squealing

DURING the European tests I listened in on my set with rapt attention. The possibility of hearing any of the transatlantic broadcasters was not the prime object which moved me. I was interested in an entirely different matter. I went out in search of something—and, believe me, I found it in full measure. Before the tests began I had remarked to some friends quite casually: "Of what use is it to shut down our broadcasting stations, when we permit the radiating receivers to run loose." When I turned my set on the first night of the test I expected to hear a large number of squeals. What I heard was a veritable bedlam. How anyone, anywhere in the country, could have heard and distinguished an announcement from a European station is quite beyond me.

Shall We Bar SOS?

SOME of our best-known stations sell their broadcast studios to merchants who use them for indirect advertising at the rate of a dollar a minute. I wonder what happens when they are compelled to cease transmission on account of a distress call sent out by some unreasonable ship's operator while a client has the time period? It must be embarrassing at least.

Even Blonde Dumb Belles

RETAIL radio stores are doing so much business these days that they are compelled to employ many clerks whose technical knowledge is less than .000025 mfd, but it is surprising how well they "spout the lingo." Even the dumb Doras do not hesitate to converse in technical terms.

His Hearing Improved

NATHAN AHRENS of Baltimore writes concerning his experience with radio as follows:

"In your November 22d issue I read in your column a suggestion by Joseph Heferle of Toledo, Ohio, in which he advises deaf people, or those with impaired hearing, to wear their phones on the temples, or near the ears. Let me tell you one thing—deaf people will never derive any benefit that way because I know what I am writing about, as I am deaf. My left ear was totally deaf, and by keeping my high-power phones on my ear night after night, the magetism stimulated my ear nerves, and now I can hear music and very loud conversation out of my bad ear, and my right ear responds to sound on my phones almost as good as a person with good ears."

A Peanut Tuber

EMMETT HICKSON of Ottawa, Ont., has "little green sparks" flying between the plates of his condenser in his one peanut tube set—also between aërial and ground when disconnected from the set. Well, Emmett, one of two things is happening: You are either too close to a powerful and ambitious amateur, or else your aërial is across a power line. If the latter, get busy and fix it, but be careful not to electrocute yourself.

Think This Over

RADIO merchandising in this country has rapidly developed into a seasonal problem which naturally reverts to the manufacturers. For the benefit of the latter, we respectfully point out that when it is summer in this country, it is winter in the South American republics, as well as in the Antipodes. A tip in time may save many a bankruptcy.

Canada Wins

ERIC LAMBERT of Montreal writes me as follows: "Glancing through your column in Collier's, The National Weekly, I noticed a reader in Buffalo 'got' KGO. Quite rightly, you ask whether we really get these DX stations. So I have written this little note to answer that question. I not only got KFI, Los Angeles, but I kept it consistently for two hours. Considering I am using only two peanut tubes, and the distance is about 2,500 miles, I think I have gone one better than most fans!"

Who's next?

Aërial Dentistry

"MY little youngster, aged four, had a cavity in one of his teeth, so I took him to a dentist. As he sat in the big chair, gazing around at the nickel-plated equipment, his eyes rested upon the drilling machine. Pointing to it, and turning to the dentist, he asked: 'Doctor, are you going to fix my teeth with that aërial?'"

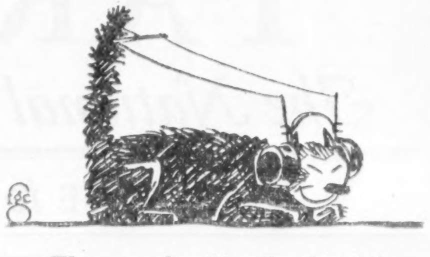
Contributed by I. Goodman, New York City, who herewith gets ten dollars, which we hope will pay for the dentist's work.

Straightening the Tangle

A GREAT movement is that fostered by the Associated Manufacturers of Electrical Supplies for the purpose of bringing about the standardization of radio parts and names. The Bureau of Standards, which is coöperating, reports substantial progress. The completion of this work will remove much of the confusion now existing, and make things easier for the fan, as well as those directly connected with the radio industry.

A Chance for U. S.

INDIA is about to permit broadcasting. It will undoubtedly be organized along the lines of the British system. At least such a system has been recommended by local amateur clubs in Calcutta. Very wisely these clubs have suggested there be no embargo on the importation of radio apparatus. Here is another point for our exporters to watch.



Watson, the Needle Quick!

R. M. SHARP of Wheeling, W. Va., shoots this one: "I have a seven-month-old cat that tunes in her own jazz music on my radio, which is equipped with a handle on the detector dial. If I tune in on singing or talks and let the cat alone, before long she will move the handle with her paw until she gets jazz music and gets it good, after which she is content to curl up and listen attentively."

Call the wagon, Doctor, I'm sunk. The kitten's on the keys.

"That Speech Won't Scour"

Continued from page 20

At the Junction Mr. Lincoln stepped from the car and engaged in conversation with Captain A. W. Eichelberger, president of the railroad from Hanover Junction to Gettysburg. Hanover Junction recalled to his mind memories of the Confederate invasion of 1863, and Captain Eichelberger was able to supply all the details. It was here that a squadron of cavalry under Colonel White of Virginia had been sent on June 27th by General Early, commanding the advance of Lee's army. Colonel White's cavalry burned two railroad bridges and cut the telegraph wires.

Lincoln Wore a Cap

WHEN he boarded the Gettysburg train the President took his seat near the center of the rear car.

Secretary Seward occupied the seat in front of him, with Congressman Edward McPherson of Gettysburg. On the way to Hanover, according to the statement of McPherson, Mr. Lincoln had drawn from his coat pocket a few sheets of paper and spent part of the time reading over manuscript which was a rough draft of his speech to be delivered the next day.

There was an unexpected stop of about eight minutes. Meantime a large crowd had collected and there were cheers and loud calls for a speech.

At first Mr. Lincoln sat motionless. Standing near the center of the crowd, the Rev. M. J. Alleman, then pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church of Hanover, called out in loud tones: "Father Abraham, your children want to hear you." These words touched the heart of the President. He walked to the rear of the car, and being six feet four inches tall, was obliged to remove his high silk hat before reaching the platform. A few persons were able to grasp his hand, but "speech, speech" was repeated. With a smile he said: "I understand the enemy was in your town, and was driven out the day before the Battle of Gettysburg. Did you help do it, and were you patriots?"

Said the clergymen: "It was here that Kilpatrick, commanding a division of Union cavalry, defeated Stuart and drove him from the town the day before Gettysburg. It was from the telegraph office yonder that the news of the first two days' battle at Gettysburg was sent to you at Washington, and here is the operator, Daniel E. Trone, who transmitted the message."

These facts were familiar to Mr. Lincoln, but he listened with deep interest.

About the time he was prepared to make a speech, the engineer had filled his tank and opened the throttle.

In about half an hour the train reached Gettysburg. President Lincoln was escorted to the residence of David Wills, Center Square and York Street.

Corporal Bingham was assigned to guard duty. Many distinguished men had arrived, and some of them were entertained by citizens. Secretary Seward was the guest of Mr. Harper, then editor of the "Star and Sentinel."

A few minutes after Mr. Lincoln retired to his room a telegraph boy climbed the stairway with a message. This was taken by the guard and handed to the President. When he had read it he came to the door and said:

"Guard, that telegram brought me cheerful news. I was afraid I could not come to Gettysburg, for my son Tad is sick. Thank God, this message tells me he is much better, and I can rest for the night." A few minutes later he again walked to the door and asked for some sheets of foolscap.

For nearly an hour the President seemed to be revising his speech. Again he walked to the door, saying: "Guard, I want to go and see Seward; he is stopping around the corner." When they reached the pavement it was filled with people. The corporal ordered them to open the way, but Mr. Lincoln said: "Corporal, I'll take hold of your 'wammus' [a term used in Illinois for a sack coat] and we will get there through the crowd." Few people knew that the guard was escorting the President, who then wore a cap. Upon returning to his room, half an hour later, he continued the revision of his speech, but slept several hours that night.

A large platform had been erected on Cemetery Hill for the occasion.

President Lincoln rode on horseback together with other notable men who led the procession to the cemetery. When they reached the platform Edward Everett was given a seat in the center of a semicircle. President Lincoln sat to his right, and Major Lamon sat beside him. After the music Mr. Everett delivered a speech, one hour in length. His reputation as an orator was known throughout the country, but the vast audience became somewhat restless with the long oration. When it was finished another selection of music was rendered, and the President arose to deliver his speech.

When Lincoln began to speak, the crowd in front of him tried to move toward the platform, in order to hear distinctly. This caused confusion, very few understanding the first half of his speech. He spoke slowly, nodding his head as he tried to give force of expression to the leading thought in every sentence. After the audience had become perfectly quiet, his voice made a deep impression. When the speech, which lasted only five minutes, had ended, it seemed to be received like a sermon. Slight applause followed, but there was no loud demonstration, for loud applause would have seemed to be out of tune with the surroundings.

Music followed and President Lincoln was congratulated by Mr. Everett and others. He then turned to Major Lamon and said: "Lamon, that speech won't scour." By this time it is evident he feared that he had created little impression upon the minds of his hearers, who could not grasp all his words because of the confusion.

Mr. Lincoln did not furnish the newspaper men a copy of the speech, and the reports of it in the papers the next day were very imperfect. Some time later, when Senator Everett had a chance to study the speech, he wrote to Lincoln: "Your speech at Gettysburg will be remembered long after mine has been forgotten."

As He Wrote It

THERE are slightly different versions of the Gettysburg Address; the one here given is a literal transcript of the speech as he afterward wrote it out:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

I Will Prove to You that You Can Make $100 a Week

Yes, you can make $100 a week. You can make $5,000 a year and not work half as hard as you do now. You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, who made $750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, who made $80 in five hours. You don't have to wait. You don't have to invest any money. You don't have to take any course or do any studying. You can start right in next week. You can begin at once to make a really big income. The opportunity is waiting. The money is there for you to get. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it, for this is meant for you.

700 Men and Women Wanted At Once

We are now ready to appoint 700 more representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest you can make a net, clear, cold profit for yourself of anywhere from $50 to $100 a week with very little effort. Your first day will bring you big money. W. A. Webster, of Virginia, made $6 in 1½ hours; Dennis Spear, of Kansas, cleared $8.90 his first day; W. P. Stone, of Maine, made $24 in 4½ hours. All without experience or training, and you can do as well, or better.

Amazing Profits For Easy Work

We are the originators and manufacturers of Zanol Products—the nationally advertised line of pure food products, toilet preparations, soaps, perfumes, household and laundry necessities—over 350 different kinds. Four million dollars worth were bought last year, but none of these products are sold in stores.

We sell direct from factory to consumer. By this means we give greater values and lower prices than could otherwise be secured. We have thousands and thousands of customers in every section of the United States. But instead of sending their orders direct to us we appoint a representative in each locality through whom our customers send us their orders.

Exclusive Territory

We offer to assign you an exclusive territory and let you handle all our dealings with our customers in that territory. You will simply introduce our products and let the people know that you have become the Zanol Representative. The rest is easy, for our products are in demand everywhere.

Your Profits Will Begin At Once

These records show you how our representatives make large profits the first day. You can easily do as well.

$16 Profit First Day

That's the record of Alyse Leblanc of Massachusetts.

$32 Profit in 8 Hours

is the result of the first day's work of Adolph Montoya of New Mexico.

$13 Profit First Afternoon

Jacob Myron, of Connecticut, started in the morning and cleared over $13 before evening.

$40 in 24 Hours

was the result of the first work of B. Collander of Massachusetts.

© A. P. Co.

We Furnish an Automobile

We offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from $10 to $30 a day in cash.

More Than A Million Dollars Made By Our Representatives In 8 Months

If you want your share of these big profits all you need do now is write. We furnish all of our people with complete equipment for doing business. We furnish it free. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We help you in every way to get started quick and to make big profits without waiting or delay. You will be given the same proposition that has brought thousands of dollars in cash to E. S. Shelly, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Nona Kerns, of Mississippi; Edgar Banville, of Massachusetts, and dozens of others.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will show you how you can make $100 a week, and even in your spare time $8 to $10 a day for a few hours work. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business that will bring in a bigger income than you ever thought possible. So mail the coupon. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Write now.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
Dept. 1105 Cincinnati, Ohio

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, Pres., The American Products Co., Dept. 1105, Cincinnati, Ohio.

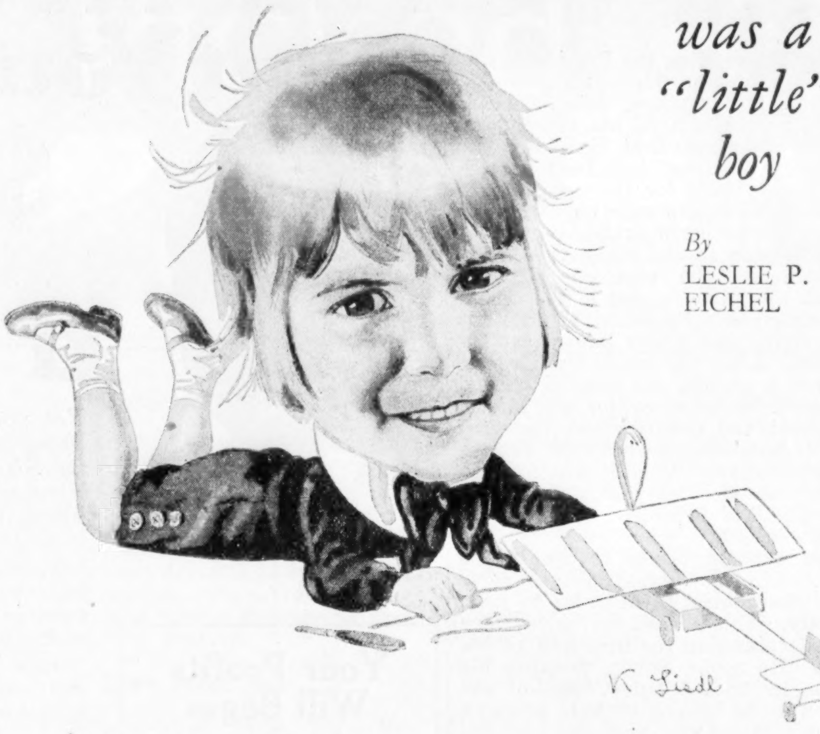
Please send me, without one cent of cost and without any obligation, complete details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

Name ....

Address ....

....

(Write Plainly)



When JACKIE COOGAN *was a "little" boy*

By
LESLIE P. EICHEL

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD boy had created a sensation by appearing as a "kid" in a picture with Charlie Chaplin, movie comedian. His parents brought him to New York. I went to interview this hitherto unknown boy. I shan't likely forget that interview with Jackie Coogan. In the first place, he was the youngest person I had ever interviewed; and, in the second place, I had to crawl around on the floor with him (while he played with numerous toys) to obtain the interview.

(Perhaps Jackie—"quite a boy" now, and a wealthy one—will look upon these words with disdain, since they recall days when he was a "mere tot.")

Jackie's rooms were far up in the hotel, overlooking the East River. I recall that whistles tooted far off, distant bells clanged, the traffic's roar was dull, rumbling, as Jackie, followed by a "secretary," appeared in the room.

He was undeniably pretty. He wore a one-piece suit; his legs were bare.

His bobbed blond hair fluffed about as he dashed for his latest toy—an airplane made from cigar boxes by disabled soldiers at the Fox Hills' hospital on Staten Island.

Jackie gave no heed to my presence (in spite of entreaties from his mother and his manager) until he needed my knife to cut the too-lengthy cord on the airplane. There I was on the floor beside him while Jackie passed fifteen minutes getting the airplane cord the desired length.

The manager endeavored to have Jackie stand up and give a formal greeting. But the manager was ruled out by Jackie and me. We played with the airplane.

I began to ask a few questions. Jackie, in spite of pleas from his heartsick manager (who dreamed of columns of free newspaper space), refused to answer.

Jackie, turning now to a toy gyroscope, would not commit himself on a query from the manager as to whether that was the way to act before company.

I edged in a few questions while Jackie spun his gyroscope. He turned on me suddenly: "Do you *like* to ask questions?" Well, no. . . . "Such foolish questions!" Jackie scolded me. "What do I like to do best—that's a foolish question everybody asks. Acting? No!"

Jackie rolled over on the floor, kicked his feet up a few times and then burst out: "I like playing and eating best!"

The manager gave up. But I sat there playing with Jackie. That interview had to be in by night.

Jackie swung the airplane round and round. It hit me. Instantly, he was alert. He seemed to brim over with quiet kindness. "Oh, did I hurt you?"

"No," I answered and drew him close to me . . . and we were pals.

A few moments later Jackie needed the greatest pal of all. Someone mistakenly said Jackie's dog had died "back home." The little boy ran to his mother's knee. Tears were streaming from his eyes.

Mother grabbed him up and hugged him tightly, for that moment he belonged not to the world, but to her, only to her.

Far off, bells clanged, whistles blew, traffic hummed.

A bellhop, standing at the door as I slipped out, coughed. "I say," he murmured, "he's just a boy—a little boy. . . ."

I wrote several columns.

Are Women Losing Their Religion?

Continued from page 17

Church, one of the old deep-rooted denominations which, outside of New England, is largely a city church. It has records of the men and women so made that one may separate them. In 1918 and 1919, when women were still engrossed with the work they had been doing in the war, they actually dropped out of the church, more than a thousand of them the first year, more than seven hundred the next. Then they picked up again—a few more women than men in 1920, a few less the next year, more again in 1922, and in 1923 only five per cent as many women as men came in. A broad-minded, progressive church, no stickler for dogma, in process of becoming defeminized!

And this defeminization is no bad thing for the church itself. At the time when there were twice—sometimes three times—as many women as men in the churches, particularly those of the open country, the churches died like flies under woman's gentle hand! Throughout the Middle West I have seen them in every stage from fresh abandonment to utter collapse along the roadside—sagging roofs, broken windows, their pulpits nesting places for birds, their pews beds for tramps.

Of course other things helped to kill those churches, but the fact remains that where the women most outnumbered the men the churches died. In the face of this disaster the churches themselves tried to get the men back. I saw the effort beginning in the Mississippi Valley a dozen years ago. Virtually every denomination was organizing men's clubs, fostering boys' sports, installing bowling alleys and billiard tables when they could get some sort of a club house.

In Missouri I found a new baseball league between the neighboring churches. In the richest part of Iowa there was the Evergreen Sporting Association, organized to promote "social, physical, recreative and literary activities" for the young men in the church. Its constitution provides for two baseball games, one field meet, three literary contests and a competitive hunt and clay-bird shoot every year.

Everywhere were the beginnings of what were to become civic centers, men's community clubs, Boy Scout organizations and the like—even an interdenominational athletic league. Nobody was bothering about the women and girls. They were safely within the fold and there was no other place for them to go. Anyway, there was more joy over one man who joined the church than over a dozen women. That campaign is now bearing fruit.

From a town in Ohio, where the religious organizations have their churches especially well in hand, comes a letter:

"There is a good deal more interest in our men's clubs than in the Ladies' Society or any of the women's organizations. They are not yet quite so large; but they are more alive and they are growing faster."

During 1924 the Institute for Social and Religious Research made studies of typical localities which I have been permitted to see, though they are not ready yet for publication. The figures from some of the places that I know well are specially significant. There's a little town in Indiana—conservative, stable, contented. In 1906 less than 36 per cent of the church members were men—now there are 40 per cent.

In Illinois where the Rock River cuts through the center of a prosperous town and takes a turn about cliffs which are high for that state I have been part of a sparse church-going procession on a hot Sunday morning when the women outnumbered the men three to one. But the 1924 count of the institute shows that the percentage of men is up to 41.

In Nebraska the typical community chosen by the institute for its survey shows a male membership in the churches of 47 per cent.

Now these communities were selected because they are typical. They are indicative of the general trend, and they show a gain in the number of men of from four to twelve per cent.

I thought I would get from a very reverend, very busy Methodist minister what would amount to a prophecy. His great flat-top desk was loaded with the proofs of the annual report of his denomination. He, if anyone, ought to know.

"More men than women coming in? Well, I just want to tell you about our church at M——!"

I know the scattered New Jersey community where he works. There are good roads, good houses, good schools, no problems of poverty or disease or crime—a community not seeking the consolations of religion for the ills of life. A town where couples bring their children to grow up.

"The men frequently outnumber the women at the mid-week meeting. When we're going home from it my wife'll say, 'More men than women to-night—I counted them.' Or once in a while, 'Not so many to-night;' but that's not often. Yes, the men are coming into the church—more and more of them all the time."

Yes; the men are coming into their own again.

Could she earn her own living?

SHE'S your daughter—and perhaps you hate to think of her having to work for a living.

But this sort of thing does happen in very nice families—and too often the girl is utterly unprepared for any well-paid occupation. So she takes a poorly-paid job as sales girl, waitress or clerk.

* * * *

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WE SEE BY THE PAPERS
RAY
ROHN

ONE of the weirdest jobs yet discovered is reported by the New York "Times." It consists of shooing wild ducks off the waters of Chesapeake Bay, and keeps six army privates busy at the Aberdeen Proving Ground.

Hour after hour two doughboys sit in an open boat, working in three shifts of eight hours each. The aviators are to blame for it. They dropped bombs in the water near the post, and by and by the phosphorus from the bombs rose to the surface. Then came the ducks, looking for food. They liked the phosphorus, got lit up internally, and threatened to poison anyone who ate them. Hence the doughboys.

* * *

THE old traditions are challenged in this modern age. Washington's cherry tree and William Tell's apple have had their turn. Now comes Ben Franklin's kite.

Franklin never drew a spark from the clouds with a key tied to a string, says Dr. Alexander McAdie, professor of meteorology in Harvard University. A coroner's jury would have been performing an inquest over his body the next day, Dr. McAdie thinks, if he had performed his experiment as popular history has it.

* * *

ZORAH AGRAH of Constantinople celebrated his 150th birthday recently, but declined to give out a statement attributing his long life to a cheerful disposition and moderation in his meals. He still works and between times stuffs himself full of dried peas, raisins and fresh figs.

* * *

IN a "modernized" version of the Bible from the pen of Dr. James Moffett of Oxford University, England, many of the old phrases disappear. The Ark becomes a "barge," the Garden of Eden a "park," and Esau sells his birthright for a "red omelet."

* * *

WHEN a new fad arrives, watch for its echoes in the newspapers.

On one and the same day recently it was reported that a Pittsburgh minister had used a cross-word puzzle in the pulpit, a Lexington (Ky.) teacher had used a cross-word puzzle in the classroom, a Princeton professor was using a cross-word puzzle for mid-year examinations, a New York man had been arrested for obstructing traffic while he tried to find a seven-letter adjective beginning with an S, and a disk of terra cotta had been found in Crete, purporting to have teased the cross-word puzzlers forty centuries ago.

* * *

GEORGE F. BAKER, admittedly one of the most powerful figures in Wall Street and probably a director of more great corporations than any other man in the United States, never made a speech in his life until two weeks ago; then made it at the age of eighty-four, and said everything he had to say in 147 words.

* * *

SOME readers who found a recent contest in long names in this column of Collier's were not a bit impressed by Don Juan Iturriberrigorrigoicerotaberricoechea of Buenos Aires.

One reader sends us this from the words of Rabelais: "Antipericatametananaparbeugedamphic Ribrationestoortfecautium."

And another suggests "Lepadotemachoselachogaleokraniolciphanodrimupotrimmatokiehlepikossuphattoperistorrtlsktrubnoptegkephlokigklopelerolagossissiobaphetraganopterugon."

For the latter the claim is made that it is the longest word in any language—a perfectly good word from an excellent comedy by Aristophanes.

* * *

A GOVERNMENT expert has figured that a dollar bill lasts seven months. The Louisville "Courier-Journal" wants to know if he can prove it.

* * *

PROFESSOR JACOBSOHN of Vienna declares there is a great deal in heredity and thinks that unless a man's forefathers for at least 200 years have lived the life of a gentleman he will appear ill at ease in a stiff-bosomed evening shirt.

Or, most men would add, at least have trouble with the buttons.

* * *

THE latest thing in grand opera in Berlin is to put the singers in the orchestra pit where they will be out of sight while slimmer gentlemen and ladies go through the acting on the stage—the general theory being that 1,050 pounds put into a quartette of high E's is more effective than the same weight distributed among four fairy princesses.

* * *

IF YOU have never heard of the Pink Turtlehead, you do not know that science has scored another victory.

At odd moments in the last 175 years botanists have been searching for a flower with this graphic name, flourishing in Colonial days and then lost sight of. Now two government naturalists, Dr. Wheery and Dr. Benedict, have rediscovered it at Upper Marlboro, Md.

* * *

TESTS are being made to determine whether New Yorkers are right or wrong in believing that the 51-story Woolworth Building sways in a high wind.

How do you tell whether a skyscraper sways? A piano wire is strung the vertical length of the five top floors and watched for vibrations.

Cass Gilbert, the architect who designed this tallest building in the world, denies that it sways with wind, but admits that it expands with sunshine. All buildings do, he says. The Washington Monument is five and one-half inches higher in summer than in winter.

* * *

A SHOEMAKER has two paintings hanging in the latest Paris exhibition, and that bit of news achieves the headlines. Why not? It is a good story. Not exceptional, however, in the world of art. Rembrandt worked in a mill and did his first painting between sacks of flour.

* * *

FAT men and men with hobbies, long-suffering victims of a thousand jokes, come in for a word of praise from Fred M. Withey, vice president of the National Surety Company.

Mr. Withey told the Columbus, Ohio, Ad Club that men with appetites and hobbies are better moral risks than men without them, and that volumes of statistics prove it.

Give us Telephones

Following the war, when business and social life surged again into normal channels, there came the cry from homes, hospitals, schools, mills, offices—"Give us telephones." No one in the telephone company will ever forget those days.

Doctors, nurses and those who were sick had to be given telephones first. New buildings, delayed by war emergency, had to be constructed, switchboards built and installed, cables made and laid, lines run and telephones attached.

The telephone shortage is never far away. If for a few years the telephone company was unable to build ahead, if it neglected to push into the markets for capital and materials for the future's need, there would be a recurrence of the dearth of telephones. No one could dread that eventuality so much as the 350,000 telephone workers.

Bell System engineers measure and forecast the growth of communities; cables, conduits, switchboards and buildings are planned and developed years ahead of the need, that facilities may be provided in advance of telephone want. Population or business requirements added to a community must find the telephone ready, waiting.

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Forhan's hardens the gums. It conserves the gums that hug the teeth and hold them firm. It touches the fundamentals of tooth health in fact. And all this while you are cleansing your teeth scientifically. Forhan's is cool, antiseptic and pleasant to the taste.

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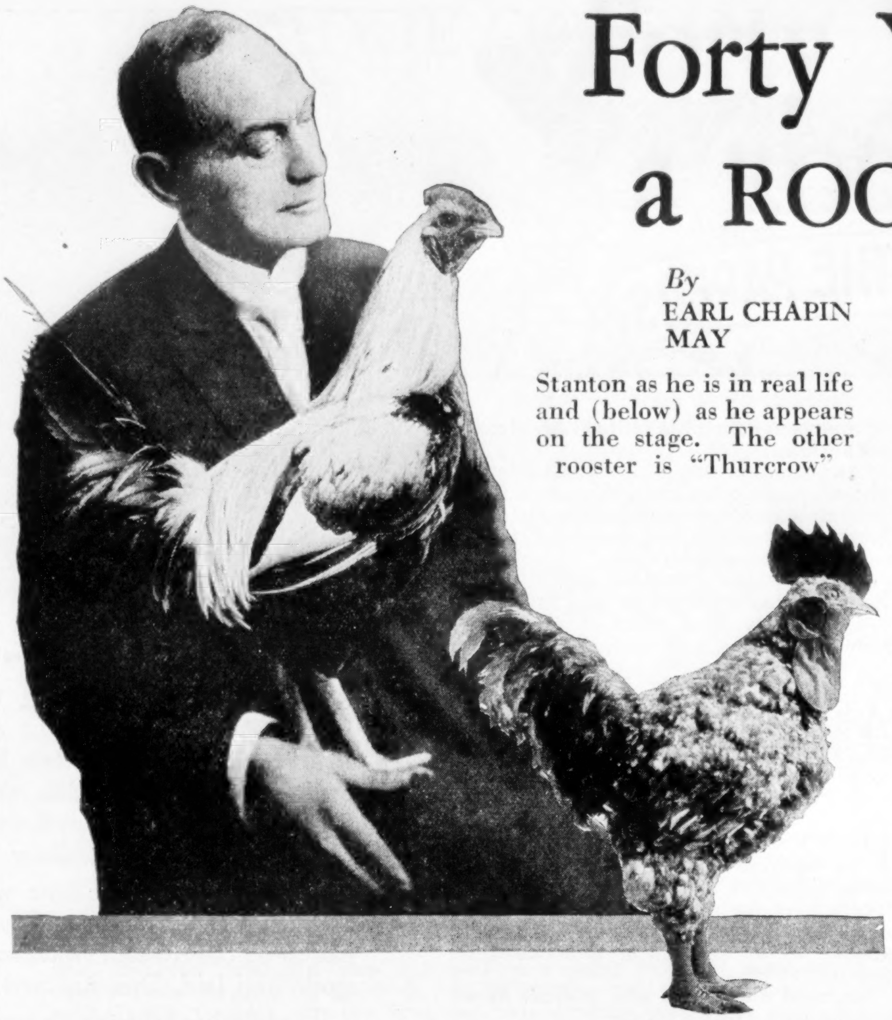
Forty Years a ROOSTER

By
EARL CHAPIN MAY



Stanton as he is in real life and (below) as he appears on the stage. The other rooster is "Thurcrow"

THERE is no one just like Walter Stanton, on or off stage. For forty years he has impersonated a rooster in theatres and at fairs and celebrations in Europe, America, Australia and New Zealand. He is the sole inventor, maker and patentee of his mechanical bird costumes and—wonder of wonders—he has no imitators.

"I was born in London in 1855," he says, "and, although none of my ancestors were in the theatrical profession, my father was a great mimic and from him I inherited my gift for mimicry, comedy and ventriloquism. I began earning money in that way in 1879 in Hamilton's Diarama, a London variation of the cyclorama or panorama, a form of entertainment few of this generation have seen. I always loved animals. Hence it was natural that in 1883 I should be featured as 'The Human Barnyard' at Keith's Dime Theatre, Boston, and in 1885 should blossom out in feathers.

"During that year I played a long engagement at the Metropolitan Musical Hall, London, impersonating the hen, rooster, turkey, raven, duck and pigeon. With the aid of two dressers and six different pairs of stockings I made six sixty-second changes while a young lady recited verses to break the waits. The novelty went so big that I toured Great Britain and Germany that year, then came back to Boston and then to Tony Pastor's, in New York.

"In 1888 and 1889 I was featured as 'The Giant Rooster' on the center stage of the Barnum & Bailey Circus—I 'stopped the show' as the saying is. But it was in 1890 that I was the rage of Paris for six months as the stellar attraction at the Paris Hippodrome. Great banners and bills announced me as *'Monsieur Stanton: Chantecler.'* I became a household word throughout France. Edmond Rostand applauded me. In 1910 he produced his 'Chanticleer.'

"When Maude Adams essayed the stellar rôle in Rostand's 'Chanticleer' at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, I was engaged to furnish the off-stage imitations while she did her lines and business before the footlights. I was everything, in noises, to be found in the barnyard. I coached the rest of the cast in their bird imitations. And, in keeping with my contract, I was given a part.

"Can you imagine what it was? The black cat! I—original of 'Chanticleer'—crouched on a wall, the cat's meow during a three months' New York run! Then—after one season as the rooster in 'The Land of Nod' and another as the parrot in 'Robinson Crusoe,' a London pantomime—I resumed my own stellar rôle as rooster impersonator. I have been at it ever since.

"I have grown bald in the business through the chafing of the imitation rooster's head on mine. The costume weighs fifty pounds. During my forty years as 'The Giant Rooster' I have engaged in mortal (?) combat with a thousand game cocks, and have always lost. That is part of the act. I had one game cock, 'Thurcrow,' three years. It takes two months to train a game cock and I always carry two understudies.

"Only once in my years of rooster imitations has the public seen my face, that was when a Dublin audience shouted loud and long, 'Take off the bonnet. Let's have a look at you.'

"Rich? Hardly. I've saved some money, seen a lot of the world, kept my health and strength and—what is more important—given shiploads of innocent amusement to millions of children. That's not a bad way to spend one's life."

Ten Years After

Continued from page 6

defeat, is only biding its time for the return of monarchy, and its present government is anti-democratic. Parliamentary institutions, the safeguard of democracy, have been overthrown or contemptuously treated in many nations. Italy, Spain and Hungary are under military dictatorships. Russia is governed by a new-fangled tyranny under which there is no liberty of speech, conscience or economic life. Turkey, powerful again, is ruled by a committee of generals. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, are in military alliance with France, which under Poincaré ridiculed the possibilities of peace based on the good will of its neighbors, and relied for safety on a supreme army and the rule of force.

The Treaty of Versailles, which imposed the terms of peace upon Germany and her allies, after their complete surrender, was the direct cause of all the troubles that beset us after the war. It violated the hopes of all moderate-minded people, who believed that the world, after its frightful lesson, was ready for a new chapter of civilization in which militarism might be overthrown as the greatest curse of life, and in which the common folk of nations might be made secure in their homes and work by a code of international law and arbitration.

Fair words, holding out prodigious hopes of a new and better world! But when the terms of the Peace Treaty were made known they struck a knockout blow not only to German hopes but to all the ideals of people who had looked for something nobler and more righteous by which the peace of the world should be assured. It was a peace of vengeance. It reeked with injustice. It was incapable of fulfillment. It sowed a thousand seeds from which new wars might spring.

It was as though the devil, in a jester's cap-and-bells, had sat beside Clemenceau in his black gloves, and whispered madness into the ear of Wilson, and leered across the table at Lloyd George, and put his mockery into every clause. In that Hall of Mirrors at Versailles the ideals for which millions of men had fought and died—liberty, fair play, a war to end war, justice—were mocked and outraged, not by men of evil, but by good men; not by foul design, but with loyalty to national interests. Something blinded them.

Looking back upon the years after the war, one sees that the idealism, which for a little while might have changed the face of the world if there had been great and noble leadership, fell with a crash in many hearts because the interpreters of the Peace Treaty were appealing not to the highest but to the lowest instincts of humanity; to greed rather than justice; to vengeance rather than reconstruction; to lies rather than truth. If only there had been one great leader in the world who had cried: "We are all involved in this crime against humanity, although Germany's guilt was greatest; let us in the hour of victory put vengeance on one side and so shape the peace that the common folk of the world will have a better chance of life," I believe that in the time when the agony was great and the wounds were still bleeding the hearts of people would have leaped up to him.

In many ways the recovery of Europe was more rapid in its fundamental needs of life than seemed possible after the devastation of war. Human energy, faith and hope repaired the material damage of war in an almost miraculous degree. Walking day by day across the battlefields of France and Flanders it seemed impossible to me and to all others that the ground upheaved by high explosives, criss-crossed with deep trenches, and sown with unexploded shells would return within the lifetime of the present generation to harvest fields and pleasant pasture. It was incredible that all those villages blown off the map, so that there were only rubbish heaps to mark their site, should be rebuilt within half a century with new walls and sheltering roofs for the people who had fled from them.

I never expected to see a new city of Ypres, or to walk past shop windows in Arras, or to see a harvest gathered on the outskirts of a new Péronne. The infernal track of war from Belgium to Switzerland, littered with dead bodies and the wreckage of battle, could not be wiped out, I thought, from the eyes of living men. But that has happened at least along some parts of the line ten years after. There are red roofs and busy streets in Ypres and Arras. The fields are smooth and green around Péronne. There are houses at Passchendaele. It is difficult to see the scars of war in Amiens. It is hard to find trenches and dugouts or places where monstrous battles happened beyond the Menin Gate of Ypres or down by Lens, beyond the Vimy Ridge. Peasants dug out the unexploded shells. The trenches silted in or were plowed in.

The Belgians were as busy as bees when they returned to the hive. French contractors hired Poles and Czechs to supplement their French labor and made enormous fortunes in the reconstruction of destroyed towns at the cost of the French Government, which accepted all their claims until an orgy of corruption broke all bounds. In East Prussia, destroyed by Russian cavalry, little red houses were put up even more quickly because of German industry. In Italy many wounds were hidden and healed. There is still much work to be done, especially in France, most terribly mutilated; but, ten years after, the work of reconstruction by the energy of men and women, desperate in their desire to blot out the years of agony and get back to peaceful labors and their old home life, is a splendid victory over the forces of destruction. Life triumphs over death, as always in history.

When I went about Europe last summer I was dismayed by the denial of all mental progress towards a state of peace. Physically there was a slow recovery from war. Morally there was a reaction in many countries to black passion, militarism, and ideas of force.

Since then something has happened to change the outlook of Europe and renew the hopes of peace. It is the London Agreement by which Germany, France, Great Britain, Belgium, and Italy agreed on August 16th—ten years and fourteen days after the beginning of the world war—to accept the chief provisions of the Dawes Report for the restoration of a German credit by international loans and to establish a business settlement of the reparations problem with German consent.

One Incalculable Element

IN THE United States of America there had been a great searching of soul, turmoil, and even anguish of thought since the downfall and death of President Wilson. 'Although mass opinion had hardened against any European "entanglement" and any place in the League of Nations by which they would have to assume definite responsibilities, there was always an intellectual and combatant minority which protested against extreme "isolation" and a complete denial of coöperation with European nations for the sake of world peace.

The Dawes Report cut like a clean wind through all sophistries, fantasies, illusions, and passions. It stated the realities, to France as well as to Germany. . . . Germany was a bankrupt state with great assets and immense potential energy. France and other countries could get heavy payments in course of time—if Germany were given industrial liberty and a loan to stabilize her monetary system, in securities which were good. Otherwise they would get nothing. Take it or leave it. There were the facts.

The acceptance and working of the Report, which disillusioned both France and Germany and excited bitter opposition in both countries, depended on one incalculable element—good will on all sides.

Sir Philip Gibbs' next article, "The World in Peril," will appear in an early issue.

How to be Rich Though Poor

Continued from page 14

however, and be well looked after by the owner—in effect, you shoulder responsibility, with some risk, keep eternally on the job, and get a business profit on your saving.

Others stretch their dollars by putting them into a business. The bigger big business grows, the more opportunities there seem to be for small business. Think of all the automobile repair and supply places that have sprung up in the past ten years, the radio shops in the past two years, to say nothing of the old mercantile lines like groceries, cigars, and hardware, which, despite chain stores, continue to increase.

But here's a word of warning: Many a wage earner embarks, after saving a few hundred dollars, in some line that he doesn't understand. It used to be common for him to choose the saloon business. Seeing his own money disappearing over the bar, he thought it must be a lucrative line. But that was all he knew about saloons, and usually he failed. In other lines, there are "gyp" stores, doped up like foundered horses, to make an appearance of prosperity until the purchaser's money is paid over. But many succeed because they look before leaping—and I know many who have succeeded after a discouraging failure, saving up all over again.

Still others spend wisely for general education or special training that increases their earning power. It used to be that a man put in four or five years learning a trade, or longer making a white-collar place for himself in some business organization. To-day, both the mechanic and the clerical worker may increase their earning capacity by as little as one year's honest study, and increase it progressively if they keep on studying.

The wise spenders, in my experience, usually have a program. They know how to deny themselves, but denial isn't all. An advertising manager with a big company once told me that, as a country printer and publisher in his youth, he learned to economize so well that it became a handicap when he got a job spending money—he sometimes failed to get results because, when expenditure in a big way was needed, he was afraid to let the money go.

Having their programs, these folks are not afraid to spend, even though they may have to borrow, when they are buying things that help along the program. Almost anybody with a job can buy furbelows on the installment plan, but the wise ones don't. On the other hand, it's easy to buy installment furniture on the security of a job—and is often wise spending because it does help the program, putting the young couple into a home instead of rented quarters. And money borrowed from the credit union often beats installments for economy.

Some of us know what we want to do, where we want to arrive in life, and concentrate our work and management on those ends.

The world is full of a number of things, but we cannot have them all, and must usually choose one or two, and let the others go.

By hook or crook some of us do it, and this is the only magic I know that stretches money and makes it do more work—a magic of brains, foresight and character.

The
SIX SENSES
Seeing
Feeling
Hearing
✓Smelling
Tasting
and
Tycos
Temperature
Control
Tycos
INDICATING
CONTROLLING
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THE SIXTH SENSE OF INDUSTRY

Tycos Temperature Control

THE story of the creation of every scented article—from toilet soaps and powders to the delicate suggestion of perfume in feminine notepaper—is a romance of chemistry in which temperature control plays a vital part. If sense of smell alone guided the perfume makers, the result might not please Milady's critical taste when the finished product was reached! But to the sense of sight and smell is added that "sixth sense"—Temperature Control—supplied by the accuracy of *Tycos* Pyrometers and other *Tycos* Indicating, Controlling and Recording Instruments. For the most delicate odors, extracts and essences, the most delicate control in distillation becomes possible—thanks to the exactitude of the information given by *Tycos* Instruments. It makes no difference what the product treated or the result desired.

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Tycos Temperature Instruments

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OLD MONEY WANTED Do you know that Coin Collectors pay up to $100.00 for certain U. S. Cents? And high premiums for all rare coins? We buy all kinds. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you.
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Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. **Complete Outfits $8.85 up.** Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write for catalog presses, type, paper, etc. **THE PRESS CO., L-21, Meriden, Conn.**

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BUILD A HOME
~ Save a Third ~

The house sketched above was built at an actual saving of one-third by following Ernest Flagg's new system of building. It has six rooms, two baths, a garage, hot-water heat, a real open fireplace and many unique features. It has walls of solid masonry, fire-proof partitions, composition floors, such as fine hotels use. It will be standing five hundred years from now unless torn down intentionally.

You can build a home like it and save a third—if you follow Flagg's methods. Harold Cary tells you how he built his, and gives complete plans, cost and illustrations in his book, "BUILD A HOME AND SAVE A THIRD."

This book can save you hundreds, perhaps thousands, of dollars if you contemplate building. Get your copy to-day.

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MANY Simpson Men Make MORE than $100 EVERY Week Besides Big BONUS

Men who never sold *anything* are making a *killing* with the super Simpson line. Smartly fashioned, perfectly tailored, *made to measure* suits for $31.50! Do you wonder at the success of our representatives everywhere?

The Simpson plan is growing so fast in popularity we need a few more men to introduce the new line for Spring. *This may be your big chance.*

Simpson men make a good living from the start—*the first week.* We pay many $400 a month—not counting the *extra bonus that swells earnings.*

New Spring Line Ready Now!

We furnish everything *free.* Complete case, ready for business, with nearly 100 virgin woolens—all the new colors and weaves at $31.50, no style extras; also Tropical lightweights at only $21.50! *Write us now.*

$31.50
This combination of quality and price is easy to sell!

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You need no previous experience to make good with a line like Simpson's. Selling is not hard when backed by such a plan, and such astonishing *values.* New book, just printed, explains everything, tells earnings of many others, how you can make a start, etc. Free, but write promptly; use handy coupon here:

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Please forward at once FREE and POSTPAID your new illustrated book and complete particulars about your plan.

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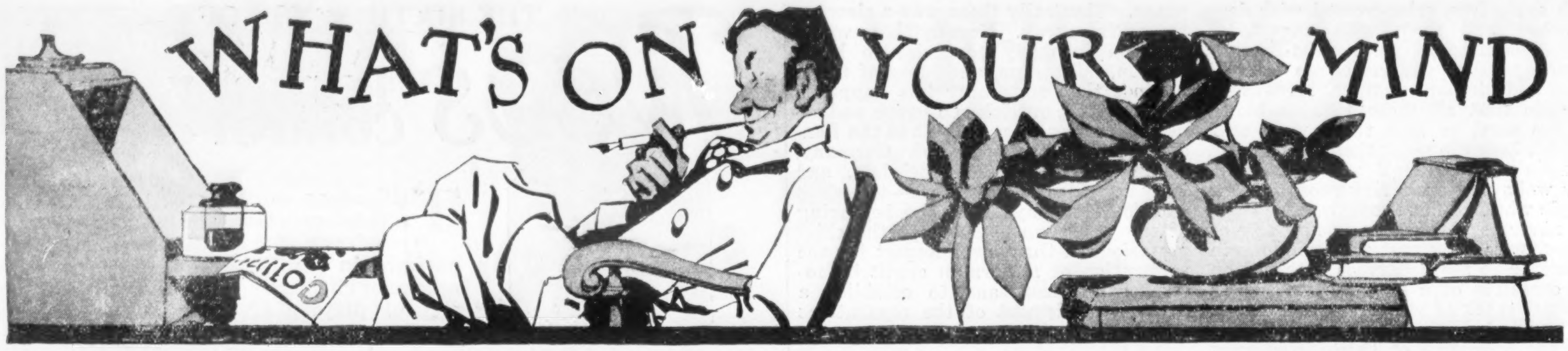


WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Bad Places to Raise Kids In?

To the Editor of Collier's:

THE thing on my mind just now to the exclusion of all else is the rottenness of the small town in which to bring up children. Time was, not so long ago, that the small town or wide place in the road was far better for children than the city, but that is not so any more. I have come to the definite conclusion, after traveling for years and "making," in my work, towns of all sizes and sorts, that no man with a family of small children can afford to keep them in a town of less than a thousand or so people, and if my observations are sound, then the best thing that can happen to the little burg is to let it grow up in weeds and die out entirely.

There is more cussedness on the part of small boys, more meanness in country-town men, more gossip in country-town women, and less refinement generally than this great country can afford to have.

J. W. D.,
Paden, Okla.

Many a loyal small-townsman will be sure to spring to arms after reading the foregoing letter, and we can promise that a good selection of their rejoinders will be printed. And in passing, let us repeat that it's "what's on *your* mind," not on Collier's mind—in other words, that letters appear on this page because we think they're interesting, and by no means necessarily because we agree with them.

This Farmer Isn't a Joiner

To the Editor of Collier's:

I wud like to anser that jentleman that ast you "What if He (the Farmer) Joins the Dodo." He sais in 2 months travil he can't find many Farmers. Damfino how or where he has Traviled, but as a rool the farmers dont croud round raleroad stashuns or meet Tourists at the crosroads; you got to git out in the Hills an hollers to find um, or maybe you cud be on a trane with a farmer for days an unless you was impolight enuf to ast him his bisnis, you mite think he was a Noo York Sailsman.

The Man with the Hoe has went; the kid with four (4) big Mules an a gangplow, the tractor and uther masheenery has put him clean out of bisnis for keeps; one boy can farm more land now than twenty (20) Men-With-a-Hoe. But this is what gits my Nanny: When I sell my Hogs to a packer, he will sell their Cured remains in Lundon for les than my friend can buy them for in New York. This Five-coarse breckfuss (that the jentleman sais already joined the Dodo) is my middle name and I have it every morning—homemade Ham, Eggs, Biskuts, Cow butter, Honey, Potatoes, Celery, Presurvs and caned Frutes, Coffie and Cow cream; us farmers eat just like our Grand dads did, the five (5) coarser the better; but now with all the bread stuf being sent Abroad I dont see why we can't keep a little moore to Home if our breadbaskit is a gittin low.

The farmer aint havin no harder time than you other fellers. Dont worry, friend. We got to stay on the farm, for we can't git away.

"SHORTY NUBBIN,"
Fort Collins, Col.

Why Pick on the Garage Man?

To the Editor of Collier's:

The Senate committee of the District of Columbia suggests that all garages and automobile repair shops report to the police department all cars that come into their places showing signs of having been in an accident; and that if the garage man doesn't report the same he be fined $25.

Why the poor garage man? Why not have the policeman on the corner watch all automobiles, and if one has a bent fender, flat tire, broken bumper, etc., fire him if he doesn't report it? Surely our large cities can afford enough police to protect them, without making the garage man the goat. If the garage does any volume of business he would have to hire a man to look over cars.

"A GARAGE MAN," Los Angeles, Cal.

The Dodo's Cousins

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why say "the elk and the wild pigeon are *almost* gone?" Is not the wild pigeon extinct? Do you know of the existence of any? If so, where? Is it not so that for years no wild pigeon has been seen and that a most extensive search over the two American continents has failed to reveal a single remaining bird?

L. E. HODGE, Danville, Ill.

There were more than one kind of wild pigeon in North America. The bandtail of the Pacific coast states still exists, though reported dwindling. But as to the famous wild pigeon, the passenger, Mr. Hodge is right. The last known survivor died in captivity ten years ago last fall.

She Doesn't Need Any Maid

To the Editor of Collier's:

It is disgusting when you have no maid. I am forty-four years old today and my mother is seventy-one. In November, accompanied by her husband, seven children, and nine grandchildren, she celebrated her fiftieth wedding anniversary. A maid? Yes, when she was seventeen she *was* a maid for one of Chicago's prominent physicians. But *have* one? Never; and neither has any of her daughters or daughters-in-law. She has a home, so have all her children, and best of all they were taught to respect others as well as themselves.

Pep? "I'll say"—and she is still doing her own housework. When I was a small child Father and Mother would ride horseback, with me in front, over the hills five to ten miles to a dance, come home at four o'clock in the morning and milk ten cows apiece, and then go to bed after the work was done.

Speak up, some of you young married couples of to-day who think you have pep.

A. J. HALL,
Atwater, Cal.

Why Roads Go Wrong

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why "pick on" the engineers? When you find a town with a bumpy, rotten pavement and its age and history is not within the proper limit of that class of pavement, you can generally assume that no engineer had much to do with its construction.

With every broken spring we are reminded of the taxes for interest and principal we will pay for fathers' follies in building roads. It is not a question of engineering design of type of pavement; the question is to get the money and the backing of the public to build the type of pavement for the particular use and location in the way the engineer would build it.

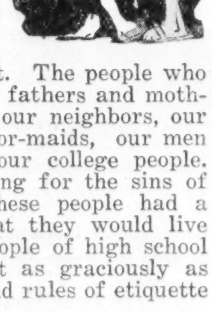
A. H. CHASE, C. E.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

In commenting on a published letter about bad roads in villages, Collier's had no intention of "picking on" anybody. But, as far as we know, the new problem of the pound and drag of heavy traffic on roadbeds that have to stand it is yet to be solved.

She Cringes With Rage

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am a girl of the flapperistic age, just eighteen and a senior in high school. Ever since you started working to prepare a Moral Code for the American high school boy and girl I have watched with lively interest. I like your little magazine and am glad it is the first one to tackle this mammoth job. But can't you see you are starting at the wrong end? Can't you see that it would be a waste of time to prepare a Moral Code for the young?



They don't need it. The people who need reform are our fathers and mothers, our politicians, our neighbors, our teachers, our bachelor-maids, our men of the world, and our college people. Why blame the young for the sins of their elders? If these people had a Code of Morals that they would live up to, the young people of high school age would accept it as graciously as they do the books and rules of etiquette that they give them.

You would scarcely recognize the world you live in, could you see it through a flapper's eyes. I mean a *real* flapper, not a popular novelist's representation.

Sometimes I think that popular literature has reached its zenith and is on the decline. What does a woman of fifty know of the emotions and thoughts of a girl of eighteen.

When I read the things that they write of the "modern youth," it makes me cringe with rage at the injustice of it.

Reform the old, *in*form the young.

——— ———, Hazleton, Pa.

He Mistakes Our Design

To the Editor of Collier's:

I know now where to place you. Your issue of December 13th is all anyone needs to size you up. At the present time you are engaged in trying to evolve a Moral Code for someone, and I think you need one yourself about as much as the average person needs to be let alone by self-righteous people who are always trying to uplift people or reform them.

The cover of that issue is absolutely revolting to anyone with a proper regard for decency. Seeing a bobbed-headed flapper applying a lip-stick, glaring at you from the cover of a publication, is about as degrading a thing as I can imagine.

That issue would not elevate a cow.

SIMON SIMPLE, Fort Crook Neb.

It wasn't meant to, Mr. Simple.

Pie Crusts in Illinois

To the Editor of Collier's:

Now comes a man, one David Henry, who wants to revolutionize pies. He reasons as follows:

1. Who eats the bottom crust?

As far as we know, everybody does. Why not?

2. He says enough bottom crust is thrown away to cover the national debt.

We say there is not enough thrown away in Illinois to cover a dollar bill.

3. He says if one eats the bottom crust of a pie, in one to three hours he develops pessimism.

We deny it. In our country, if one eats the bottom crust, along with the rest of the pie, in one to three hours he experiences a feeling of well-being, comfort, and contentment. Sometimes we get this result on only half a pie. No, sir; we will never submit to any change of pie specifications. Our forefathers built the Constitution, our foremothers built the pies, and here in Illinois we will fight for both to the last ditch.

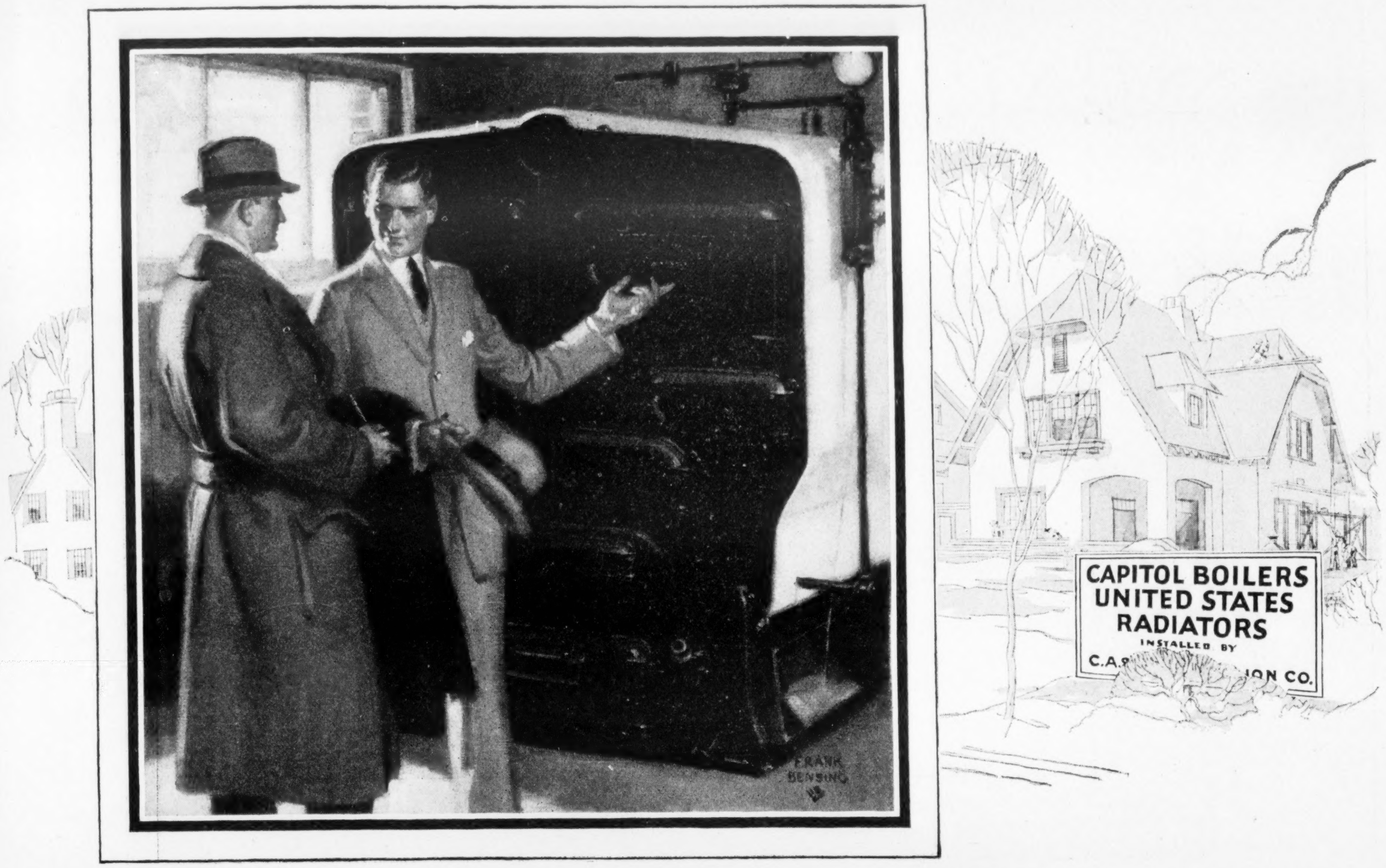
(DR.) H. W. SMITH,
Somewhere in Illinois.

Trying to Make Us Mad?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Stuart's article on the Prince of Wales, "The Man Who Will Be King," to my mind is a piece of work that ranks well up with the very best things appearing in contemporaneous periodicals. In its balanced composition and apparent fidelity to the best journalistic concept of speaking truths in a wholesome way it seems a model. To one who, some years ago, was wont to deprecate the provincialism of American writers' points of view, it is refreshing.

THOMAS FRANCIS WOODS,
Albany, N. Y.



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A Capitol Boiler and United States Radiators will increase the market value of any building. Real estate men have clearly established this fact in selling both new and old properties.

No one, of course, wants to experiment with so vital a matter as heating equipment. So the sensible man looks for elements of reliability and economy that he can *depend* upon, and finds them in the Capitol name plate.

Behind United States products there are thirty-five years of manufacturing experience, a nation-wide organization of heating specialists, and the broadest written guarantee in the industry.

As any architect or heating contractor will tell you, all of these are factors that you can *rely* upon. They mean positive and final assurance that you can buy no better boiler than a Capitol.

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We shall be glad to send you an illustrated booklet which fully explains the modern idea in house heating.

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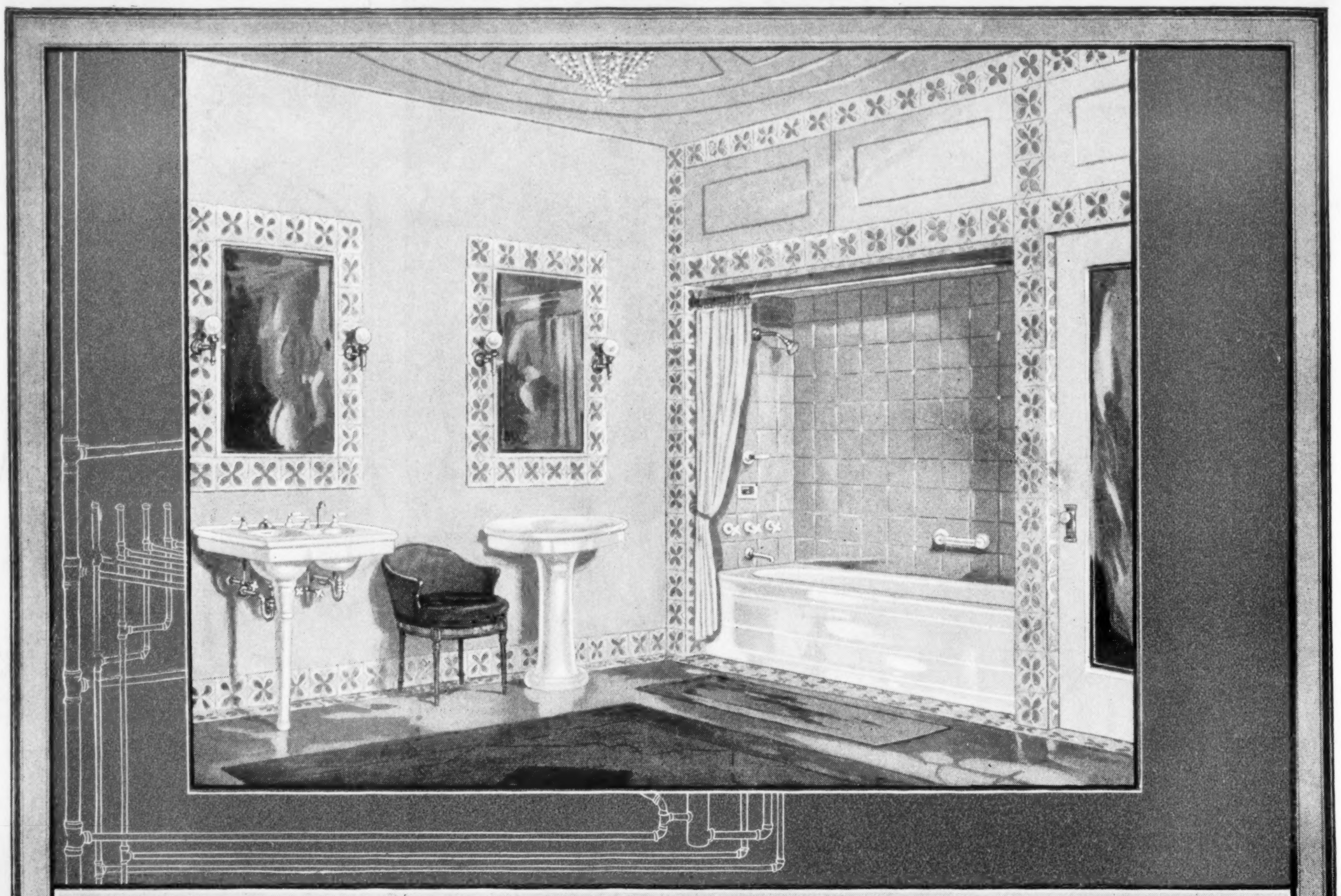

CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

From a mere utility, the modern bathroom has developed into a spacious shrine of cleanliness and health. The skill of architects and designers has been taxed to keep pace with the desire of owners for greater individual charm and luxury.

In this Crane bathroom, the tiled floor and warm tan plaster walls have borders of Spanish majolica in primrose, brown and green. The new *Corwith* tub of cream-white enamel is set in a recess, tiled in soft green. The *Ovatus* dressing table and *Premo* combination dental lavatory of vitreous china, twice-fired, match the *Corwith* in color.

Your plumbing contractor can supply Crane fixtures in a broad variety of styles at prices within reach of all. Let us send you a booklet of color schemes, "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

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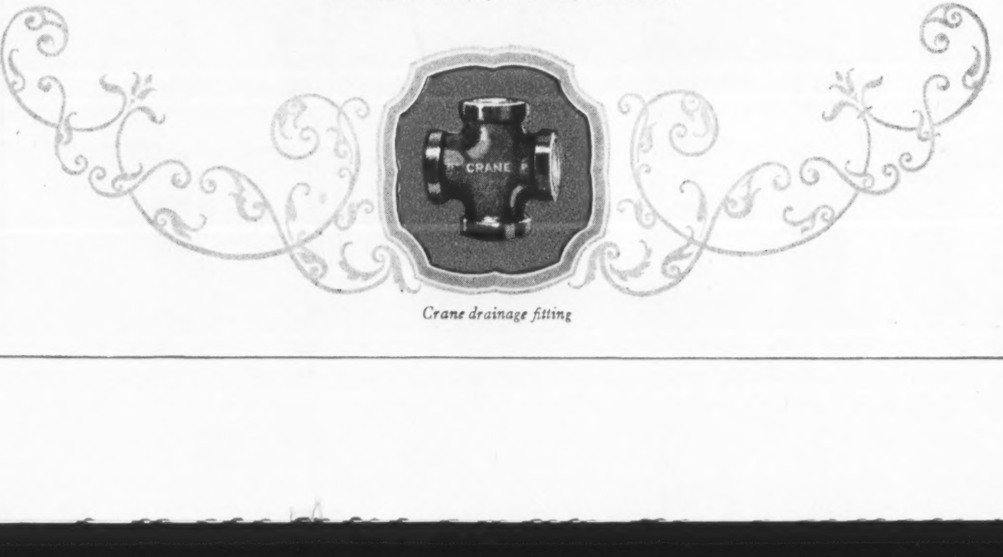

Crane drainage fitting